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AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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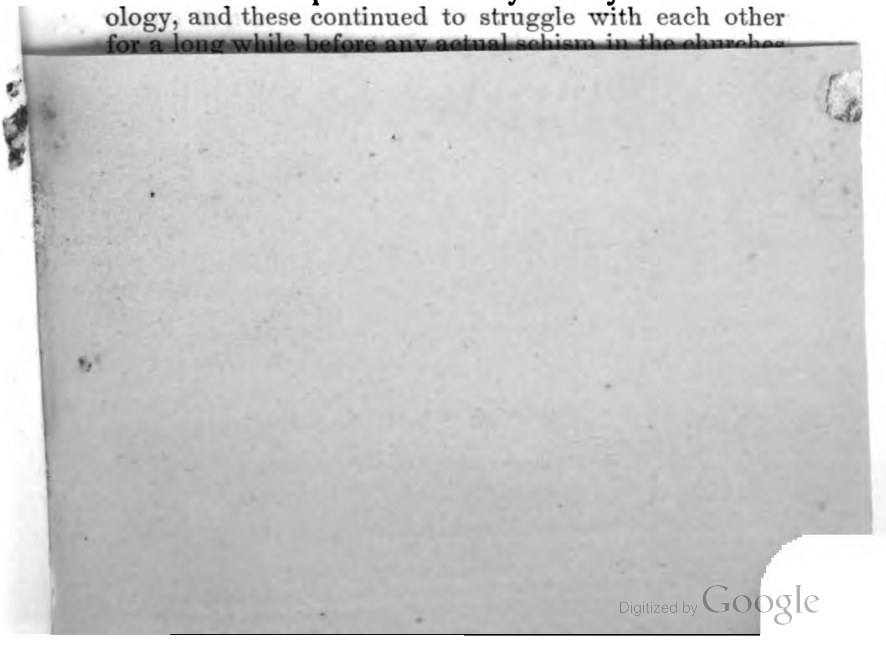

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No. CXCIX. FOR JANUARY, 1857.

Writers.

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„ III. — Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D.D. . . . Boston.
„ IV. — Rev. F. W. Holland . . . . East Cambridge.
„ V. — Rev. W. R. Alger . . . . . Boston.
„ VI. — Rev. C. H. Brigham . . . . . Taunton.
„ VII. — Rev. George E. Ellis . . . . . Charlestown.

„ VIII. — Notices of Recent Publications.
„ IX. — Intelligence.
„ X. — Obituary.

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CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO., *Publishers,*

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The Synod of Dort had a most important influence in shaping the theology of Protestantism. It rendered a service to Calvinism very much like that which the Council of Trent rendered to Catholicism. The history of it, aside from its theological bearings, is full of the most thrilling incident. No history of papal persecutions in-

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volves a story of more patient and heroic suffering, on the one hand, or of misused and arrogant power, on the other.

We do not know that the history of the Synod of Dort, or a clear and candid view of the first conflict between Calvinism and Arminianism, is anywhere to be found, except in the ponderous and unreadable folios of Brandt. His "Reformation in Holland" is written with remarkable candor; but it is rather a work out of which a history is to be made, than a history in itself. Brandt was an Arminian, but we believe he always tells the truth. Davies, in his late excellent History of Holland, often cites him, and is himself admirably impartial, sometimes to the point of leaning over a little towards the side he thinks wrong, so as to be sure of keeping his balance. We have followed both, comparing one with the other, and we have endeavored with the aid of collateral history to draw a picture of those times as distinct and as truthful as possible.

They were times which immediately succeeded the war with Spain in the Netherlands, the account of which we have, in part, in the charming pages of Prescott's Philip II., and more full in the more recent and splendid history of Motley. That war was conducted through its first stages by the Prince of Orange, — the hero of Mr. Motley's great epic, for such it is; and after the assassination of Orange it was carried on to its consummation by his son Maurice, who succeeded to his titles and honors. The twelve years' truce with Spain commenced in 1609, and it was about that time that the theological controversy opened.

Let us first get a passing view of the prominent characters that figured in the religious war which for twelve years tore the vitals of the Dutch Republic. They are sufficiently individualized by their deeds; and as for their personal features, they look out with lifelike expression from the woodcuts in Brandt's ponderous folios.

Maurice of Nassau, son of the Prince of Orange, was seventeen years old when his father was assassinated. He was immediately chosen Stadtholder of Holland, and though yet but a boy, he succeeded his father in the military command. His talents as a general sur-

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passed all expectations. Philip made a great mistake in the assassination of Orange, who never had any success in the field. Maurice from the beginning never lost a battle. No Spaniard ever saw his back, and in a few years he drove the enemies of his country beyond the Meuse, and cleared the Protestant Netherlands of Spaniards for ever. His army was the best school of military art in all Europe. The case of Octavius Cæsar hardly exhibits an instance of a wisdom and judgment that ripened so early and so well. He had the unerring *coup d'œil* that seizes the decisive point in the issue of a battle, and he had the comprehension to secure the fruits of victory. For twenty years he lived exclusively in the camp, and so effectually did he keep the Spaniard beyond the frontiers of the country, that the laborer felt secure as in times of peace, the husbandman sowed and reaped without interruption; factories sprung up, trade flourished, the earth yielded her increase, wealth even poured its treasures into the lap of the republic, while war bristled on every side up to its very borders. Maurice became the idol of his country.

But the highest and noblest virtues are not nourished in a camp. Maurice became imperious, ambitious, unscrupulous, impatient of all opposition, insensible to the gentler emotions; and when peace returned, and the army was disbanded, he was one of the most dangerous men that a free commonwealth could have within its bosom. As we look upon his picture, we see more of the soldier than of the man. He is thick-set, his texture coarse; his eye has a stony lacklustre, and is without sensibility from long familiarity with sights of carnage.

John Owen Barneveldt was as illustrious as a statesman as Maurice was as a general. No man ever lived and died with a more spotless fame. He was born in 1549, and after the assassination of Orange his consummate wisdom was the guide of the Provinces through the war that resulted in their independence. If Maurice was the right hand of his country, Barneveldt may be said to have furnished its most active brain. For thirty years he manifested profound skill in business, in diplomacy, in consolidating the union, in penetrating the designs of his country's enemies, in plans of

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defence, and in minute and comprehensive statesmanship. When Spain was ready for an armistice, Barneveldt was appointed plenipotentiary, and negotiated the peace of 1609. His character rose high above all personal views, all selfish aims, and no consideration ever made him swerve a hair's breadth from his integrity. His heart was warm and generous; he had a wife and children whom he loved, but it embraced his whole country with steady fervor. When the truce was under negotiation, Maurice opposed it, and demanded the continuance of the war. Barneveldt penetrated his ambitious designs, saw clearly that he meant to place the military power above the civil, and continue himself at the head of it, and so crush the rising liberties of his country. But the wise and good statesman defeated the schemes of the military leader, and procured for his country an auspicious and glorious peace. Maurice from that time became the secret enemy of Barneveldt. At the close of the war, Barneveldt was advanced in life. Wisdom and benevolence gave a venerable dignity to his features, and age had shed its silver upon his hair.

After Leyden had been saved from the horrors of its long siege, the Prince of Orange, to reward the bravery of the inhabitants, gave them the choice between two things, — an annual fair or a university. They chose the latter, and hence rose the famous University of Leyden.

There were two Professors in the University, who were destined to act a most important part in coming events. One was Francis Gomar, a man of a sour temper, violent in his language, and pretty strongly tinctured with the theological odium. He looks out grimly from the woodcut in Brandt, and his eye and face remind you of Burke's celebrated aphorism, — "No heart is harder than that of a metaphysician."

The other Professor referred to was James Arminius, a man of vast and varied learning, forming a striking contrast in spirit and temper with his colleague. He was candid, mild, and tolerant, his manners were gentle, his eloquence sweet, silvery, and persuasive, and his thirst for truth so ardent, that no human statement of it satisfied either his intellect or his heart. He obtained while yet young so much reputation as a scholar, that

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the magistrates of Amsterdam sent him at the public expense to complete his studies at Geneva. There he became the pupil of Beza; but he showed so much independence of thought, that he was obliged to leave. He went to Italy, and attended the famous lectures at Padua. His zeal for the Reformed religion was so great, and his learning so profound, that he was chosen to defend the doctrine of Predestination against a recent work which had been written in opposition to it. He read the work; his candor led him to the conclusion that it could not be refuted; he was converted by it, honestly avowed his change of opinion, and held ever after that the grace necessary for salvation is attainable by all mankind. Returning to Holland, he was invited to a vacant professorship at Leyden.

Hugo Grotius was the associate of Barneveldt in many of his labors and negotiations. He was admired as a prodigy, and not without reason. Lawyer, poet, historian, philosopher, jurist, diplomatist, linguist, theologian, and general scholar, he acted in various capacities, and wrote in almost every department of letters; but he undertook nothing that he did not accomplish well, and he touched nothing with his pen that he did not illustrate and adorn. His work on Natural and National Law laid the foundation of a new science; his Commentary on the New Testament is held in estimation; his defence of Christianity is masterly; his Belgic History is still quoted as authority; his metrical translations from the Greek are full of spirit and life. In one instance he made unworthy compliances to secure his personal safety. But he was ardent and faithful in his attachments, and drew his friends to him with the strongest ties of affection, while his enemies admired his fertile and brilliant genius. He loved his country with a fondness which no wrongs abated, and no man ever did so much for it in diffusing sound taste, polite learning, and liberal thought in all departments of science. He was born at Delft in 1583.

Simon Episcopius succeeded Arminius in the chair of theology, — a man of rare powers as a controversialist, of great moral courage and self-command, as a metaphysician acute and ingenious, and as a popular debater having the power of a stirring and commanding elo-

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quence. A story is told of him illustrative of the persuasiveness of his tones. A debate was carried on in Latin between himself and an opponent, who probably was Gomar, during which he converted to his side a sturdy Dutchman who had been a charmed listener without understanding a word of the debate. On being asked how the argument of Episcopius had convinced him, seeing he could not understand it, his reply was, "Episcopius kept his temper, while his opponent got angry."

The Dutch provinces which had thrown off the Spanish yoke were all Protestant, and they had accepted that form of Protestantism popularly known as Calvinism. In that system the doctrine of unconditional election forms a distinguishing feature, and may be called the key-stone of the theological arch. All men by birth are in a state of spiritual ruin. Out of this ruin God chose from eternity a certain number. In his own good time he touches them by his omnipotent grace, which they have no power to resist, and calls them to salvation. He passes over the rest, and leaves them reprobate. The selected ones he preserves in a state of grace, and they cannot fall out of it. Original and Total Ruin, Election, Reprobation, Effectual Calling, and Final Perseverance, are the five acts in the great drama that winds up the destinies of humanity. The elect were not chosen for any foreseen good in them, for there was none, and the efficacy of the atoning sacrifice does not extend to the race, but is only commensurate with the elected ones.

This system was set forth distinctly in the Heidelberg Catechism and the Confession of Faith of the Reformed Churches by a synod held as early as 1574, and the Catechism and Confession were both regarded as supreme authority and the creed of the national religion.

The ecclesiastical government of the Protestant Netherlands was Presbyterian. It rose by three steps or gradations; namely, Consistories, Classes, and Synods. A Consistory was the assembly of a single church; a Class, of the representatives of several churches, forming a district; a Synod, of several districts, sometimes including a whole state or province, and thus making the top of the

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ecclesiastical pyramid. But by the terms of union, each state was supreme within itself, and jealously guarded the right of settling its own form of faith and worship.

Arminius was inducted into his professorship in 1603. His appointment was opposed by Gomar, because he was deemed unsound on the doctrine of free-will; but the opposition was soon given over, and the point in question treated as non-essential. But one year afterwards it fell to Arminius to lecture distinctly on the subject of predestination, in which he put forward the thesis, "That it was pleasing to God that all should be converted, and, having come to a knowledge of the truth, continue steadfast therein; but that he constrained no one." This roused the opposition of Gomar, who put forth a counter thesis, "That it was determined by the eternal resolution of God who are to be saved, and who to be given over to condemnation; whence it followed, that some are drawn to the faith by the grace of God, and, being so drawn, are by the same grace preserved from falling away from the faith; but that God had left the greater part of mankind in the general corruption of human nature." Arminius charged Gomar, that he made God the cause of sin. Gomar charged Arminius, that he made man the cause of his own salvation. The pupils of the Professors took sides, most of them with Arminius, and the once peaceful retreats of the University became like Pandemonium, the scene of polemic gladiatorship, while they reasoned high

> "Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate;
> Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

The ministers of the churches caught the spirit of the controversy, and began to divide on the question of Predestination and the universal provisions of the Atonement. The curators of the University took alarm. They instituted an inquiry, and made a report that the points in controversy involved no fundamental doctrine, recommended mutual toleration, and hoped that the evil spirit was allayed.

Vain expectation! Oil very often proves the most dangerous fuel of polemic fires. The controversy in the University had been carried on in Latin; but the

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ministers, taking it up, fulminated from their pulpits in the vernacular tongue. The people caught it from the ministers. It went into the streets, the tavern, and the market; and the boor and the kitchen-maid spluttered fiercely in Dutch on "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute." The baker at his dough, the blacksmith at his anvil, the washwoman at her tub, talked loud and shrill of the secret counsels of the Almighty. The Arminians were moderate and tolerant, but the Calvinists overwhelmed them with indignity and denunciation.

The State Council of Holland was appealed to by the Arminians for protection. The Council summoned the rival Professors before them at the Hague, with four ministers of the Church. On the Council sat Barneveldt, before whose venerable form and benignant face the evil spirit of contention, if anywhere, would be hushed into a calm. As the result of the discussion, the Council reported to the States, that the disputants were agreed on all the fundamentals of religion, and might easily exercise mutual toleration as to the rest. Barneveldt tried to soothe the commotion with the diffusive clemency of his own mind, promised the disputants that their differences should be reconciled by a national synod, and recommended them to live in peace with each other. Whereupon, Gomar arose and vented anew the fires of controversy, assumed an awful solemnity, and declared "that the opinions of his brother Professor were such, that he should fear to die in them and appear before the judgment-seat of God, and that the difference in their doctrine was sufficent to set province against province, church against church, town against town, and citizen against citizen."

No satisfactory results followed the conference, and the controversy raged on. The State Council, wishing to know more fully the tenets of Arminius, and if indeed there was any lurking poison contained in them, summoned him to appear before them again at the Hague, and explain more at length what he believed. He accordingly appeared, October 31, 1608, and, in a long discourse, characterized by candor, forbearance, and the absence of all personal allusions to his adversary, laid open his sentiments in full. They were substantially

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the same as those drawn up afterwards, and known as the Five Arminian Articles. He rejected the opinion that God had by an eternal decree predestinated men not created, much less guilty, some to eternal life and others to eternal destruction, without regard to their virtues or crimes, and merely to evince his mercy and justice, or, as others say, his wisdom and absolute power, — especially that man was so predestined not only before his fall, but before his creation, — and that therefore Christ died, not for mankind in general, but only for the elect, who are but few in number. His positive belief, as afterwards drawn up, touched upon five principal points: —

"First, that God had resolved from the beginning to elect into eternal life those who through his grace believed in Jesus Christ and continued steadfast in the faith; that, on the contrary, he had resolved to leave the obstinate and unbelieving to eternal damnation. Secondly, that Christ had died for the whole world, and obtained for all remission of sins and reconciliation with God, of which nevertheless the faithful only are made partakers. Thirdly, that man cannot have a saving faith by his own free will, since while in a state of sin he cannot think or do good, but it is necessary that the grace of God through Christ should regenerate and renew the understanding and affections. Fourthly, that this grace is the beginning, continuance, and end of salvation, and that all good works proceed from it, but that it is not irresistible. Fifthly, that although the faithful receive by grace sufficient strength to resist Satan, sin, the world, and the flesh, yet man can by his own act fall away from this state of grace."

Arminius also maintained, that the Confession and Catechism were not to be held supreme and unalterable, which distinction was accredited only to the Bible alone, but that their revision was both proper and necessary. After he had closed, Gomar demanded permission to speak. It was granted him, and he went on with vehement personal accusations against Arminius, compared him with Arius, and indulged in other invectives so virulent and unprovoked, that he disgusted the Council, who inclined almost without exception to Arminius.

The evil spirit of contention spread wider and deeper, till it reached every province and every town in the commonwealth. It seemed as if a maddening poison were circulating through all its veins, and stinging it into

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fits of frenzy. In the province of Holland, most of the clergy were with Gomar, while most of the laity were with Arminius. The Confession and Catechism were brushed up, a "Class" in North Holland exacted a subscription to it on the part of all its ministers, and five who refused were ejected from office. The ejected ministers appealed for protection to the State Council. The State Council demanded of the Class that the ministers should be restored till an investigation could be had into the merits of the case. The Class defied the State Council, and the Synod upheld the Class in a tone of arrogance that induced the suspicion that some secret power was behind them and backing up their pretensions.

Where the Calvinists were a minority, they withdrew, set up a separate worship, and called themselves "the afflicted Church." Arminius died ere these troubles had reached their climax, but not before the little spark struck out in the University had touched a train that ran into every city and town, and involved all the Protestant Netherlands in a lurid blaze. He died in 1609, declaring in his last hour that he had never taught any doctrine but such as after careful examination he found in full agreement with the word of God. Simon Episcopius succeeded him as the champion of his opinions, and ultimately, as we have already said, as Professor in his chair at Leyden.

The Assembly of the State had recommended conciliatory measures, and tried to persuade the two parties to remain in communion with each other. Their recommendation was not invested with the authority of a legal measure, and the town of Amsterdam refused to publish it. Whereupon they sent Grotius thither to urge on the Council of Amsterdam the adoption of the measure. But the Council, having in it a majority of Calvinists, rejected it. Nothing remained to the Arminians in the several churches, inasmuch as they were in the minority, but to withdraw and worship by themselves. They hired a large warehouse for this purpose, where they assembled for the performance of Divine worship to the number of eighteen hundred. Scarcely had the preacher commenced, when the populace who had collected outside broke in the windows with stones, and

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rushed upon the preacher to drag him from the pulpit. The women, quite as brave as Jenny Geddes, surrounded him, and defended him with their stools. The assailants then withdrew, and nailed up the only door, as if to set fire to the building, and involve the whole congregation in a horrible death. But the prisoners broke through the door and escaped, the preacher being assailed by stones, and barely getting off with his life. The building was then plundered, and the tiles stripped from the roof. Complaint was made to the magistrates, but the magistrates were Calvinists, and refused to punish the rioters.

Encouraged by this impunity, they assembled in the streets on the next Sabbath, in companies of from fifty to two hundred, beating upon half-barrels, and, pausing before the house of a distinguished and wealthy Arminian, began to batter it down. They forced their way in, when the Arminian laid about him with a warming-pan, the only weapon he could get hold of, and thus kept the assailants at bay till he sent for the police. The police came, but in about half an hour went away again, leaving the house to be plundered by the mob, who ransacked it from garret to cellar, the occupants escaping through a back door. The next day the rioters prepared for further violence, and the principal merchants threatened to leave the city unless they were protected. Considerations of *trade* restored quiet where those of morality and religion could not, and a troop of soldiers was immediately stationed to preserve order. It is stated further, as a curious illustration of sectarian conscientiousness, that the Calvinist clergy, who had inveighed violently against the dances, dress, and festivals of the youth of both sexes, expressed not the slightest disapprobation of these measures, which were intended to exterminate Arminians with violence and murder. Similar disturbances occurred in other places, without restraint from the magistrates.

The Arminians appealed to the State Council for protection. They felt that, in towns where the police or the burgher guards were in the interest of Calvinism, they had no security for their lives. Barneveldt, who was at the head of the State Council, saw the exigency of the case, and suspected moreover that a design existed of changing the form of the government, and of

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taking advantage of these tumults, and using the burgher guards for that purpose. A decree was therefore issued by the State Assembly of a special levy of troops in all the principal towns, who should hold themselves in readiness when called on.

This decree, so just and so necessary for the protection of the lives of the citizens, served to unmask the features of one who had secretly favored these commotions, and meant to turn them to his own purposes. Maurice was soon found in league with the Calvinist clergy, in a plan for subverting the civil government, raising himself to arbitrary power, and revenging himself on Barneveldt, who had thwarted his schemes of ambition, and preserved thus far the liberty of the country. He identified himself with the Calvinist party, advocated their scheme of a general synod to crush out the Arminians, and secretly or openly encouraged them in all their violence and intimidation. To this end he meant that the municipal authorities of all the principal towns should be in the interest of himself and the Calvinists. When, therefore, Barneveldt, in execution of the decree of the State Deputies, raised the new troops to strengthen the municipal authorities, Maurice openly and violently opposed the measure. He put himself at the head of two regiments of infantry, marched openly into the towns where the new levies had been raised, or where the municipal authorities were not for the Calvinists, disbanded the new levies, and put in everywhere creatures of his own. This bold and flagrant usurpation filled the State Deputies with surprise and consternation. But his consideration with the people, and his league with a strong religious party, rendered it impossible to resist his measures.

He then set on foot rumors and accusations against Barneveldt. Libels and lampoons were poured out upon him by the partisans of Maurice, and that purest of patriots with his party was charged with a conspiracy for bringing the Provinces again under the dominion of Spain.

Then Maurice and his partisans, especially of the Calvinist clergy, clamored for a national synod, to be convened from the seven provinces, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Overyssel, Groningen, Friesland, and Guelder-

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land, to settle the state of religion. Only the first three had become pervaded with Arminian sentiments. All the rest remained thoroughly Calvinist. In vain did Barneveldt, Grotius, and all the friends of the constitution and religious freedom, urge the fact, that, by the Articles of Union, each province was sovereign in all matters of religion, and none of the other provinces had the least authority over it. They knew too, that, in the present state of men's minds and the influences becoming dominant, the proposed synod would settle nothing, but be an engine of Maurice in his scheme of usurpation and tyranny.

While these troubles were thickening fast, and when Maurice had drawn the municipal authorities under his entire control, a bolder measure followed, and one which filled the unfortunate Arminians with dismay. Barneveldt, with three of his friends, Grotius, Hoogerbeets, and Ledemberg, was suddenly arrested by the body-guard of Maurice, and thrown into prison. This high-handed atrocity, done without the least cover of legal warrant, was an open subjugation of the sovereignty of the State of Holland. Disbanding the levies was the commencement, and this the completion, of the usurpation.

Having possessed the municipal governments with his own creatures, it was easy now to get an assembly of Deputies who should approve his measures. A majority of Calvinists was returned, who were pliant to his will, he agreeing to their favorite measure, a general synod. It was appointed to be held at Dordrecht, November 8, 1618. Preparatory to this, provincial synods must be held in each of the seven provinces, to appoint delegates to the larger and general one; and it was deemed of the first importance that the Calvinists should have a large majority in that assembly. It was not enough barely to outvote the Arminians; they must also be crushed and exterminated. There must not only be a majority of Calvinists, but one that should be formidable. Every means they could devise was employed to that end. The delegates to the provincial synods were chosen by the "Classes." Whenever in these bodies the Calvinists were in a minority, they declared with great solemnity that their consciences troubled them, and would not permit the continuance of communion with

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Arminians, and then, withdrawing, formed a separate Class, that sent its own set of delegates, by which means both sides were equal, one offsetting the other. On the other hand, when they had a majority in the Classes, their consciences were quite at ease without any separation, as only one set of delegates, and those pro-Calvinist, were sure to be chosen. As a result of this stratagem, the general synod had an overwhelming majority of Calvinists.

The town of Dordrecht or Dort, famous in all future history for the transactions we shall now narrate, is pleasantly situated in South Holland, and is a place of considerable commercial importance. The Synod did not get together till the 13th of November. There was a large building, called the Doel, set apart for the military exercises of the burgher guards, and in this the renowned assembly held its sessions. Foreign churches were represented, so as to make the array as imposing as possible. The States-General were also represented by eighteen "Political Commissioners."

The reader will please to understand by the States-General, the assembled deputies of the seven united provinces, in distinction from the several State Assemblies. The first had a relation to the second analogous to that of the Congress of the United States to the Legislatures of the several States. Its powers were specified and limited. Each province was sovereign within itself, and possessed all power which it had not delegated to the States-General by the terms of union. The provinces had been peculiarly jealous on the subject of religion, conceding no power to the States-General in that matter, but each reserving all power to itself. But Maurice, acting in concert with the Calvinists, used the States-General to enlarge and consolidate their power, and override the sovereignty of the separate provinces. The States-General held its sessions contemporaneously with those of the Synod, and sent eighteen Political Commissioners to attend it.

The temper of the Synod soon appeared by the character of the man chosen to preside over it. This was John Bogerman, a bitter enemy of the Arminians, violent in temper, intolerant in principle, persecuting in spirit, better qualified, says Schlegel, to be the papal

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legate at the Council of Trent, than the moderator of a Protestant synod. On his right were the eighteen Political Commissioners. Opposite, on his left, sat the English delegates. Front of these, in succession, were the delegates from Hesse, Switzerland, Geneva, Bremen, native professors of theology, and, finally, the ministers and delegates from the provincial synods, — each taking precedence according to the rank of their province. With all this imposing array, however, good care was taken that the native Calvinists of the seven provinces should have a clear majority over all other delegates, so as to keep the proceedings within their own control.

It soon appeared that the Synod was so thoroughly packed, that only two Arminians were members of it; and these were summoned before it as culprits, instead of being allowed to sit as judges. Along with these, they cited eleven other ministers of the Arminian party to appear before them, and set forth and defend their opinions. These appeared under a safe-conduct, Episcopius being at their head. They knew the depressing influences under which they were called to appear. They knew the assembly was packed by their most violent adversaries, who had already prejudged their cause. They knew the acrimonious temper of the president. They knew they were to be browbeaten, and entangled with subtle questions. They knew that the States-General were ready to enforce the decisions of the Synod with civil pains and penalties. Before their arrival at Dort, which was not till after the Synod had been several days in session, a member of it had held forth from the pulpits of the town to inflame the minds of the people against them; so that when the cited Arminians passed through the streets on their way to the assembly, they were assailed with jeers and insults from the rabble. Never did men appear before judges under circumstances that required a more self-sustaining courage.

And never did men possess their souls with sublimer patience. Episcopius stood up before this array of hostile judges, whose faces lowered with theologic hate, and opened his cause in a long and eloquent harangue, and with such admirable expression of gesture and language, that tears started into the eyes of his bitterest foes. He boldly charged upon the Calvinists the responsibility

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of all the recent troubles, and defended his friends against the odium that lay upon them. These troubles, he said, arose from three causes. First, that his friends had opposed those theologians who put forth their abominable opinions about predestination as *doctrines of the Church.* Secondly, that they disapproved of the schisms that were made on account of these subjects. And, thirdly, that they had blamed the intolerance of those who had anathematized as heresy minor differences of opinion on matters not essential to salvation. The Arminians protested against the competency of the tribunal before which they stood, as unfairly constituted, and composed of their adversaries alone. The Synod required the men they had cited before it to give only categorical answers to such questions as they might put to them, to state only what they believed, and keep silence on doctrines they rejected, particularly the doctrine of reprobation, and stop when the Synod thought they had said enough. The Arminians refused to prejudice their cause by any such conditions, and demanded an unreserved exposition of their sentiments, as otherwise they might be trapped and entangled with subtle questions. A resolution was brought in from the States-General, approving all the decrees of the Synod, commanding those cited to submit to them on pain of ecclesiastical and civil punishment, and forbidding them to leave Dort without permission from the Political Commissioners. This was a gross violation of their safe-conduct. Nevertheless, through eleven sessions Episcopius and his brethren stood up, expounding and defending the Five Articles; and though interrupted and browbeaten, they kept on to the close with a self-possession that never deserted them, a resolution that was never daunted, and a Christian temper that never betrayed them. Then Bogerman asked them singly, whether they meant to persist in their present opinions, and each answered, that in the fear of the Lord he could not do otherwise. The president then rose, and poured out upon them a torrent of personal invective, charging them with "subterfuges," "falsehoods," "fraud," "obstinacy," and "arrogance," in return for the "equity, forbearance, and patience" with which they had been treated by the assembly, adding, that the Synod would chastise them with due severity.

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He concluded in an imperious tone: "You are dismissed. Go out!"

Episcopius replied, with becoming grace: "On these matters we shall keep silence before our Redeemer; and God be judge between the Synod and us of the artifices, subterfuges, and falsehoods of which we stand accused." They then departed, warned as they went out not to quit the city.

These conferences ended, the Synod undertook to canvass the matters brought before them; and it soon appeared, that, however violent in their condemnation of the Arminians, they were quite as little agreed among themselves. Among the questions on which they split was this: "Whether the Father or the Son was the original ground of salvation?" One Matthew Martinus maintained the former; Gomar, the latter. Gomar retorted on his adversary with indecent violence. The aged Bishop of Llandaff interposed, and pleaded for decency and order, and received for his pains a sharp insult from Gomar. Martinus explained and modified his opinion to make it more palatable to Gomar, but was heard to say in an under-tone, "I have seen in this Synod some things divine, some things human, and some things diabolical."

After a prolonged and somewhat waspish debate, they agreed on the celebrated "Canons," which were put forward in opposition to the five Arminian articles. The Synod determined, "that God has pre-ordained by an eternal and immutable decree, before the creation of the world, upon whom he will bestow the free gift of his grace; that the atonement of Christ, though sufficient for all the world, is efficacious only for the elect; that conversion is not effected by any effort of man, but by the free grace of God, given to those whom he has chosen from all eternity; and that it is impossible for the elect to fall away from this grace."

The Canons being read and approved, the Synod proceeded to make up its judgment upon the persons whom it had cited before it. They were pronounced "innovators," "disturbers of the Church and nation," "obstinate and rebellious," "leaders of faction," "teachers of false doctrine," "workers of schism," and were deprived of all offices both ecclesiastical and academical. They were

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cited before the Political Commissioners to hear their sentence. Episcopius replied, on hearing it read: "God will require of you an account of your conduct at the great day of his judgment. There you and the whole Synod will appear. May you never meet with a judge such as the Synod has been to us!"

The reader will not fail to discern that these whole proceedings, both of the States-General and the Synod, so far as they asserted an authority over the opinions of men, were a naked usurpation of power which belonged to the several provinces, but were an essential part in that scheme of Maurice and his accomplices whose tragic results are now to follow.

Everything was ready, and a blow was struck, which rendered all Europe dumb with horror and amazement. Barneveldt, now over seventy years of age, had been lying three months in his prison at the Hague. He was subjected to every indignity that petty malice could devise. He was deprived of the use of pen and paper, and the sight of his wife and children. After the Synod had closed its sessions, it was observed that the resolute and spirited defence of Episcopius and his brethren, with some disturbances that occurred at Alkmaar and Hoorn, had whetted the resentment of his enemies against the venerable prisoner.

He was led forth to trial, charged with various crimes. The court before which he was cited was flagrantly illegal. Maurice and the States-General usurped the whole authority over him and his fellow-prisoners, whereas it belonged exclusively to the State of Holland. But the assembly of the State Deputies had been filled by the creatures of Maurice, since his arbitrary change of the municipal governments, and they tamely submitted to the usurping centralism of the States-General. The court was made up of the tools of Maurice and the bitter enemies of Barneveldt. Most of the charges against him were trivial and contemptible, and, even if true, implied no dereliction of duty; and those that were in their nature criminal were unsupported by a shadow of evidence. He was charged with only one crime which could be construed as treason, — that of secret correspondence with Spain. This had been loudly insisted on before the trial, but was abandoned when the

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trial came, as too flagrant to be believed. One of the prisoners, Ledemberg, Secretary of the State of Utrecht, was threatened with torture, in order to extort pretended evidence from him; and it shows the depth of his affection for Barneveldt, that, fearing lest they might torture him into some expression that could be used against him, he committed suicide in prison.

Barneveldt was subjected to twenty-three examinations, so unfairly conducted that, as the historian justly observes, the injustice and severity of his judges were unequalled in the proceedings of Alva's "Council of Blood." His real offences, those which had excited the ire of his enemies, were twofold. First, by concluding the truce with Spain, he defeated the scheme of Maurice for usurping the sovereignty of the Netherlands. Secondly, by levying the new troops in order to strengthen the municipal authorities, he would have secured order in the towns and cities, and protected the Arminians from mob-violence. But Maurice and his accomplices had no intention of being cheated of their revenge on their illustrious victim. The court found him guilty, and condemned him to die.

The aged patriot and sage was in his prison, never dreaming, in his conscious innocence, that his enemies would push things to this extremity. It was on Sunday evening of May 12th, when the worship of the day was over, and the bells were mute again, whose solemn chimes had throbbed through the air of his prison to charm away the thoughts of human ingratitude and wrong. Amid the contemplations of that hour, the prison door opened, and two men entered, whose hard faces had become too familiar to him during his trial. They were Peter van Leeuwen and Lawrence Sylla, both lawyers and his implacable enemies, and who had sat as judges upon his life.

"We have come to summon you to receive sentence of death to-morrow morning."

"Sentence of death? — sentence of death?" said the old man, calmly. "I did not expect that."

He asked permission to write a farewell letter to his wife. Even this privilege could not be granted without leave of the States, and Leeuwen went out to make the request known.

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While he was gone out, Barneveldt said to the other lawyer: "Sylla, Sylla, if your father could but know that you have allowed yourself to be employed in this business!" — the only reproof which fell from his benignant lips through this trying emergency.

Leeuwen returned, bringing him materials for writing. He sat down to his paper with great composure.

"Take care what you write," said Sylla, "lest it prevent the delivery of the letter."

"What, Sylla," said the old man, smiling, "are you come to dictate to me what I shall write in my last hour?"

He finished his letter, discoursed freely with them respecting the proceedings of the Synod, detained them to supper, of which he partook with his usual appetite, and then took leave of them in his accustomed and kindly manner.

Barneveldt was loved even to adoration, and no language can describe the grief and anguish into which not only his wife and children were plunged, but his friends also, and the true friends of his country. It was supposed that powerful intercession would be made for his pardon. Maurice expected they would kneel at his feet with imploring sorrow, and that the prisoner himself would humbly petition for his life. It was intimated to them through the princess-dowager, the mother of Maurice, that his life might be spared if they would solicit his pardon. They unanimously determined to make no such petition, as that would imply the guilt of the prisoner. Barneveldt sent his friend Waleus to Maurice to ask his forgiveness if in anything he had offended him, and to entreat him to be gracious to his children. Maurice relented even to tears, and when Waleus was leaving the room he called him back, and inquired, "Has the prisoner made no mention of pardon?" "Not a word," was the reply. Such was the lofty magnanimity from which he would not bend in the least, even to save himself from the scaffold, by one word that should sully the whiteness of his fame.

The evening before his death the ministers who attended him engaged him in conversation on the vexed question of predestination. He entered into the subject with a readiness and a power of argument that showed he had thought much and profoundly upon it, and in such

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a high and devout strain did he utter himself, that the ministers kept silent with wonder, and let the discourse flow on. During the interview, he asked if Grotius and Hoogerbeets were also to suffer death. "It would grieve me deeply," said he; "they are young, and may yet do great service to their country. As for me, I am an old and worn-out man."

The 13th of May, 1619, was the time fixed for his execution. The place was in front of the great saloon of the court-house, — a place hallowed by the recollection of so many years of faithful service. Early in the morning the ministers repaired to his bedside.

"Are you prepared to die?"

"I am prepared. Would that by my blood all disunion and strife might cease in the land!"

They led him to execution. It was a most affecting sight when the old patriot, on whose locks seventy-two winters had shed their purest snows, walked forth leaning on his staff, his faithful servant on one side to support his tottering steps, the multitudes standing round, some with averted faces and streaming eyes. In the saloon of that court-house had those wise counsels been given through which his country had risen to independence and glory. There the ambassadors of the haughty Philip had come to sue to him for peace. There, in the day of his country's distress, her children had come to him as to a father, to hang upon his lips, to drink in his wisdom, and become brave again in his courage. There the head, bowed with service and with years, which had conceived the plan and devised the means of execution whereby the Netherlands had been saved, was bending to the stroke of the executioner. As he ascended the scaffold, he quoted the celebrated lines of Horace, now so admirably descriptive of himself: "Not the rage of the people commanding wicked measures, not the face of a threatening tyrant, can shake the settled purpose of the man just and determined in his resolve." *

The meanness of his persecutors was manifest to the end. Neither chair nor cushion had been provided for

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* "Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida." — Horace, III. 3.

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him, and he knelt painfully on the bare boards while the minister delivered a prayer. Then he turned to the spectators, and said aloud, with dignified calmness: "My friends, believe not that I am a traitor. I have lived a good patriot, and as such I die." He drew the cap over his eyes with his own hand, and said to the executioner, "Be quick!" — and the gray and venerable head rolled upon the scaffold.

It ennobles us to contemplate such a life and such a death, and fortifies our faith in human virtue. The apologist for Bogerman has put in that miserable plea, that his intolerance was the fault of the age. He forgets that it was the favorite project of Barneveldt and his party to place the religion of his country on the basis of mutual toleration, — to elevate the Bible above the Catechism and Confession, so as to leave free range for the healing charities of the heart. They lost their cause, but they clung to it, and went down with it, rather than yield themselves the instruments of wrong. It was not in vain; they conquered by their death, and their cause went down only to rise with a fairer promise.

Barneveldt has had his detractors even to very recent times. A most impartial historian, after a very minute investigation, thus admirably gives his verdict: "The historian, mistrustful of himself, fearing lest he be led away by the eloquence of the ablest writers of the time, nearly all his powerful advocates, or by the force of popular opinion, often only another word for popular error, scrutinizes jealously every transaction of his life, sifts with suspicious exactness every point of accusation brought against him, examines with care even the slanders of his enemies, to discover if there be not some foundation of truth in them, and having so done, he arrives at the conclusion that never statesman more upright, never patriot purer, fell a victim to the fury of party rage, or the machinations of unprincipled ambition."*

The tragedy moved on to its completion. Barneveldt, though not a partisan, was the most illustrious representative of the Arminian doctrines of comprehension and toleration, and therefore the first mark of the Calvinist rage. But Episcopius and his brethren soon learned the mean-

* Davies, II. 519.

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ing of the threat of Bogerman, — "The Synod knows how to punish you." In flagrant violation of their safe-conduct, they were held under arrest until the States-General should bring their usurped and despotic power to bear upon them. Two alternatives were presented them, to abstain from preaching, or to leave the country. They must choose between silence and banishment, and with one exception they nobly chose the latter. No time was allowed them to settle their affairs, or to bid their families farewell. They were brought to the Hague, and thence transported beyond the Rhine to Waalwyk, a town in the Catholic Netherlands. The parting scene at the Hague was extremely touching. Multitudes assembled to look upon the men who had defended before the inquisitors at Dort the expiring liberties of Holland. Veterans were there, seamed with the scars which they had received in battling for the freedom of thought and opinion now struck down in the persons of those brave and suffering men; and the exiles looked their last on their native land amid the tears and the blessings which were some solace to them in their misfortunes. Large numbers followed them, even as far as Waalwyk, to administer consolation and sweeten the bitterness of the bread of exile; and they observed that they did not know how many friends they had, till they had been drawn around them by the rough hand of adversity.

Then followed events which were only acting over again, under Calvinism, the same scenes which, under the different name of Catholicism, had worried and distracted the Netherlands. The acts of the Synod were pressed down upon the people by the States-General, even as the canons of the Council of Trent had been enforced by Philip and his Inquisitors. The Arminian clergy were deposed from their offices and deprived of their benefices, and compelled to choose between silence and banishment. Two hundred were thus excluded, and eighty of them hunted into exile. The Arminian assemblies were prohibited, under severe and ruinous penalties. Five hundred guilders were offered as a reward to any one who should arrest an Arminian minister, and three hundred for a student in theology. Contumacious ministers and students were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, or to *more severe punishment*, if the case required;

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and whoever "harbored or concealed" them was amerced in a fine of three hundred guilders. To be present in an Arminian assembly, to furnish a place for worship, to fill the office of deacon or elder, were each made criminal, and subject to heavy pains and penalties.

In vain have these acts been excused by the plea of "the spirit of the age." Holland had just emerged from a revolution the moving principle of which was the inalienable right of man to worship God unmolested by the civil power. The constitution of Holland, under the pure and resplendent genius of Barneveldt, was an achievement of the same glorious principle. Jews and Anabaptists were secure under it, at the very moment when the wild beasts of persecution were let loose on the Arminians. The Calvinists claimed that the Arminians were an exception, since they were innovators and disturbers, seeking to effect a change in the Church as established, whereas the others had begun and continued with the Reformation. They did not see how self-destructive was the argument, since Calvinism was but a recent innovation on Catholicism.

The Arminians did not cease from their assemblies, but withdrew to the wilderness and the desert, and there lifted up their low song to the naked sky. Or they assembled in houses that stood in lonely places outside the city gates, sometimes under the shadows of the evening. But the dogs of persecution were always on the scent. Soldiers from the garrisons were sent out by the magistrates to scour the country. They broke in on the defenceless worshippers, who were sometimes massacred while the prayer or the song was trembling on their lips, or otherwise dragged to prison and to exile. The schout or the bailiff who was suspected of mercy towards an Arminian was turned out, and a substitute put in his place who should take care to give full proof of his bull-dog propensities. Sometimes, returning from the woods and fields, where, under the friendly and watching stars, they had breathed out with tremulous tones their hymn of praise, they would find, on coming to the town, that the gates were shut and the watch-dogs ready to take them to prison, while the servants or the little ones whom they had left at home looked and waited in vain for their return. "Were it not," says an historian, "for the change

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of names, we might imagine ourselves to have turned some pages back, and to be reading again the penal edicts of Charles and Philip." Many of the Arminians, in fact, left Holland and retired to the Catholic Netherlands; thus, by a singular reverse of circumstances, finding protection under Catholicism from the intolerable cruelties of Calvinism. The threat of Bogerman was thoroughly executed, and the yoke of oppression was pressed down without mercy, wherever a remnant of Arminianism could be found in the Protestant Netherlands.

There were two distinguished prisoners remaining to be disposed of after the death of Barneveldt, — Grotius and Hoogerbeets. Their pretended crimes were the same as those of Barneveldt; and before the execution of the latter, Grotius was plied with alternate threats and promises to make him testify against the venerable prisoner. The dead body of Ledemberg was hung up before his prison to terrify him, but in vain. Not a word would he utter, under threat of torture, death, or promise of reward, against the beloved father of his country. His wife was solicited by his friends to intercede for his pardon. "No," said she, with Roman resolution, "if he is guilty, let them strike off his head." She knew he was not guilty.

After the death of Barneveldt, Grotius was sentenced to imprisonment for life. It had been found that Arminian ministers who were immured in dungeons often found means of escape through the secret assistance of friends; and, to guard against such a contingency, the strong fortress of Louvestein had been selected as a place of safe-keeping for the new heretics. It stood on the Meuse, where its waters divided the Protestant from the Catholic Netherlands. Into this Grotius was finally removed, but his heroic wife was permitted to share his imprisonment. It is said that Grotius proffered his private services to Maurice as a condition of his liberation, and that they were refused, — the only instance of unmanly compliance in his life of romantic peril. There, in the solitudes of his prison, he gave up his mind to soothing studies and meditations, and employed himself on his two celebrated works, — the "Commentaries on the New Testament," and "The Truth of the Christian

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Religion." He was allowed the use of books, which were brought into his room in chests from a library in the castle. The hours rolled less heavily on, the angry commotions of the world were for a while forgotten, but still the wife perceived that the confinement was wearing away the life of the prisoner. Her wit, quickened by affection, devised a plan of escape. She took one of the chests in which books had been brought in, about four feet in length, and told her husband to get into it. He got in. She drew the curtains of the bed, and hung his ordinary clothes upon the chair. She then sent for two soldiers, and, pointing to the chest, said to them, "Take away those books. My husband reads Arminian works too much, and he is sick abed already with his studies."

They took up the chest, one of them exclaiming: "What makes it so heavy? Is there an Arminian in it?"

"No," said she, "nothing but Arminian books."

Her servant-girl had been let into the secret of her plan, and went out to take charge of the chest; and erelong the chest with the Arminian in it was floating over the Meuse on a skipper's boat towards the Catholic Netherlands. He escaped to Waalwyk, whence he went to France, the government of which was glad to employ in its service those transcendent talents of which an ungrateful country had shown itself so utterly unworthy. The faithful wife was kept in prison for a fortnight, and then suffered to go in peace. Hoogerbeets was released after a long imprisonment, but died soon after his prison-doors were opened.

It would be exceedingly interesting to follow the course of these events somewhat further, and point the lesson which sober history educes from them. We should see how impotent is religious intolerance to secure its end, and how the principles of this army of martyrs triumphed at length, and partly through their defeat and sufferings. Arminianism, though crushed down in Holland, manifested a wonderfully elastic power in diffusing itself through the churches and through the world. It went to England, where it got securely lodged within the Thirty-nine Articles, and became dominant over the theology of the English Church. The mind of

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John Wesley got thoroughly imbued with it, and through him it was the very soul of Methodism, entered the minds of the great religious masses both in England and America, and became the theology of the millions. It returned to Holland after its years of exile and persecution, and established its churches and theological schools; and though its immediate converts were not numerous, its silent influence was steady and progressive in blunting the five thorny points of Calvinism. The controversy crossed the Atlantic into New England; and, at the end of one hundred years of antagonism and warfare, it has succeeded in filing away from Calvinism its old peculiarities, — so that the Calvinism of the nineteenth century looks very much like the Arminianism which Arminius himself inaugurated in the University of Leyden.

E. H. S.

Art. II. — INDIAN TRIBES OF NEW ENGLAND.*

The Abenaques — consisting of the *Sokokis*, whose domains were on the waters of the Saco; the *Anasaguntticooks*, who lived on the Androscoggin and in its neighborhood; the *Norridgewocks*, who were lords of the Upper Kennebec and its upper tributaries; and the *Wawenocks*, whose homes were on the St. George's and the sea-shore near its mouth — have all disappeared. In a word, of all the Indian nations that once roamed the territory of Maine, the Passamaquoddys, or *Openangos*, and the Penobscots, or *Terratines*,† two of the Etchemin tribes, alone remain; ‡ and these two, small and

* *Annual Reports of the Select Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America.* Presented November 7th, 1850, and November 6th, 1851. Boston: John Wilson and Son.

† The old writers spell this name *Tarrateens, — Terratines, — Tarrentines.*

‡ The renowned John Smith, who came to Maine in 1614, after speaking of the Terentines, gives the following barbarous names to other native tribes: *Segotago, Pawhuntanuck, Pocopassum, Taughtanakagnet, Wabigganus, Nassaque, Masherosqueck, Waurigwick, Moshoquen, Waccogo, Paswarenack*, &c. And he remarks that they were in alliance with the countries of *Aucocisco, Accomin-*

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feeble as they are, comprise, we suppose, nearly one half of the entire Indian population of New England. Four years ago we gave our readers some account of the Passamaquoddys.* We purpose now to redeem a promise then made to speak of the Penobscots, who, it will be found, possess much more intelligence, industry, and property than their kinsmen on the St. Croix.

The Reports whose titles we have given, may be regarded as commending our theme to us. In the earliest mention of the Penobscots, we find them involved in war with the nearest tribe on the west, and called the Wawenocks, who, utterly defeated, and subsequently distracted by the contentions among their chiefs, and wasted by pestilence, soon became extinct. Under date of 1631, we read in Winthrop of an expedition of one hundred of our warriors against the Indians in Massachusetts, who, to trust another writer, having suffered from previous incursions of their distant foe, were glad that the English had come to occupy the country, because, among other things, they would overawe the Penobscots, whom they feared so much as never to camp or sleep twice in the same place. There is little else of a hostile nature to record until about 1669, when, according to tradition, conclusions were tried with the Mohawks, who overcame them, pursued them to their homes, and plundered and burned their village. Whatever the precise fact, it is true beyond all question that something at some time occurred between these tribes of deep mortification to the Penobscots, for, to this day, nothing annoys them more than to utter the word "Mohawk."

It is not possible to state the number of the Penobscots when first known to the English voyagers, but that they were among the most warlike and powerful nations of the East is certain; and to reject the conjectures of the old writers, who, we think, generally exaggerate in their estimates of Indian strength, we may fix upon twenty-four hundred men, women, and children as a

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ticus, Passataquak, Augawoam, and *Naemkeck,* and that "all these, for anything I could perceive, differ little in language or any thing, though most of them be *Sagamos,* and Lords of themselves. Yet they hold the Bashabes of *Penobscot* the chiefe and greatest amongst them.

* Christian Examiner for January, 1852, p. 96.

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very moderate computation.* From the time of "King William's war," their decline was rapid. Early in the last century, for causes which will appear in the course of this paper, they had become broken, dispirited, and even dispersed among their brethren on the St. Lawrence. In 1754, they were reduced to about eight hundred; and six years later, their sachems related that war, rum, famine, and disease had left but the miserable wreck of seventy-three warriors, and some four hundred others.

In 1764, the Governor of Massachusetts appears to have adopted this statement of the chiefs as true, for in an official communication he sets the fighting men at a little more than sixty. But we incline to believe that Sir Francis Bernard was misinformed by the head men of the tribe, — who had strong motives to convince him that their power was utterly wasted in the wars in which they had been engaged, and that, had they the will, they were destitute of the ability to do the English settlers further harm, — for an old Indian trader, who could call every hunter by name, estimated the nation at quite seven hundred; and besides, there is good authority for the opinion, that, only eleven years after (1775), had the Whigs concluded an arrangement on the terms proposed to them by the chiefs, two hundred Penobscot warriors, at the least, would have enlisted in the war of the Revolution. Yet they were a weak and decaying people until the close of the century; when, probably, their whole number did not exceed three hundred and fifty. Indeed, at that juncture, the fear of total annihilation seems to have saddened their chiefs, who encouraged marriage, and the early weaning of children, and adopted various other, and every, means — the abandonment of rum excepted — to avert the threatened calamity. Whatever the cause, and untrue everywhere else, we suppose, in the United States as relates to the native tribes, the Passamaquoddys and Penobscots have actually increased within the last fifty years. The latter, in 1803, by accurate enumeration, were three hundred and forty-seven; in 1820, the increase had been fifty-three; while in August, 1855, an official paper shows

* Some of the estimates are much larger, and even double.

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the number of men, women, and children as four hundred and forty-three. To reject the few Canadian Frenchmen who have married in the tribe, and who are included in this census, we still have a large gain of souls during the period mentioned.

We turn to the chiefs. Madockawando demands our first notice. He was a master-spirit of his time; indeed, Philip was his only compeer in all New England. The old writers speak of him as a "diabolical miscreant"; but we dare to record, that, according to the light that shone upon him, he was a Christian. Stern necessity alone compelled him to consent to war; and to give his counsels and decisions the more weight, he spoke to his warriors of visions and revelations from the unseen world. In battle he was terrible; but to his captives he was humane, and in arranging terms of ransom, liberal to a degree to command our admiration. When he visited Boston, he was an object of universal attraction, and the recipient of every attention and courtesy; and the court of France propitiated his influence by rich and frequent presents. With his death, in 1698, commenced the decline of his people.

Of Mugg, or Mogg, the emissary, or (to quote the chronicler's title) the "prime minister" of Madockawando, the accounts are incidental and fragmentary. Possibly he was a Norridgewock. That he was cunning beyond all others, unprincipled, reckless, and, when his own interest was concerned, faithless, appears certain. But he had lived among the English, was well acquainted with their language and habits, and, with Madockawando's watchful eye upon him, could be safely employed to negotiate with the government of Massachusetts, as he was, at Boston and elsewhere, covenanting on one occasion to place himself and his life in the keeping of that colony, until certain "captives, goods, and vessels shall be delivered up." Mugg, in 1676, negotiated on the part of the Penobscots the first treaty ever made between Massachusetts and the Indians in Maine. He was killed in battle, the following year.

The two Castines, father and son, belong to the days of Madockawando, Mugg, and Wenamovet, and should have a place here. The first was a French noble, and a man of fortune. The motives which induced him to

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live among the Penobscots are involved in mystery. It is known that he was employed in the military service of his country, that he came to Canada with his regiment about the year 1665, and that at the treaty of Breda he adopted Indian life, and in the course of events became a leading counsellor both in peace and in war. During his abode at the place which, to the disquiet of some, bears his name,* he married a daughter of Madockawando, reared a family, and acquired in trade a large property.† It is written of him by a Governor of Massachusetts, that he was "the most dangerous enemy that New England had seen," and by others that he bore mortal hatred to the English, and encouraged strife; but we have searched in vain for evidence to sustain these and similar charges. A gentleman by birth and association, well educated, and tolerant towards Protestants as he certainly was, the fact that he took side with his countrymen and with the kinsmen of his wife, and led their forces in their wars with the English, affords no proof on which to found the grave accusations that are made against him. And besides, it was for his interest as a merchant to be at peace, since, as we shall see, war ruined his business with the Indians, and exposed his dwelling and warehouses to plunder. The objects of self-banishment attained, or its causes having ceased to exist, the Baron Castine returned to France near the opening of the last century.

Concerning the younger Castine, who succeeded to his father's position in affairs, there is no considerable difference of opinion. It is agreed that his nature was noble, his temper mild, his love of peace intense, and that, without a shade of religious bigotry or savage ferocity under the most trying circumstances, his whole character was singularly worthy of praise. "My mother's people," he sadly said on one occasion, "will waste away, and there is no need of wars to accelerate their doom; and why should men kill one another?"

Seized by official pirates — for they were no better —

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* The Indian *Bagaduce*, on the eastern bank of the Penobscot, at its mouth.

† Stated at 300,000 crowns.

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and borne a prisoner to Boston, and arraigned at the bar, he answered his accusers thus: "I have always lived with my kindred and people; my mother was one of them; I had command of them; and I would not fail to attend a meeting where their interests were at stake." — "My habit, which causes so great offence, is only a uniform suited to my birth and condition; for I have the honor of being an officer under the French king." *

These two fragments show the tenderness of his feelings and the dignity of his bearing, and commend him to our respect. It has been thought that he was slain at the fall of Rasle, in 1724; but there is good reason to believe that he was then in France. The chief killed at Norridgewock, like himself, was of mixed blood, and may have been his brother; or, as some conjecture, Rasle's own son by his Indian domestic.

Wenamovet, or Wenogget, or Wenunganet, or Winnegunanet, — for these names belong to one person, — was a cousin of Madockawando, and, we conclude, his successor. He was one of the hostages under the treaty of 1693, which was signed in canoes on the water, "when the wind blew"; and a year later his signature appears as subscribing witness to a grant of land, the validity of which, forty years afterwards, was contested in the courts. We hear of him, too, at a conference at Falmouth,† well armed, and fancifully clad and decorated, attended by a band of warriors in some forty canoes; and again, with the French and Indian force at the siege of the fort at Casco, when both assault and undermining failed. As chief sachem, in 1726, he negotiated on the part of his tribe the "Dummer Treaty," which is justly celebrated in the annals of English and Indian diplomacy, as the most judicious convention ever concluded, and which was followed by a long peace. Subsequently we know little of him, except that he was in correspondence with Governor Dummer, who "condescended to answer all his letters," who took care to remind him of his engagements "to get the best intelli-

* He had been asked, "Why did you attend the conference of French and Indians at Georgetown?" and, "What means your French uniform?"

† Now Portland.

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gence he could of the designs of any ill-minded Indians," and who assured him that he should be compensated for whatever damage he might sustain for his faithfulness to English interests.

Laron, though not a head chief, was one of decided weight and worth of character. We find him at Boston, in extreme old age, to negotiate a treaty, at a moment of intense excitement, and under circumstances which prove his great regard for his word; we find him at a conference elsewhere, in earnest remonstrance against the sale of rum to his people at the truck-houses; and so, too, when the affairs of the Eastern Indians were discussed with the colonial commissioners, we find him the principal speaker. But what most claims our esteem is, that the Governors of Massachusetts with whom he had official business always relied upon his integrity of purpose, and that one of them gave him a commendatory letter, "as a mark of his special respect," which the proud chief asked to return, unless it would insure him marks of attention at the English forts in Maine, as well as more substantial rewards for his public and unrequited services.

The number of head chiefs, or sachems, or "governors," for the last hundred years, is six; namely, Tomer, Osson, Orono, Aitteon, Lolan, and Aitteon. Of Tomer or Tomasus we know but the solitary fact, that, principal chief at the commencement of the last Indian war that desolated Maine, he was an advocate for peace while hope of maintaining it existed. Nor of Osson, his successor, is there much to detain us. His rule was brief; at most, perhaps, but six or eight years. He is represented as wise, cautious, and cunning. He was known as "Squire Osson," for Massachusetts conferred on him a commission of justice of the peace. The English settlers bore him entire good-will, because he never did them wrong. He died about the commencement of the Revolution, at the age, it is said, of nearly or quite one hundred years. An island in the Penobscot bears his name.

We pass from the good Osson to the good Orono, of whose lineage there are contradictory statements. One account is, that he was a white captive taken at York in 1692, when he was a boy of four years. Another

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and more probable story is, that he was a grandson of the elder Castine. He himself said that his father was French, and his mother French and Indian; but of their names he made no mention. That he was of mixed blood was quite apparent. He wanted the colored skin, the high cheek-bones, and long black hair of the full Indian; and his blue eyes, brown hair, broad and full face, and complexion of almost sickly paleness, were unmistakable proofs of the European. In person, Orono was tall and erect, and in his movements graceful. He was thoughtful, taciturn, and reserved, and in these qualities was an Indian. He was a man of good sense, and penetrated the motives of those whom he met in conference and in treaty negotiations to a degree quite remarkable. He read imperfectly, and wrote his name. In his religion he was a zealous Catholic; and his honesty, temperance, and industry, his strict regard for his word, his sincerity as a friend, and his love of amity, show that his faith had a controlling influence upon his life. In the Revolution he espoused the side of the Whigs; and had the overtures which we are to notice been accepted, he would have led his followers to the field. A hunter in three different centuries, he rested in 1801, at the age of one hundred and thirteen. His wife, "Madam Orono" by courtesy, survived until 1809, and at her decease was even two years older. So remarkable a longevity in husband and wife has hardly a parallel in our annals.

Aitteon followed Orono. The memorials of him are few. He was a man of ability. Like most of his race, he was silent and grave. About the year 1811, the business of his people required his presence at Boston, and he made his passage there by water. Care probably induced insanity, and he died by his own hand.

Joseph Lolan succeeded. He was a weak and imbecile creature. His son, who possessed some ability, transacted nearly all the business of the tribe. The elder Lolan's mother was a beauty, — a circumstance which was not without influence, it is whispered, in the elevation of her mean and unworthy son to the sagamoreship, on the suicide of Aitteon.

John Aitteon, son of the first of the name, the present "Governor" (to use the modern title), was inducted into

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office with great pomp, in 1816. The kindred tribes on the St. Croix and St. John were present by large delegations. The ceremonies of induction, the priest in his robes, the coats of scarlet cloth, and the rich insignia of office worn by the chiefs; the display of silver clasps and brooches, of silks and feathers, by the "squaws"; the feast, the liquor, and the dance; the roar of cannon, the shout, and the song, — were all the talk of the country fifty miles around, and are not forgotten yet.

Like Orono, Aitteon is of mixed blood. Some say that he is a descendant of the Baron Castine. His talents are barely respectable. His disposition is placable, and his person in youth was commanding and handsome. His wife confessed adultery with John Neptune, the lieutenant-governor; the two chiefs met in deadly strife with knives, each striking at the life of the other; they were parted after a fierce struggle, but years of bitter contention followed. Parties were formed in the tribe in consequence of this difficulty, which for a time threatened its very existence. The hostile governors were finally reconciled; but they were not able to restore quiet among their people. The party opposed to Neptune, finding that their kinsmen on the two rivers just mentioned would meet them in council on the subject of removing both Aitteon and Neptune from office, determined upon that measure. In 1838, twelve delegates from the river St. John, and twenty-one from the St. Croix, met at Oldtown, and proceeded to assist the Penobscots in deposing their chiefs; the one for his licentiousness, the other for forgiving the seduction of his wife.

Assembled in the "Great Wigwam," Neptune was the first to speak. His harangue was short, and in the Indian tongue. "Brothers," he commenced, "we boldly come here; we face the storm; we fear not, for our hearts are firm as rocks that never move." He then said, that, twenty-two years before, he and Aitteon were elected governors for life, according to Indian usage; and closed in these words: "Will brothers turn bears, to tear us in pieces? Come they here to dig our graves before we die? Then is our end come. Soon will white men push us all off to drown. The Great Spirit sees it. His eye is on every star. He knows all things. Yes,

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he knows John Neptune has the soul of his father, never afraid. He will never turn his back to fighters, brothers or bears. *He is sachem for life!*"

Our old friend, Sabattis Neptune,* of the Passamaquoddys, rose in reply, and smote him hard. "We come here, a great way from home," he spoke, "to hear what our brothers speak of John Neptune, and his party friends. Many say, he drinks a great deal of strong water. Then his words very loud; his eyes flash fire. ..... He love 'em best some woman kind, not his own squaw. Does he kill 'em deer, bear, raccoon, and feed 'em unlawful children he makes? Not half. ..... Aitteon and Neptune are joined together." The vote was taken, and both chiefs were deposed. Tomer Soc Alexis was chosen governor, and Aitteon, son of John Osson (a former chief of whom we have spoken), was elected in place of Neptune. A part of the Penobscots avoided the controversy, and had no voice in the election. The enemies of Aitteon and Neptune immediately invested the new chiefs with the emblems of office, in the usual manner, and the spectators dispersed. But the Indian delegates from the Eastern tribes lingered, to the great displeasure of the defeated party, for several days. The flags of the victors and the vanquished were kept flying. Much asperity of feeling was evinced on all sides, and there was reason to apprehend that the affair would terminate in blood. The Governor of Maine accordingly interfered by letter, and the delegates soon after departed to their homes. In consequence of these proceedings, the Legislature of Maine passed an act in 1839, by which the male Indians of the tribe, of lawful age, were authorized, upon certain conditions, to elect a governor and lieutenant-governor, to serve two years and until successors were chosen. For some time, therefore, elections were attempted; but, as it often happens among ourselves, the minority were dissatisfied, and claimed to have their way after defeat, and so the "white man's election" was abandoned. After a long "gubbenur" quarrel, it has been at last settled, that, though John Aitteon and John Neptune were removed, as above related, both shall remain in office during life, and that

* See Christian Examiner, Vol. XVII. p. 116.

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at their decease the governor and lieutenant-governor shall be elected annually. Aitteon, we may add, numbers seventy-five years; his sinning wife is dead, and he is a widower.

Of Neptune, much already appears. He is a full-blood. As we remember him in our boyhood, he was one of the handsomest and stateliest looking red-men we ever saw. With the weight of eighty-seven years upon him, he is still noticeable for his good person and dignified air. In middle life, his understanding, intelligence, and sagacity were equal to the performance of almost any service. He felt his superiority, and obstinately held to his own opinions in matters of interest to the tribe, and thus made many enemies. At that period, too, he was intemperate, and his official conduct was, as is alleged, often absolutely wicked. Nor should we omit to say, that the accusations of incontinence are true, and that he has been one of the most licentious Indians of whom there is any account. In his lust, in the number of his victims and illegitimate children, the chronicle is as kingly as in the case of his "brother," Charles the Second of England. Neptune, old as he is, has lately had great success as a hunter. He married his present wife after he had numbered fourscore years. His portrait by Hardy will perpetuate his features. These notices of the head men of the tribe, past and present, will serve our purpose.

In religion, the Penobscots are Catholic. They and their kinsmen, the Passamaquoddys, were the earliest converts made by the Jesuits in the United States east of the Mississippi. It was the boast of the French at the close of the seventeenth century, that they had established a line of communication between Maine and the Gulf of Mexico, and that they claimed possession of the interior from one extremity to the other, because the Jesuits had carved lilies on the trees, and erected crosses on the banks of the streams, as emblems of their rights and proofs of their occupation. The country between the rivers Penobscot and St. Croix was their first mission ground. The fathers Biard and Masse were there as early as 1609. That they came to Maine from Nova Scotia, constructed and fortified a house, and planted a garden, and continued their labors for four

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years; that the former is said to have performed a miracle in healing a sick Indian child, and was taken prisoner and carried to Virginia, and thence to England; and that two pious Frenchwomen, Mesdames de Guercheville and Deville, were connected with, and perhaps founded, the mission, — are the most noticeable incidents for our rapid record. In 1613, the post was abandoned, and not again occupied, we suppose, for upwards of twenty years. After D'Aulney, who was a religious zealot, established himself on the eastern bank of the Penobscot at its mouth, his fortress was constantly resorted to by the Jesuit missionaries who were in that region, and before the middle of the century the conversion of the tribe was complete. Previously, and while in a state of nature, writes an old chronicler, "they dyed patiently, both men and women, not knowing of a hell to scare them, nor a conscience to terrifie them."

While circumstances render it probable that the Penobscots were seldom without religious teachers from the time of D'Aulney, we have no certain knowledge on the subject until we meet the names of the Fathers Vincent Bigot and Thury. The latter counselled war, retaliation for injuries, and his general course is to be rebuked as sadly at variance with the faith which he professed. Bigot, it is related, was a French noble. He was a man of decision and energy, and his flock loved him. He was once driven from his post in consequence of a difficulty with some fishermen; and, involved a second time in the territorial disputes to which we shall refer in another place, he formed the design of withdrawing with his people to lands within the acknowledged limits of New France. We hear of Bigot and Thury among the Penobscots as late as the year 1693.

The names of the Father Le Masse, of De la Chasse, and of Lauverjat, occur in the first quarter of the last century, at which period service was performed in a new church. But the influence of the Jesuits was at an end. Their "whole religion" was pronounced "the most explicit sort of devil-worship," and the measures of Massachusetts to introduce Protestant worship, with the death of Rasle, one of the ablest of their order, completed their discomfiture. We may commend some of them for their assiduous labors, and kindness and purity of life; and

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all, that, used to the ceremonials of their communion in the gorgeous churches of France, they were content to minister in chapels of logs adorned by Indian women, to live in rude cabins of bark, to sleep on skins spread on the earth, and to eat from dishes of wood the unseasoned flesh of wild beasts, reeking with the filth of Indian cookery. From the fall of the Jesuits, there is nothing to detain us — to rely upon our limited researches — until we reach the Revolutionary era, when the Father la Juniper Barthuaine, a friend to the Whig cause, and a recipient of Whig bounty, was the Catholic missionary, and a devoted and useful one. The next was Francis Anthony Matignon, who, compelled by the Revolution in France to fly, came to Boston in 1792; and who, gentle, courteous, learned, and eloquent, was an instrument of great good and an object of universal respect.

The late Cardinal Cheverus, of blessed memory in both hemispheres, and James R. Romaigne, of happy recollection also, were the immediate successors of Dr. Matignon; but for a notice of them we must refer our readers to the article * on the Passamaquoddys, between whom and the Penobscots they divided their valuable, even inestimable, labors. Dennis Ryan, a native of Ireland, who was ordained by Cheverus in 1818, followed; but we have no reliable information as to the period or nature of his pastoral relations. The last resident clergyman was Father Bapst, (to spell the name as the Indians pronounce it,) of French birth, who was respected for his general character. At our recent visit, (1855,) we were told that religious worship was occasional, and performed by a priest who came from some other Catholic society in Maine, or Massachusetts. In concluding the topic, we may add, that the church is a small, low, dilapidated-looking building, with porch, cupola, and bell; that the parsonage, uninviting also, is connected with it; and that in front of it is a cross bearing the motto, "Rogo ut omnes unum sint."

A word now upon the accusations against the Catholic missionaries. Our documents and books of history abound in charges of the most serious character. But

* See Christian Examiner, Vol. XVII. p. 108.

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some of them, we feel assured, are as little to be believed as the account of an old voyager to Maine, who saw barley turn into oats, and frogs a foot high. Be it, however, that the violation of treaties and incentives to war were taught in the chapel in hours allotted to devotion; that the Penobscots, ere they embarked in their canoes on deeds of blood, were absolved and purified at the confessional; that one "holy father" personally appeared in battle, and another told his flock that Mary was a Frenchwoman, and that her Son was murdered by the English; — be it that "the French Papists" instilled poisons which made the Indians "raging devils"; that the very crosses and altars were decorated with war-clubs, tomahawks, and bows and arrows; that from first to last, the paramount object was to increase French, and to lessen English, interests, rather than to promote the spiritual and moral good of the natives; — be all this true; and be it true, also, that Thury's address was uttered just as it has come down to us, and that the missionaries who preceded and succeeded him, one and all, breathed the same sentiment,* — what then? Did no words of bitter denunciation, and of blasphemous imprecation, fall from the lips of Protestant clergymen? Was the injunction to pray *for*, not *against*, our enemies, observed by the minister of Boston, who said of the Indians slain in a battle, that hundreds "of these barbarians were dismissed from a world that was burdened with them"; of others, who perished on shipboard as prisoners, that "it was the quickest way" to dispose of them, "to feed the fishes with 'em"; of still others, who fell on the field, that "many scores were sacrificed unto divine vengeance." So again, if the "rattle-snakes" (then at

* "My children!" said Thury, "when shall the rapacity of the unsparing New-Englanders cease to afflict you? and how long will you suffer your lands to be violated by encroaching heretics? By the religion I have taught, by the liberty you love, I exhort you to resist them. It is time for you to open your eyes, which have long been shut; to rise from your mats, and look to your arms, and make them once more bright. This land belonged to your fathers, long before these wicked men came over the great water, and are you ready to leave the bones of your ancestors, that the cattle of the heretics may eat grass on their graves? ..... My children! God commands you to shake sleep from your eyes. The hatchet must be cleaned of its rust to avenge Him of his enemies, and to secure to you your rights. Night and day a continual prayer shall ascend to Him for your success; an unceasing rosary shall be observed, until you return covered with the glory of triumph."

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peace) "should move again," it "would be the most unexceptionable piece of justice in the world to extinguish them."* And yet again, we have from clerical lips, as applied to the Penobscots and other tribes in Maine, these *choice* specimens of ministerial decorum and propriety of speech, — we use the exact words: — the "devils in flesh," — the "dying beast," — the "rapacious wolves," and the "worse than Scythian wolves," — the "serpents retired to their holes," — the "wild beasts of the East," — the "dragons of the desert," — and the "crew of dragons." And worse than all, it was a Protestant minister of Massachusetts who spoke of "twenty-two Indians slain" and "gone to hell in one day," and of one Indian's "cursed soul" sent "amongst the devils and blasphemers in hell for ever."

While such evidence as this exists in our documents, let us be dumb about Thury and his associates. In the long struggle between France and England for the mastery of the territory occupied by the Penobscots and the tribes east of them, the doctrine of human brotherhood, as enunciated by Paul on Mars Hill, was forgotten by many, and by Protestants as utterly and as often as by Catholics. Nor, to be just, should it be concealed, that, in the troubles between the missionaries and the English, the latter were the original aggressors, since, before an Englishman had a home north of Virginia, and after France had appropriated the soil of Maine according to the rules adopted by the nations of Europe, the mission of Biard and Masse to the Penobscots was broken up, one of the Jesuit fathers killed, and others attached to the post were wounded, plundered, or made prisoners. So too the missionaries should have the benefit of the Narrative of John Gyles, who in early life was captured by the Penobscots, and who relates acts of torture, on the part of some of his captors, which make the heart ache; but yet, and though he confesses that he "hated the sight of a Jesuit," is singularly silent, in a captivity of nearly nine years, as to any instructions from the priests to the Indians to commit hostile deeds,

* How unlike to the good pastor Robinson, who, in Holland, hearing of the feats of that renowned Indian-killer, Miles Standish, exclaimed: "O that you had converted some, before you killed any!"

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or to perform a single cruel or immoral act; and since Gyles became a man of consideration, and served Massachusetts almost forty years and under eight administrations, we are to conclude that he may be safely trusted as a witness. Nor should we fail to cite, in justice to another class of the Boston clergy, and in reply to the denunciatory tone of the ministers whose language we have quoted, the testimony of one of their contemporaries, Dr. Colman, first pastor of the Brattle Street Church, who, after an examination of Governor Dummer's papers connected with the negotiation with Wenamovet, head chief of the Penobscots, not only spoke of red-men as members of the human family, but even said that they possessed "souls sensible of true greatness and honor, goodness and justice."

The history of the Indians in Maine, for nearly a century, contains little else than an account of hostile deeds, and the causes which led to them. In the wars against the English, the Penobscots were always a party, and, in most of them, the master-spirits of the whole East. The general, as well as the special, reasons for the frequent ruptures, may now engage our attention. Of the former, several exerted an influence, from the first war in 1675 to the final peace in 1760. Among these, geographical position obviously is not to be overlooked, if, indeed, it does not claim the principal place in our rapid narrative.

Never were a people more unfortunately situated than those of whom we write, as our readers, with a map before them, will readily admit. The struggle for the mastery of the country which they owned, by the two European powers that sought dominion here, was incessant for generations. Before Boston was five years old, the territory between the Piscataqua and the Penobscot rivers had all been granted away by the English patentees who claimed it, in tracts of various extent, and of loose, and often of imaginary boundaries. In twenty years more, the soil from the last-named river easterly to the St. Croix was in possession of France; and that power, under the treaty of Breda, in 1667, claimed westerly to the Penobscot by absolute cession. In another twenty years, the whole matter was reversed; for England insisted upon dominion easterly to the St.

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Croix; and in 1691, in the second charter to Massachusetts, placed the disputed country under her jurisdiction. Next came the pretensions of France westerly to the Kennebec; after which, and to conclude the contest, the meditated compromise at the river St. George's. It was thought, that, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, England had dispossessed her rival of the whole of the territory in dispute; but it was not until the middle of the century that France abandoned her claim to it. Thus, then, five of the six Indian wars occurred during these territorial conflicts, and it was hardly possible that our tribe could help becoming involved in some way with one party or the other. That their sympathies were with the French is well known, and by no means strange. The Jesuits converted them to the Catholic faith; and Frenchmen not only accommodated themselves to their habits, but so often married among them, that Gallic blood is traced and boasted of, even to the present hour. But since one of their own chiefs has summed up their reasons in fewer words than we can do, we cite them. "Frenchmen," he spoke, "never get away our lands. They give us down weight, full measure. They open our eyes to religion. Englishmen rob us. They put flowing cup to our mouths. They shed our blood. Fight Englishmen; they shall die. This land, this river, is ours. Hunt Englishmen all off the ground. Then shall Indians be free."

If the geographical position of the Penobscots was unfortunate, so had they also to deplore the evils which resulted from the character of the English, with whom they principally mingled. The men and women of Maine are now polished and virtuous, and are comfortable in their homes; but at the period of which we speak, it was sadly otherwise, in these and in other particulars. In an official report to the third of the Stuart kings, we find that the inhabitants east of Portland are described as "for the most part fishermen, who never had any government among them," as persons who had "fled from other places to avoid justice," and who entertained "the opinion, that as many men may share in a woman as they doe in a boat." Gyles, whose Narrative relates to the same and to a later day, observes of the people around Pemaquid, (now Bristol,)

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that they had "long lived lawless"; and the pastor of the North Church, Boston, so often to be named in this article, owns and complains that the "greatest part" of the English settlers in Maine had become "too like the Indians among whom they lived," and "rather taught these Pagans" to be vicious, than instructed them in religion, as they should have done. In truth, as late as the Revolutionary era, the change was not sensibly for the better. An Episcopal missionary of character, who commenced his labors in 1760, on a tributary of the Kennebec, affords us outlines for a picture in his neighborhood, and easterly to the most distant English settlement. The majority, as he relates, were extremely poor and ignorant, and without religious instruction; and abandoned themselves to disorder, to profaneness, and to general vice. Many suffered for necessary food and clothing; many lived in miserable huts without chimneys, and had no beds other than heaps of straw; whole families lived on potatoes roasted in the ashes; persons who could read and write were rare; and multitudes of children went barefoot and half-clad, even in winter. It is historically true, we believe, that outlaws and "squatters," such as roamed Maine at this juncture, have always stirred up strife, and finally involved the communities of which they were originally members, and to which, in the apprehension of the natives, they still belonged.

We fear, too, that persons in commission in the civil line, at the forts, and in government vessels, acquired much of the tone and temper of the settlers around them, since we find that one Penobscot chief was slain without cause, when on a mission to effect an exchange of prisoners; that another was murdered while communicating with a post under a flag of truce; that a third was decoyed on shipboard, and treated with great indignity, by the display of the same sacred emblem of amity; and that a military leader burned their lower village, which was near the site of Bangor, after they had made proposals of peace. Nor is this all; for there is record of dishonest and ignorant interpreters at the "talks" or conferences; of incompetent and ill-disposed commissioners, who stated their terms in vague language, or disposed of the business with which they were entrust-

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ed in hot haste, and before the chiefs could understand what was required of them; and so again, in one negotiation, we ascertain that a chief who went to a place designated was forcibly carried to Boston, there to submit, while yet a prisoner, to such terms as should be dictated to him by the government. In concluding the topic, it is humiliating to write, that, for the murders to which we here refer, for others far more horrible to be related hereafter, and for still others of which we take no note, no Anglo-Saxon was ever punished as the laws required. In fact, it was publicly declared and everywhere said in Maine, that no white man had been, or would be, convicted of killing an Indian.

The fact that persons of our race have always escaped the extreme penalty of the law, has come down to them with all the exaggerations usual in tradition, and rankles as deeply now as it ever did. In 1817, Peol Susup was tried for his life at Castine, for the murder of William Knight* at Bangor, the previous year; and John Neptune, the present lieutenant-governor, after the verdict of manslaughter, in a thronged assembly of citizens, of his own tribe, and of delegates from the St. Croix and the St. John, addressed the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in mitigation of sentence. His bearing was calm and dignified, and he was listened to with profound attention. "You know," he spoke, "your people do my Indians great deal of wrong. They abuse them very much: yes, *they murder them; then they walk right off, — nobody touches them*"; — meaning, of course, that white men were never so much as arrested; — and "this," he added, "make my heart burn." The same thing is repeated in conversation at this hour. Nor can a Penobscot be made to understand that the

* The death of Knight is well remembered. The first elephant ever upon the Penobscot was to have been exhibited at his house the day after he was slain, and the writer and his school-fellows were all on tiptoe to see this wondrous animal. Disappointed by the tragedy at Bangor, most of us determined to gratify our curiosity by a tramp on foot of fourteen miles to a town down the river, and did so. The writer subsequently saw Peol Susup in prison, and after a lapse of nearly forty years recalls his face, bleached almost to whiteness, his long black hair tangled and knotted, his glaring eyes deeply sunken, his hurried paces across his cell, his coming to and retreating from the grate, and his moan like a child, and his shout like a madman. It was the first visit to a jail, and the scene will never be effaced. Susup is dead, and his widow is the present wife of Governor Neptune.

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story transmitted by his fathers is untrue in any particular.

The frauds at the truck or trading houses was another fruitful source of irritation and discontent. Massachusetts endeavored to regulate the traffic at these establishments by law, but failed. The legislation under the first charter, and for a period of forty-four years, is curious. The earliest regulation authorized the Council to farm out the Indian trade for a consideration, to be paid into the treasury; the next, confined it to persons who lived within the jurisdiction; the third, granted it in monopoly to a company, which was to pay, for public use, one twentieth part of the furs which were purchased; another, ordained certain rules for its management for a term of ten years; the fifth, to retaliate upon the Dutch and French, prohibited it to the people of these flags, on pain of confiscation of the property found in their possession; the sixth, because of the sale of guns, liquors, and ammunition, limited it to persons whose names were designated in the act; and yet another, farmed it out a second time; while, by the provisions of the eighth, none were allowed to engage in it without license, and without contributions to the treasury; and the last, abolished it everywhere, and to everybody. It was at the time of this latter act (1676) that Randolph, in his Narrative to the Privy Council of England, spoke in great bitterness of the general course of the "Bostoneers,"* and accused the "magistrates," for their "profit and lucre and gain," of provoking the Indians to hostile deeds. It was at this time, also, that we meet the well-known saying, that, "in the purchase of beaver, the white man's hand weighs a pound"; while, in a letter from a man of character, we read that few persons who "traded much" with the natives were "innocent of cheating." That the gains of some of the traders were enormous, there is, indeed, the most reliable evidence. Even Cotton Mather, whose heart was steeled against the red-men, says: "The bever trade with the Indians was very scandalously managed."

Phips, the first governor of Massachusetts under the second charter, was a native of Maine, and in youth

* People of Boston.

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"hunted and fished many a weary day" with the natives, who, when they heard he was "all one king," were amazed. Acquainted with their wants, he stipulated for the establishment of a truck-house at a convenient point on the coast, and, in advance, prevailed upon some of his friends to join him in providing them with the articles of which they were destitute, and which they had been unable to procure under the policy that had previously existed. But we soon hear of the frauds of private traders, and of the complaints of the Indians, that the government had failed to establish and to regulate truck-houses. Nor was it, as we are led to believe, until 1726, and the conclusion of the Dummer Treaty with the Penobscots, that the promise, repeatedly made, at Boston and elsewhere, and in both conference and treaty, steadily to maintain such houses, and to place them in the charge of men of character and probity, was ever redeemed. Governor Dummer agreed that Wenamovet's people should have ample supplies, at fair prices; and he kept his word and the faith of Massachusetts.

Thirteen years elapsed, and the tribe whose history we sketch were again clamorous on the subject of their traffic, the frauds they suffered, and the inattention to their interests, in violation of the treaty just mentioned. They obtained new promises, and occasional presents; but matters at the truck-houses grew worse and worse until 1745, when they withdrew their trade.

Four years afterward, at a conference in Boston, the chiefs of the Penobscots were not only told that fair dealing should be observed towards them, but that they should have a truck-house on their own river, under the entire control of the government. Yet the stipulation was not fulfilled, for in 1753, at a conference with the colonial commissioners on shipboard in the St. George's, they renewed their complaints against the truck-masters at the old establishments, at which they had continued to deal, who, they said, sold high and bought low; and the same accusation was renewed the following year. "Sartin, me know," spoke Sachem Louis, "my Indian walk Albany, and buy 'em great deal sheep." * Finally,

* Certainly, I know, my Indians trade at Albany, and buy a great deal cheaper.

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in 1759, Fort Pownall* was built on the westerly bank of the Penobscot, near its mouth, and the long-promised truck-house was established at the same place. It was an important event. The frail canoe was no longer compelled to venture at sea to trade at Pemaquid, or on the St. George's, as it had done during the period embraced in our inquiries. And besides, the post was placed in command of General Jedediah Preble,† of Portland, a gentleman of high character, who, by a course of justice, won the entire confidence of the Indians that resorted to it. Of the twenty fortresses in Maine, this was the largest and strongest, and its cost was reimbursed by the crown. Certain of fair dealing, the hunters took to the forest in great numbers, and the trade in furs increased so rapidly, that in three years additional buildings were required for storehouses, and for the occupation of the persons employed in buying and selling, in packing and shipping. Indeed, Preble's administration of affairs at Fort Pownall was the palmy era in the history of the tribe every way.

Colonel Thomas Goldthwait was the second commander and truck-master; but as the Revolutionary controversy came to blows, he submitted to Gage's order to surrender the cannon, on the pretence that his stock of powder was insufficient to defend the post. The displeasure of Congress appears in various communications on the subject; while the Indians, whose trade was at an end, were highly exasperated; and the settlers and lumberers on the river meditated the seizure of his person, and summary punishment under "swamp law." Preble and another gentleman of Maine, in June, 1775, to provide for the exigency, were requested by Congress to re-open the traffic; but whatever the result, relief was only temporary, inasmuch as James Sullivan, in June of the following year, in a letter to James Warren, said the Penobscots had no truck-master, and that something should be done to relieve their wants. Jonathan Louder,

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* The site is now called "Old Fort Point."

† A firm Whig of the Revolution, and a man of ability. He was chosen by the Congress of Massachusetts to command the forces, but declined on account of his age, and General Ward was elected in his place. He was the father of Edward Preble, the distinguished officer in the Navy, who conducted the war with Tripoli to an honorable issue.

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however, had previously been nominated by the tribe, and in November, 1776, we find him recognized by Congress, and supplied by that body with powder and lead. As the country passed into the possession of the enemy, and as Fort Pownall was partially destroyed by Whig hands in 1779, we may conclude that the government truck-house was abandoned. These outlines show that, two intervals of a few years only excepted, the Penobscots complained of frauds and wrongs for more than a century; and it appears, from an official paper, that, for a considerable time, in addition to dishonest dealings on the part of the traders, instances occurred in which the Indians were required to sell themselves and their children to pay their debts.

Rum — a word of awful import in Indian history — is our next theme. As early as 1633 an attempt was made to restrain its use by the natives, in a law which prohibited it both by gift and sale. Yet, nine years after, it was gravely apprehended that it was not fit to deprive them of any lawful comfort which God alloweth to all men by the use of wine, and so the sale of that liquor was allowed by order of Court upon license granted.* Excess soon followed, and the only dealer in the Colony who, by law, could sell wine, was in Boston. A few years more elapsed, and the natives had become excessive drinkers of all strong liquors; and to check the evil, certain persons were authorized to sell, of whom two were in Maine. But the unlawful traffic was continued, and in 1656 agents were employed to ascertain the names of the unlicensed dealers. It would seem, however, that no success resulted, for the next year we hear of "murthers and other outrages" by the unhappy victims, and find on the statute-book an act by which all licenses were revoked, and the sale utterly prohibited, except in cases of sudden sickness or "fayntinge," or when a "phisition" prescribed a "dramm" by way of "phisicke." But rum

* Did Washington Irving have this act in mind when he wrote: "All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages were found. ..... But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition, than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life; and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learned to estimate these blessings."

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still went to the wigwam, and in 1666 authority was given to take it by force, and to imprison the Indians who refused to confess of whom it was obtained. In seven years more came a law to fine the sellers, and to whip at discretion such of them as were delinquents in money. Gookin, who wrote at this juncture, admits that the "English in New England had great cause to be greatly humbled before God, that they have been and are instrumental to commit this great evil and beastly sin of drunkenness"; while an official of the crown includes rum and its consequences in his list of causes of the first war with the Penobscots and other tribes of Maine. It was at the same time that Madockawando's confederate, the able, proud head-chief of the Anasagunticooks, conscience-stricken, affected to believe that his Great Father had appeared to him, and commanded him to leave off drinking the "fire-water." In a word, in 1675, as the sale of rum had become a scandal even at the truck-houses, these establishments were abolished, much to the displeasure of the natives, who depended upon them for the sale of furs and the purchase of articles of necessity. Nor were the French behind the English, since, prior to the year last named, the Bishop of Canada had obtained a royal decree to suppress the destructive traffic in liquor. Previous to 1698 retribution had been fearful. The preacher of the *Boston Lecture* that year observes of the "bloody merchants" who had "debauched" the Eastern tribes "by selling of drink unto them," that "the wrath of God" had fallen upon their "persons or estates," and that the natives themselves had turned upon and slain the English. The last century opens with records which show that the appetite among the tribes in Maine was stronger than ever before; and it was remarked by a considerate man, that the apathy of the government was a reproach to religion and the country. The chiefs became alarmed; and those of the Penobscots who met Dummer at a conference, in 1726, asked that the sale in the harbors and in the taverns in town should be interdicted to their young men. One of them, the good Loran, wrote the Governor the same year: "Never let the trading-houses deal in much rum. It wastes the health of our young men. It unfits them to attend prayers. It makes them carry ill both to your

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people and their own brethren. This is the mind of our chief men." In 1734 the Governor of Massachusetts was moved to say, in his speech to the General Court, that "great abuses were committed on our Indian neighbors by intoxicating them with excessive quantities of rum." Still, wicked traders, greedy of gain, mocked the executive and the legislature; and, as we ascertain from the Penobscot chief Louis, in 1751, the truck-masters, after the government trading-houses were revived, were as unscrupulous as others, and drew from him the complaint, that they sold rum to the women as well as to the men of his tribe. We have given enough of detail to prove the complicity, at times, of the authorities in apathy, in general neglect, and in permitting the sale at establishments which were of their own creation, and were subject to their entire control. Besides the moral effects of the traffic, it is no exaggeration to add, that the poor victims of "strong water" were sometimes invited to intoxication by speculators and jobbers, for the very purpose of obtaining the conveyance of lands, and who, in consideration of a supply for another "dunk," * or a worthless trinket, procured title from the unconscious savage in the presence of witnesses, who, when occasion required, swore the matter through in the courts of law. There was this single redeeming circumstance, that the rum was sometimes too weak to "make dunk * come"; and the red-skinned wag who averred that he had himself paid a hundred pounds for the water drawn from one well, did but show, in a random way, his own excess and the fraudulent gains of the trader. As late as our own day, we recall high words in consequence of "a sheet," † by which some thirsty Jo, or toper Tomer, was disappointed of his fuddle.

The knowledge and use of fire-arms were of sad omen. The regulations on the subject are not without interest, as showing the spirit of the times. First, there was a proclamation from England against the sale of arms to the natives; next, a colonial ordinance, that a particular Indian servant might use his "peece to shoote att fowle"; three years later, a law was enacted prohibiting the selling and giving of guns and ammunition; and in 1643

* Drunk. † Cheat.

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another law, allowing the sale of both to Indians who were friendly. Several years later, a person, whose name appears in the law, was authorized to sell a certain quantity of powder; in 1668, arms and powder and shot could be disposed of to the natives by licensed dealers, on payment of a duty into the public treasury; eight years after, the system of license was abolished, and entire prohibition enjoined; and again, in 1680, there was a further law to put an end to traffic in all kinds of arms, and to dealing in all kinds of ammunition. Neither of the acts of interdiction was worth the paper on which it was written. At the date last named, the use of the musket had been general for a generation, and the Indian hunters had become expert marksmen. We find it said in an official paper transmitted to Charles the Second, that the people of Massachusetts had contributed much to their own misfortunes by allowing the Indians to learn the use of the musket and fowling-piece, and by allowing them to be present at musters and trainings; and the writer accuses, that, by the sale of these weapons to enrich "some few," and some "church-members," vast mischief had been done also to people of the neighboring colonies. Nor was this all. The gun accelerated the red man's doom; for with it, and to show his skill, he killed the beasts of the forest in mere wantonness, and thus impaired his great resource for food and clothing; and with both the gun and the cup he was excited to deeds which were impossible while he used the bow and arrow and drank at the cool spring, and which were visited by fearful retributions. Nothing, in a word, could part the Indian from his gun; for, next to rum, it was to him the greatest invention of the white man.

The last of the general causes of war which we shall notice, relates to the encroachments upon their domain. Open what record we will, the eye meets angry disputes on this subject; and, for the most part, we are impelled to say that the Indians were in the right.

Our purpose here is not to speak of treaty cessions, in which the *form* or show of justice was observed, but of the squatters, the settlers, and the speculators, who occupied their lands and fisheries without pretence of title. These aggressions, mingled with territorial disputes with the government itself, were among the direct causes of

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more than one rupture. If, at times, and under some administrations, efforts were made to redress their wrongs in this particular, executive instructions to the officials who were charged with the duty were seldom obeyed, and were sometimes as utterly disregarded as was the famous proclamation of Wilhelmus Kieft, or William the Testy, the Dutch governor of New York, against the Yankees who invaded his territories and commenced the culture of onions at Wethersfield. The territorial possessions of the Penobscots, as between them and the neighboring tribes, cannot be determined with even tolerable precision in any direction. The vague landmarks of English discoverers, and the loose descriptions of Indian traditions, are seldom sufficient to settle a geographical line or a question of jurisdiction, even on a surface of six miles square; yet these are the only guides. But as regards the Anglo-Saxons, the *claim* "for the purposes of occupancy, of fishing, and of hunting," — (to use the unrighteous term of our statesmen when treating of Indian lands,) — the *claim* to the domains from the seacoast at Camden, and northerly to the head-waters of the Penobscot River, with its banks east and west to the sources of its tributaries, appears to have been undisputed, since — as we shall show hereafter — it was expressly and repeatedly recognized by the governments of Massachusetts and Maine, until the whole country embraced within these limits (the islands in the river above the falls at Oldtown alone excepted) passed, or was forced for ever away, without adequate compensation. Thus extensive, then, was the territory *owned* by the Penobscots two centuries ago. The English molested them on their hunting-grounds and fisheries; they built mills, and houses for choppers and sawers, at the falls of the streams; and squatters and lumberers robbed, and carelessly or wilfully fired, the forests. It was Louis, a Penobscot chief, who said, at a conference held during the disputes which terminated in the sixth war, that "God has placed us here; God gave us this land, and we will keep it. God gave us all things; he decreed this land to us; therefore, neither shall the French nor the English possess it, but we will." After the last peace, the chiefs complained as earnestly as ever before, and "uttered bold threats"; but they were powerless; by the

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provisions of the treaty of 1760 they were entirely at the mercy of the government. Nor was there cessation to difficulties from this source prior to the Revolution. At the very moment, in truth, that Washington and the authorities of Massachusetts were essaying to enlist the warriors in the Whig cause, the white settlers and lumberers were accused by the chiefs of encroachments. In the difficulties with the government, when they were told that by a given treaty they had conveyed a tract of country from one described boundary to another, their manifestations of surprise were not unlike those of the savages who, as related by that veracious chronicler, Diedrich Knickerbocker, sold Manhattan; sixty guilders for as much land as a man could cover with his nether garments, with Mynheer Tenbroeck's breeches to be used in the measurement. But then "the bulbous-bottomed burgher peeled like an onion, and breeches after breeches spread forth over the land until they covered" the whole island. In answer to the arguments which a few, in every generation, have ventured to make on the subject of the territorial wrongs of the natives, it has been and still is urged, that the Indians did not need all their lands, and that in their hands they would have lain waste. This is granted. But so neither did Girard nor Astor need all *their* lands, and houses, and stocks; yet nobody, we suppose, hence concludes that the State governments under which they lived, and in whose power they were their life long, would have been justified in fixing the precise amount of property which they *did* need, and in seizing the balance, on a payment of a few bushels of corn, a quantity of ammunition and of blue cloth, annually, as long as the names of Girard or Astor should survive. As the matter seems to us, the elements of the two cases are not dissimilar. The right to property is the same in both; for we cannot consent to discuss the question as those do who want Indian lands;—namely, that the natives had a "*claim*" of use for the erection of wigwams, and to hunt and to fish; but that the fee of the soil was in a crowned Bourbon or a crowned Stuart in another hemisphere.

We part with our readers here, to resume and conclude the subject in our next number.

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Art. III. — GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

Many readers of Mr. Grote's most learned and laborious work will rejoice to see at last the full index that points backward. We should not wonder if here and there a tired or timid student were reminded of the delight with which the soldiers of Alexander saw the conquered limit of their march eastward at the Indian river Hyphasis, † or of that with which the ten thousand retreating Greeks beheld the sea. For it is pretty thoroughly conceded that Mr. Grote's expedition, though excellent generalship, is rather a hard service. His style of narrative, in homely and semi-Grecian English, is not of a kind to relieve the tediousness or the distress of a long historic way. It is at first positively repulsive, and never becomes charming. Great fault has been found with him for this, and some sport has been made of his apparently ostentatious peculiarities. But it ought to be added, in justice, on the other hand, that he is writing for the instruction of scholars rather than for popular entertainment, and that the words which sound pedantic often convey a definiteness of meaning not to be expressed without circumlocution by any others. Such words are not very numerous, and they are soon mastered. They evidently do not spring from the desire of display, but from their familiarity to his own mind; and he uses them for the sake of their directness. Indeed, he is in the most desirable respects a pattern of simplicity. His failing is on the side of plainness. Bending to the task that engages him, he gives all his interest to the facts as they really were. He does not care for fine phrases. He neglects ornament. His language he is determined shall do nothing more than record in the clearest manner his impressions about events and men. It is true that he has few graces of composition; but then he is free from the fault of affecting any such

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* 1. *The History of Greece.* By George Grote. Vol. XII. London. 1856. 8vo. pp. 739. New York: Harper, Brothers, & Co. 12mo. pp. 590.
2. *Grote on Alexander the Great.* London National Review for July, 1856.
3. *Alexander und Aristoteles in ihren gegenseitigen Beziehungen Nach den Quellen dargestellt, von* Dr. Robert Geier. Halle. 1856. 8vo. pp. 269.

† The Sutledge, as Grote will have it; though this is disputed.

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graces. Even where his style is the dullest, it is usually perspicuous, accurate, and straightforward. If he is in the habit of using a Greek term, when an English one would sometimes appear to do as well, the singularity ends there. So far is he in general from seeking unusual expressions, that he rather avoids them. He does not practise obscurities of any kind, by assuming airs of philosophy, learning, or rhetoric. He never overlays his thought so that one scarcely knows where to look for it, nor makes it so subtile that it cannot be easily seen. This is one of his distinctions, and it is no small praise.

Some have complained of him for adhering to the original names of the Grecian divinities, instead of adopting their Latin synonymes. With a few of these, indeed, the English reader has become tolerably familiar. Hermes sounds naturally enough; our own poets have introduced us to Aphrodite; and we have learned not to stumble much even at Zeus. But why speak of Poseidon and Hephæstus and Arês, instead of saying plainly Neptune and Vulcan and Mars? The answer is obvious. It is because they are the names under which alone those gods of Hellas were recognized by the Hellenic race. For popular use, their Roman substitutes are sufficient; but in a History of Greece they would not be altogether appropriate. The German scholars, even in their ordinary writings, have agreed in restoring the old, genuine nomenclature to Olympus. The English, though not hastily moved to such changes, are gradually following the example, especially in the higher walks of composition.

The mention of this point brings us to another of a similar kind, which has been the subject of some discussion. Many scholarly persons raise objection here, who entirely acquiesce in the former innovation; though it appears to us that both of the matters which are excepted to rest upon substantially the same reasons. It is Mr. Grote's rule to present the names of his historical personages in their genuine Greek shapes. Bishop Thirlwall, in his excellent History of Greece, had adopted the same before him. This rule, it must be owned, interferes with some of our classical associations, and occasionally gives the names of our old acquaintances an uncouth appearance. In a few instances it alters the

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name completely; but in far the greater number of cases it only changes the pronunciation of the same letters, or even affects nothing but the spelling. For examples in each kind, take Odysseus, Kimon, and Perdikkas. There seems to us no valid argument why any writer, especially on Grecian affairs, should array these heroes in the dress of a foreign and later language, when their own native one is at hand. In regard to the first example mentioned, because the poets of Latium called Odysseus Ulysses, — by what chance we know not, — ought we therefore, by doing likewise, to divest the title of the great Odyssey of all its meaning for English ears? In regard to the second, ought the noble son of Miltiades to remain confounded in speech with any Simon whatever? And as for the third, we can only say that something is due to consistency; for anything else, the point is of no consequence. But it may be further objected, that Mr. Grote is not even consistent with himself in this respect. He sometimes disregards his own principle. While he writes Kimon and Korkyra, he does not write Kyros or Lakedæmon. This must be conceded. But yet it is something to have set up a just rule, if we allow this to be a just one. There should be fair allowance made for exceptions. Indeed, exceptions must be pretty frequent in a matter of this sort, the floating and varying sounds of proper nouns. We may draw an illustration of this from the way in which we ourselves deal with the names of foreign persons and places. The general direction is to give them their native letters, and, as nearly as we can, their native utterances. But there are many deviations from this in both respects. Some of these names are completely Anglicized, and others imperfectly so, — the greater part not at all. We must follow custom here, and not be too singular. One would no more omit the final letter in Paris than sound it in Bordeaux; and he is a venturesome speaker who undertakes to pronounce Versailles as the French do. Doubtless the "great Julius" was called Kaisar by his countrymen, as well as by the Greeks; and yet it would be too odd to write it or say it so. The ruling in such cases is very flexible, and should be treated accordingly. Topics of this kind, however, though curious and inviting, are of inferior importance, and we must leave them

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behind us. Many of the learned will think, after all, that ancient English usage has sufficiently settled the matter.

The thorough scholarship and ability of Mr. Grote in all these volumes are universally acknowledged. Nothing is left unknown or doubtful for lack of research. His judgment also is penetrating. His courage in following wherever his erudition and judgment lead him is calm, but complete. He carries always with him a robust decision, which does not hesitate to contradict, or fear to offend. In those cases where he departs widely from current opinion, he not only leaves a deep impression of his sagacity, but will be likely to make his opinion a prevalent one. Take, for instance, his elaborate defence of the Sophists. We well remember the perplexity expressed by a most venerable scholar and statesman, not long since lost to his country,* that one of the most beautiful apologues of Grecian antiquity, The Choice of Hercules, should have proceeded from the pen of Prodicus, a Sophist. There must be some mistake, he said, about that class of men. We have allowed ourselves to imagine the satisfaction with which he would have read those pages of Grote, vindicating them, at some length, from the undiscriminating aspersions that have been cast upon their whole body. At the same time, we cannot conceal the conviction, which took possession of us at an early stage of the work and has gone on increasing to the end of it, that the author has written all the way under the strong bias of political opinion and a particular historical design. He appears to have been from the outset impelled to his task by a spirit of antagonism to the aristocratic prepossessions that are so conspicuous in Mr. Mitford's description of the Grecian commonwealths. Mr. Grote stands forth as the zealous champion of democratic liberty, and of Athens as the leading representative of that principle in the Hellenic world. We are of course in full sympathy with him in the cause which has so nobly warmed him. We always side with Athens whenever she has foes in the field. We give her our hearts as we give them to no other, whether in the days of her triumph or her distress. She is truly the eye of Greece.

* President John Quincy Adams.

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We see reflected in her the glories of the whole land, whether continent or isles, — whatever makes the very soil dear to cultivated man. She is the shining capital of all the arts, and of the philosophy and eloquence and science and letters and song, that keep her language immortal. Especially do we admire her as she is set in opposition, like her own guardian Pallas Athene with her spear and her beauty, to the rude oligarchy on the other side of the gulf. Who can love Athens and Sparta too? That rival of her empire and destroyer of her greatness always rises upon us like a barbarian power, and but half respectable. Notwithstanding Thermopylæ and Platæa, a few men like Callicratidas and Brasidas, and a few brave sayings like the mother's shield speech, — "With it or on it," — we cannot bestow our affections on her. With her citizens but soldiers and machines, and her dependents cruelly oppressed, with her black broth and tyrant institutions, with her iron money and iron manners, she seems scarcely to belong to that inventive, flexible, exquisitely organized, and richly endowed race, to which the nations of the earth are so deeply indebted. When we look back to those few centuries of renown, and pronounce the name of Greece, we are thinking of little beyond that Attica, which has become a proverb to express whatever is most refined in human culture. We concede and maintain all this. No one can find fault here with Mr. Grote's enlightened preference and honorable enthusiasm.

But we nevertheless think that this ardent partiality often spreads over his pages a color of partisanship. Not that it merely brightens up a paragraph, or makes a description more glowing, — he is to be thanked when that happens, — but it is apt to affect his delineations of character, and to define the shape of his disquisitions. He cannot bear that the Athenian people — the Demus, as he and several other authors love to call them — should ever be placed in the wrong. He is on the alert at once when their collective wisdom is impeached. He can argue learnedly in behalf of their injuriousness, and prove most gravely that the ridiculous things set to their charge were no laughing matters. If Kleon had been on the Peloponnesian side, we should have had no long and elaborate vindication of him, — or rather of

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the populace who made him their general, — against the gibes of any Laconian Aristophanes. The ostracism — that judgment of the potsherd, which was deliberately meant to drive only the most illustrious citizens into exile — would scarcely have met with so earnest an apologist as it has here retained, if the apology had not been intended for the Demus, rather than for a law that was against all other law, and against all honor and right. It was well for the memory of the Sophists just spoken of, though Mr. Grote has made out so good a case for them, that they hailed, for the most part, from the neighborhood of the Piræus. The Athenians condemned to death in open *dikastery*, and on the most frivolous of charges, their best man, their brave soldier, their still more intrepid counsellor, their wisest thinker, their highest moral example, — condemned him in the midst of the honors of his seventy years of an unsullied and serviceable life. And what does our author say to that? Why, truly, the old barefoot, though he had fought their battles, and brought down religion and philosophy to sit in their workshops and houses and to walk in their streets, and had turned away alone in silent disdain from their judicial baseness under the despotism of the Thirty, was, after all, a troublesome person. "He was not attached, either by sentiment or conviction, to the constitution of Athens." He provoked the antipathies of the distinguished men by the caustic of his perpetual questions, and affronted the prejudices both of the low and high by his alleged dæmon and his way of treating the popular superstitions. Mr. Grote says, and reiterates the assertion, that the only wonder is that the indictment was not presented before, — that Socrates could have carried on his course so long. "There was but one city," he declares, "in the ancient world at least, wherein he would have been allowed to prosecute it for twenty-five years with safety and impunity; and that city was Athens." And, after a eulogy on the superior liberality of his darling metropolis, he adds: "The long toleration of Sokratês is one example of this liberality, while his trial proves little, and his execution nothing, against it." And again: "A dissenting and free-spoken teacher, such as Sokratês was at Athens, would not have been allowed to pursue his

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vocation for a week in the Platonic Republic. Plato, indeed, would not condemn him to death; but he would put him to silence, and, in case of need, send him away." All which — the worse for Plato — is likely enough to be true; though what proof of liberality it reveals is less discernible. And yet the historian is not unfriendly to the noble philosopher. On the contrary, he writes of him with admiration. He dissents altogether from the doctrine of a German named Forchhammer,* who maintained that Socrates "was most justly condemned as a heretic, a traitor, and a corrupter of youth." He praises almost entirely that illustrious life; from the first "*forward step*," which was "the *fundamental conviction* upon which all his missionary *impulse hinged*," to the day when his legs, galled by chains, grew numb with the poison which his Athenian judges had sent to his prison. But he cannot see that any special wrong was here committed. He even repels, with almost an air of resentment, the assertion of Diodorus, which has been generally received, that the people bitterly repented of the manner in which they had treated their immortal citizen. He "disbelieves altogether" that any such reaction took place in the popular mind; or "that the Athenian dikasts, who doubtless felt themselves justified, and more than justified, in condemning Sokratês, retracted that sentiment after his decease." He does not tell us how that very Prodicus, who has been mentioned above, and whose lessons were so admirable, was put to death by just such *dikasts;* or how Anaxagoras had to fly for his life from the city, where he was teaching the wisest things concerning the Deity which it had ever yet heard.

We regard this as one of those instances of special pleading, which occur here and there in these valuable volumes. It may be taken, also, as an illustration of a certain cold tone of thought, a want of sympathy and tender or fervid sentiment, almost a shade of moral and spiritual indifferentism, which shows itself in them. Both this favoritism and this defect have been charged against another historian, one of the most splendid

* "The Athenians and Socrates; or, Lawful Dealing against Revolution," — is the title of his treatise.

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writers, perhaps, living or dead. An example of the favoritism may be pointed to in the exculpation of King William as to the massacre of Glencoe; and the defect has been alleged to leave still something to sigh after, in the midst of the most impressive and captivating pages that ever wanted the diviner life. In Mr. Macaulay we scarcely know what we lose, — scarcely miss anything, — so completely are we under the enchanter's power. His portraits are so vivid, his scenes so brilliant, that we come slowly, if at all, to perceive how seldom the flush of impulsive feeling, the shadowing of a mortal sadness, the dew of pitying tears, are laid upon the artist's brush. But Mr. Grote carries no such spell with him. His style being prevailingly hard and dry, he can the less afford to be called in question by the scrutiny of the impartial, or by the cravings of the higher elements of our nature. Mr. Macaulay has also been accused — with what justice may well be doubted — of blackening too pertinaciously the characters he does not affect. Mr. Grote, on the other hand, strives to whiten as much as possible the stained heroes of his story. He takes collective Athens under his particular protection. The Demus seems to be to his mind as complete a personality as Pericles or Demosthenes, — one, the grand statesman who needs no defending, and the other the grandest of orators, whom he never ceases to defend. This process, though it may be more amiable than the opposite one, is quite as likely to offend the moral taste, and to disturb the balance of historic justice. It has come to be so prevalent a practice in modern literature as to acquire a title of its own. It is called rehabilitation. How calmly and pleasantly do some writers depict the ruffians of the first French revolution, as if they were only the representatives of a principle, or the instruments of a divine purpose! We were long ago familiar with Walpole's *rehabilitating* of King Richard III., an undertaking that found favor with some novelists; but, this very year, Mr. Froude of Oxford has ventured a like good turn for King Henry VIII. So zealous is he to cleanse the tarnished scutcheon of the Reformation in England. We have no sympathy with dealings of this kind. History should sit as a judge, and not as an apologist. A really great or good man

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can endure to have his weaknesses probed, and his errors and wrongs held up honestly to the light.

After all, Athens does not appear to us most admirable in those respects where Mr. Grote would find or make her so; — not in her institutions; not in her moral attitudes; not in her manners, domestic or public; not in her fickle councils; not in her factious liberty. With the mention of her name come up the thoughts of her historians, poets, orators, dramatists; her captains by land and sea; her patriots and philosophers and scientific explorers of the skies and the earth; her many that were wondrous, and her few that were incorruptible; her sculptors and painters and builders, who were born into the love and worship of all shapes of beauty. Intellectually and artistically, she not only fills every wish, but amazes us with her mysteries of achievement. As Jerusalem represents the very inspiration of religious faith, and Rome the full genius of organized empire, so Athens is the capital of the whole ancient world for thought, and all the forms that express thought, whether in the fixed marble that has learned a prouder charm than that of motion, or the flying words that are a possession for ever. Her writings are marvels and models still. Lord Brougham or Mr. Everett can get one of the best touches of a fine speech from the Oration on the Crown. The verses of her bards will be repeated, as long as air can tremble into sound. Hippocrates is good authority yet, as he stands aloft in the long gallery of medical art, "the prince of physicians"; and Aristotle the naturalist — to say nothing of the logician — has described living creatures with a searching accuracy, which leaves little to be done where he applied his hand, and nothing to be undone. The thought of modern society, also, has been cast into the formulas which he drew, and the world has been moved by his mighty dialectics. Men study, as well as admire, to this day, the broken statues of the city of Minerva, wherever they can dig them up, and the mutilated friezes of her Parthenon. But when we look at her in her civic position, or follow her in her eventful story, the heart sinks full as often as it swells with its meditations. She is the sport of the most shameful and ruinous disorders. She is at perpetual war with one or

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another of her sister states, whom a day or two's march could bring to her Long Walls, and show the whole country around her devastated. Her commanders of highest renown may be found scheming for their own advantage, or intriguing with the enemy. Her best leaders are not safe from her ostracism, nor her best thinkers from her hemlock.

Think but of that single feature, slavery, which she so rejoiced in, and say if it is not enough to check some of the exultation which the sight of her freedom inspires. If Mr. Fyne Clinton's computation is correct, the number of *metics* in Attica — a class of settlers who were permitted to reside, and compelled to be taxed, but enjoyed no civil rights whatever — was almost half as great as that of the freemen, while those freemen were but one to twenty compared with the slaves. And then consider what a slave was in this famous Greece. He was not necessarily of a different physical structure, or brought from another continent. He was of the same color with his master, perhaps of the same clime and tongue, a captive in a war of equals. We do not charge this as a crime against old Hellas. The whole ancient world long after this had found out nothing better. Even "the mighty Stagirite," with all his keen perception, could maintain the necessity and rightfulness of bringing the inferior tribes of men into bondage; and this bondage might, with perfect propriety, be called a "chattel" bondage. The Greek mind never rose above these unworthy conceptions. The first steps towards helping the condition of the slaves were taken by the early Roman emperors, and especially by the philosophic and philanthropic Antoninus. How much of this effect may have been due to the fresh religion, which by that time was pouring a perceptible influence over the earth, we are unable to say. But we know that the influence spread rapidly in this humane direction. There are many evidences of this. No sooner was Christianity on the throne, than Roman legislation busied itself on behalf of that unhappy class. To the Roman Pontiff, Gregory the Great, belongs the honor of leading the way in enfranchising slaves, on the principle of the common equality of mankind. All honor to him for that and for other things, even if he did now and then tell hard stories in

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the cause of the truth! Such was not the progress in the Grecian half of the severed empire of the Cæsars; where the Grecian mind continued to exhibit a mimic and phantom of itself. Dean Milman tells us, that Basil the Macedonian, in the latter part of the ninth century, had to enact that the marriage of a slave should be hallowed by the priestly benediction equally with that of the freeman; and that, so late as the thirteenth, Nicetas, Archbishop of Thessalonica, pronounced sentence of excommunication on masters who still refused to grant to their slaves so holy a place as the church for the celebration of their base nuptials.*

But it is more than time to confine our remarks to the twelfth and last volume of Mr. Grote's History. It is almost entirely occupied with the story of Alexander the Great. The character of this heroic king finds no favor with him. He can see nothing in the son of Philip, who pretended to be the son of Jove, but a great soldier, captain, and conqueror; a half-Epirote through his fierce mother, Olympias, swelling into an Oriental despot; the destroyer of Thebes; the dictator to Athens; the enemy and oppressor of the whole liberties of Greece. Of any design of his to bring the vast East and Southern Egypt under the dominion of Hellenic cultivation, which has so commonly been claimed for him, he believes not a word. He rather thinks that there was no wish but to merge that free culture in one undistinguishing autocracy. He cannot admit that any great importance is to be attached to the choice education of Alexander; though it was so cared for by his father, who rejoiced less in the birth of a soh, than that he should have been born in the days of Aristotle, and who committed him at the age of thirteen years † to the charge of that eminent philosopher.

* History of Latin Christianity, Vol. I. pp. 362 and 363. We are not sure that we always understand Dr. Milman's drift here and in what follows, or that we perfectly agree with him when we do. He seems disposed to ascribe very little agency in this reform to Christian opinion. "It was the weakness of Rome," he says (p. 363), "not her humanity or Christianity, which, by ceasing to supply the markets with hordes of conquered barbarians, diminished the trade." But at page 391 we read: "It was, perhaps, the multiplication of slaves which, to a certain extent, wrought its own remedy." It is difficult to bind the two assertions into agreement, or to see on what grounds the latter of them can rest.

† Aristotle divides the educating part of man's life into three periods of seven years, as we do now.

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He cannot perceive that his fondness for Homer, or his reception into his tent, from the neighborhood of home, of Greek histories, poems, and dramas, was any proof of his love of letters; much less of a love for any science, unless it had some bearing upon military affairs. He rejects all that the world has been told of the reverence with which the victorious hero always regarded his old instructor; and represents him as becoming bitterly hostile to the great sage, at least in the closing part of his own short life. He discredits in a summary manner, and with a scanty show of authorities either way, the pleasant stories we have been taught of the monarch's munificence to Aristotle, and of the contributions which he sent from his marches and camps and fields of battle to the studious naturalist within his Athenian walls.

The London reviewer, mentioned at the head of this article, though in general a great admirer of Mr. Grote's work, censures him for what it calls his "fanatical detraction" of the Macedonian prince. He charges the historian with "having in his preceding volume concealed the weakness and corruption of the democratical party in Athens," that he may help some of the statements which he now puts forth, with no better voucher than the rhetorical speeches of Demosthenes. He is of opinion that some intermediate ground ought to be taken between Mr. Grote's sweeping depreciations and the still more "fanatical" eulogies of the Germans Droysen and Flathe. Possibly he may be right in this opinion. Perhaps a thoroughly impartial account of "the young man of Pella"* is yet to be written. We agree with the reviewer, that the political prejudices of the historian are conspicuous in this last volume, as we believe them to be in its predecessors. We are by no means in sentiment here with the writer in the last London Quarterly, whose article on "A History of Greece" is a mere indorsement and panegyric of everything that it contains. At the same time, the author of that history appears to us to have established strongly the chief grounds of his quarrel with the romantic fame of Alexander the Great. We have nowhere else met with any account of him that sounded so much like the truth. If alterations are to be

* Juvenal, X. 168.

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made in the picture, we are persuaded that they will make few important changes in the expression of it; and we thank the stern painter who has presented it in such plain and natural strength. We doubt if it can be embellished, after this, with the old seductive charm that has fascinated so many persons.

The title of Dr. Geier's treatise awakened an expectation that has not exactly been fulfilled. "Alexander and Aristotle in their mutual relations, described according to original sources," promised a greater supply than has been realized from the old fountains. The larger part of the book is taken up with the general views of the philosopher in regard to education and subjects involved in it; and with the dispositions and acts of the prince, which have no special relation to those views. The most interesting point — the relations of these celebrated persons to one another in the latter part of their lives — is despatched in scarcely more than half a dozen pages, at the close of the work. Whatever may have been the friendship and munificence of the conqueror towards his teacher during the first year of his Eastern campaigns, — and they have undoubtedly been vastly exaggerated, — there is no doubt that they were changed at last into coldness and jealousy, if not into deep dislike. Dr. Geier admits this. He is an admirer of both the parties, and would evidently speak the best for Alexander which his historical probity and extensive study of the facts could permit. But we do not see that any of Mr. Grote's positions are seriously shaken. We do not see how they can be.

And this assertion is nowise inconsistent with what was said before, that the historian here also betrays his political predilections. This we repeat. Even the severe truths that he tells have an edge as of personal hostility. And sometimes there is the edge without the truth. His opinion is, not only that Alexander, though calling himself generalissimo of the Greeks, and as such avenging the cause of Europe upon Asia, was a worse enemy than the Persians had ever been; but that Athens and the Greeks would have been better off under Persian than under Macedonian sway, and that they were right in seeking alliances with any of the satraps who would strike a blow in that cause. He who had justified the banishment of Thucydides has no fault to find with the

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execution of Phocion, who was a conservative, and who favored acquiescence in the rule of the absent king of Macedon. We can hardly suppose that Aristotle himself would have received much of his sympathy, when he retired from Athens after the death of the monarch, his pupil, in order that he might avoid the fate of Socrates, and die that natural death which was not far off.

A remarkable passage, which we have nowhere seen referred to, on the 242d page of the English edition of the twelfth volume, is enough of itself to confirm all that we have ventured to say. Alexander, writes Mr. Grote, "having in his first year completed the subjection of the Hellenic world, had by his subsequent campaigns absorbed it as a small fraction into the vast Persian empire. He had accomplished a result substantially the same as would have been brought about if the invasion of Greece by Xerxes had succeeded instead of failing." This is a surprising declaration. He can hardly intend all that it implies; but even if he does not, the exaggeration reveals the bent of the writer's mind. We cannot perceive that Greece was absorbed into the Persian empire at all by the conquests of Alexander; or was even touched by them, in anything like the sense or anything like the degree in which it would have been affected if the supposed case had occurred. How amazing, how incalculable, would have been the disastrous consequences upon after-times, if the myriads of the Great King had overwhelmed the Grecian states; taken possession of those plains and hills and sea-coasts which have entered into the heroic language of all free nations; trodden out in their germs those harvests of glory which nourish yet the heart of the world; cut off from Time that century of greatness, of which there has never been the like; and prevented all that we now call by the name of Hellenic culture and liberty, by the institutions and manners, the servility and effeminacy and barbarism, of the East! That is one picture, which, thanks to a protecting Providence, it is left wholly to the fancy to paint. And now look at the opposite one, of what really happened, and which history will never allow to fade, and see what became of that imaginary *absorption*. Greece was indeed subject to Macedonia; or rather was the prize of whoever of Alexander's successors — Mr. Grote prefers to call them the Diado-

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chi — could attain to be its master. But it was time for Greece to be subject to some one. Her hour had come. Who can read of the cringing sycophancy of the Athenians to Demetrius the Phalerean, and Demetrius the Stormer of Cities, and not know that it had come? Every sign of degeneracy was preparing for the heavy tread of the Romans, who must make Greece one of their provinces, but who at the same time would transfer the refinements of her civilization and thought to their own rude homes. And reflect upon what is further and more important in the case. Alexandria, the city that received the dead body of the conqueror, and deserved to bear his name, — was even that African town "absorbed into the Persian empire"? Or did it not rather become the very capital of Grecian instruction, the library of its intellectual treasures, and a choice instrument for spreading them over the earth? Ay, more. It was within her walls, so early as the third century before Christ, that the Greek language was made to rehearse, for the first time in the hearing of Europe, a diviner literature than lay anywhere within the circle of classic renown; and even Pindar and Homer had to bow to what was loftier than they, in David and Isaiah. There, in the next century, the son of Sirac translated into Greek the Hebrew wisdom of his ancestor; and still later the book of the "Wisdom of Solomon," with a fictitious title but a genuine worth, appeared in its Greek original; — the two together, we verily believe, worth more than all the Gentile ethics and philosophy that went before them. A few generations more, and Cæsar Augustus, as Suetonius informs us, ordered the sarcophagus of Alexander to be opened, and deposited a crown and strewed flowers upon the body that had been undecaying for three hundred years. He gazed upon the face, of which there is no record that it was ever seen again. A new era was just opening its eye upon the human race; and there lay the dead king as an image, not only of the topmost height of grandeur and authority brought down so low as that, but of a whole period of the world's story rolled up and sent away.

There are two points incidentally mentioned in this closing volume, which, though of no great importance, are likely to attract the attention of some curious read-

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ers. One is, that Mr. Grote has given an entirely new version of Alexander's dying word to his officers, who asked him to whom he would bequeath his kingdom. We everywhere read it, *To the Worthiest;* — even Thirlwall has it so. But evidently this does not convey the true meaning. In the first place, it is vague, and to no purpose; and then it partakes of a sentimentality altogether at variance with the sharp character of the king. Mr. Grote reads, *To the Strongest;* and that is undoubtedly the proper reading. It recommends itself at once; and is so striking, that every one will be ready to adopt it without inquiry. When we come to examine the matter, we find that this is indeed the exact import of the Greek word * used by Arrian, who is the real authority on the subject. The conqueror perceived in his last moments, that the succession would be fiercely contested; and this was the very thing that he meant to imply. Arrian tells the story as a rumor in general circulation, but does not seem to place implicit confidence in its truth. It sounds, however, characteristic of a monarch, whose life, for the last twelve years of it, had been one unbroken career of invasions and victories.

The second point relates to the use of elephants in war. Mr. Grote tells us, that fifteen of these animals were in the army of Darius at the battle of Arbêla in 334, and that "we now read of them for the first time in a field of battle." He afterwards says, that the Indian king, Porus, four years later, brought into action "many trained elephants, animals which the Macedonians had never yet encountered in battle." This apparent contradiction is perhaps to be harmonized by the fact that Arbêla was rather a rout than a battle, and the troops of Alexander may never have really been brought into conflict with those ponderous beasts till the arrival at the Indian borders. However this may be, it is an obvious reflection that their bulk and their wild strength, like those of the huge armies they attended, though admirably suited to scare the timid or trample down the flying, were but an added peril to their own side when a resolute attack threw them into disorder. About fifty years afterwards, Pyrrhus brought them into the south of

* Τῷ κρατίστῳ.

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Italy, when he led thither his forces to check the progress of the Roman arms. And when a little more than another half-century had passed, Hannibal conducted his African elephants across the Rhone and the Alps, marching from the opposite quarter against Rome itself. Of these "snake-handed" creatures, as Lucretius loves to call them, all but one perished by the inclemency of the weather, not far from the river Po. We believe that they never appeared afterwards anywhere in Europe, unless for the gaze of the inquisitive or the bloody shows of the amphitheatre.

In the closing paragraph of his book, Mr. Grote reminds his readers of what may be considered a deficiency in it; inasmuch as the subject of Grecian philosophy — especially as that is exhibited in the writings of its two most eminent representatives — has been pushed aside by the current of the narrative. Indeed, it scarcely belongs to the province of history, but forms a history for itself. Plato he had spoken of chiefly as the companion of Socrates, and the summoned adviser of Dionysius the Elder; and of Aristotle only in his relations to Alexander the Great. And yet these two names stand at the head of the two principal divisions into which the efforts of the human mind are arranged. Plato illustrates the speculative and ideal element; Aristotle the logical in thought, the observing and inquisitive as to outward objects, and the practical in the daily conduct of life. Mr. Grote proposes to supply this deficiency by a supplementary volume on the philosophy of Greece in the fourth century before Christ, in which his views of both those famous thinkers will be fully unfolded. We look forward to such a publication with eager interest. It may supply a want that has been long felt in English letters; and felt none the less, but all the more, for the abundance of what has been written on the subject. The reputation of Plato, particularly, has stood so high, that he has been the subject of whole libraries of misapprehension and non-apprehension, of extravagance and dulness. We have Plato in transcendental obscurity, Plato in poetry, Plato in the thin air of unsubstantial fancies, Plato in sentiment, Plato in history,—more than enough, sometimes. But where is the real man, walking about in Athens and Syracuse, making his way to Egypt

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and the Sphinxes, teaching in his grove upon the banks of the Ilyssus, and writing in his small private home the words that have floated his fame down all the rivers and across all the seas of the globe? Who has a clear and just conception where, — even among those who, from one or another impulse, have undertaken to tell the world about him? We need some one to point out, so far as it can be done, the sources of his doctrines; and to tell us, comprehensively and intelligibly and fairly, what doctrines he really taught. Not with the narrow peering of Mr. Thomas Taylor,* his sworn disciple; and not with the mystical flights of those who resemble that laborious student the least; but with the sober discernment of impartiality and good sense.

What Mr. Grote's whole aptnesses are for such a task, we have no means of knowing. But we see that he has a most thorough erudition preparing him for it. We see that he has an independent spirit, speaking itself out frankly, and willing to advance beyond the lines of old authority and narrow precedent, which makes him worthy of it. We see that he has a steadfastness of judgment, which will prevent him from being carried away by popular or learned illusions, or perplexed by false lights. Neither of those illustrious sages appears to have had much admiration for the Athenian polity, even after all the improvements upon it from Cleisthenes to Pericles; and with the ostracism left out, which the sentence of Hyperbolus had made too ridiculous to last. But he will easily forgive this in the glory of their relationship to Athens, and in his own allegiance to what he believes to be the truth. Unhappily, the Founder of the Academy did not devise in his political dreams anything half so good as the institutions of his adopted city. His dialogue on the Republic affronts us with absurd and lawless doctrines, which, if carried out into practice, would soon put an end to all society whatever. It will also surprise many, who are accustomed to large talk of the

* In an interview with that sturdy Platonist actually in the flesh, almost a generation ago, two things principally surprised us. One was, that this every-day looking person should be the author of those venerable quartos, which had inspired our youthful wonder, and seemed of a most ancient date. The other was to hear him say that he thought he had now just begun to understand that philosopher, whose writings he had spent a large part of his life in translating and unfolding.

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purely intellectual Platonic theology, to be told that it is in the highest degree bigoted and intolerant. Whoever will read the closing sentences of the tenth book of the dialogue on Laws, and other parts of that same dialogue, will find that he denounces all religion that dissents from the traditions of the elders, as a crime deserving of death. Men must be orthodox under pains and penalties. Thus he would have it. Dante pays him off in return by thrusting him, and the Stagirite too, into the dismal limbo between hell and purgatory, because of their presumptuous speculations.* This was good distributive justice. Plato would not allow the mythic poets a place in his fanciful republic; and the wonderful fabulist of Florence would not allow him one in the company of happy spirits.

All scholars should feel obliged to a gentleman who has devoted thirty years of his life to unfrequented studies, in order to produce this great work. He has exhibited in some original points of view the leading events and prevailing modes of thought in the Grecian world. We shall read with still closer attention his account of its wisest philosophers in its most imperial days.

N. L. F.

Art. IV. — THE RESULTS OF THE LATE WAR IN THE EAST.†

Now that the smoke has blown away from the field of gory struggle, — now that the settlement of a contest which, it was predicted, would involve all Europe, has been thundered forth by the same bloody cannon which strewed the Crimean plains with dead, — now that the presses and peoples of the two most enlightened European powers have been striking the balance of profit and loss, — it seems most becoming to a journal devoted to the cause of peace to test its positions by these new

* Purgatorio, III. 43.

† *The War, from the Death of Lord Raglan to the Evacuation of the Crimea; with Additions and Corrections.* By W. H. Russell, Correspondent of the Times. London: Longman & Co. 1856.

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developments, and see if recent experience requires any change in that hearty detestation of war which its earlier pages express. The very fact that our countrymen generally have not taken sides on the Eastern question, while they could not fail to be interested spectators of its progress, — the possibility, at one time, of its involving us in a war with the mother country, which would have put humanity a whole generation backward, — the certainty that more critical points in European policy have been raised than set at rest by the Paris Conference, — encourage a free discussion. During the struggle, the Parliamentary leaders of the Peace party in England have suffered every kind of reproach, — have been assailed with misrepresentations from the pulpit, and ridiculed in every way by the press. We should be thankful indeed if the admiration we cannot help feeling for the courage, persistency, wisdom, Christian forbearance, and intellectual ability of Messrs. Cobden and Bright should confirm the approval of their own consciences, and contribute to that returning public favor at home, which is certain to do them ample justice at last. As the passions which public criminations have excited fall to sleep for want of aliment, official delinquents will be looked upon with less indignation; many apologies will suggest themselves, from the rare combination of difficulties, for the imbecility of some of the English commanders and the inadequacy of the English preparations; but the common people will surely feel, that, had these true friends of theirs been listened to, had the warnings of the Peace party been weighed, had their intelligence been turned to account, a monstrous increase of public debt would have been prevented, many gallant lives have been saved, no little demoralization prevented, and their country saved her humiliation before the world.

Some attempt is still made, across the water, to conceal the actual cause of the Eastern war, and to throw its responsibility wholly upon the Russians. If one listens to the leading Reviews, he is easily persuaded that Constantinople lay at the feet of the Czar, and nothing but the appearance of the allied fleet saved the Mosque of St. Sophia from bearing once more a Christian cross in place of the Moslem crescent. But in the first occasions of strife, those who know most of

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the East believe that the Russians were entirely right; that the holy places in Palestine, wrested from them at the dictation of Louis Napoleon, and bestowed upon their hated rivals, the Latin Catholics, were theirs by right of possession, immemorial occupancy, and superiority of numbers; and that, when the Turkish government retraced this false movement, they did it treacherously, without sufficient proclamation, and with no intention of treating the two parties alike, as they had formerly done.

If it is remembered that the Latin Christians, who claimed exclusive ownership of the Chapel of the Nativity, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Tomb of the Virgin, were but a few thousand foreigners, and that their Greek opponents, the native subjects of the Sultan, numbered eleven millions, we shall see the justice of Lord Stratford de Radcliffe's remark in the English Blue Book, "that the Porte might in fairness almost side entirely with Russia." (B. B., Part I. p. 155.)

Then, back of this, was something far worse. At Constantinople, where each foreign nation has its separate court and its peculiar laws, the Greek Christian alone was left at the mercy of the Moslem tribunals, was tried by a law he could not be expected to know, was not permitted to make oath or to have a hearing for Christian witnesses, and was undeniably subjected to horrible wrongs, — to cruel imprisonment, to frequent robbery, to insufferable insolence, to outrages worse than death. The English consul, Saunders, speaks of a case just as the war was breaking out, where a mother and daughter were menaced with torture in boiling oil, unless they produced property enough to satisfy the avarice of some Mussulman land-owners; and Layard, whose testimony is that of an unwilling witness, speaks of what he saw among the Nestorian Christians, — of chiefs singed with burning straw, priests whipped before their congregations, and peasants fettered and tortured by "Turkish officers sent to protect these Christian subjects of the Sultan from the misrule of the Kurdish chiefs." Testimony to the same point from Lord Stratford is in our hands. But Lord Clarendon makes it an express communication through the British Minister to the Sublime Porte, so late as June 24, 1853,

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"that your Excellency is instructed to state that it is the deliberate opinion of her Majesty's government, that it is impossible that any true sympathy for their rulers will be felt by the Christians, so long as they seek in vain for the reparation of wrongs done either to their persons or properties, because they are deemed a degraded race." Was it strange, that, when the Emperor Napoleon interfered so gratuitously in behalf of his fellow-religionists, without any immediate provocation, his brother Nicholas should think it high time to protect those Christian brethren of his, whose wrongs had been laid at the foot of his throne by continued entreaties for relief, — whose oppressions were immensely increased by this usurpation of the Latin Catholics under the patronage of France, — whose faith and worship were the most fervent convictions of his own heart? When Lord Carlisle wrote that he did not think it well for "any Christian state to leave its co-religionists to the uncovenanted forbearance of Mussulman rulers," Prince Menschikoff's demand of a protectorate for the Greek Christians in Turkey does not seem so unreasonable as the European journals which at first approved it have since assumed it to be. We know that the English Minister alone assumed the responsibility of its rejection, assured the Turkish government of the support of the Allies, and so committed these high powers to the quarrel, that they "left the issue of peace or war in the hands of the Turks," who, of course, expected, with such helpers, effectually to humble Russia without injury to themselves.

That other strata of policy lay beneath this, that with her national instinct of growth Russia desired to put herself in the way of further extension, that Constantinople would be more valuable to her than to any other nation, that her position of protector to so large a portion of Turkish subjects might give her an undue influence in the future dismemberment of that empire, are too obvious to need statement. And yet the substance of this accusation, the immense extension of Russian power, could not be regarded as a fit occasion of war, because the wonderful development of her resources, her millions upon millions of population, the bravery and numbers of her soldiery, seemed to be determined by Providence itself; and no war, however severe, ex-

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tended, successful, universal, could promise materially to change the position of a power, which Lord Palmerston pronounced, in the House of Commons, "impregnable within her own boundaries, though nearly powerless for any purpose of offence," — a power which has been constantly advancing even by defeat, which puts to scorn, with her sixty millions of people, her close alliance with Prussia, her tender relations to Austria, her irresistible Asiatic overgrowth, the exploded humbug of a balance of power, and which will be found the only substantial gainer by the very contest that seems to have left her wounded at heart.

It has been the fashion of the English journals to represent the late Emperor of Russia as a peculiarly bad man; not only an oppressor, but a hypocrite; not only governing his own subjects with special severity, but employing dishonorable means to enslave the rest of the world. But there is more passion than reason in this view of his character. Having wielded a despotic sceptre for thirty years, it may be taken for granted that his will was unbending, — his mere word a law. But in his relation to other powers he was remarkably open; far less than the English government will he be found to have excited hopes which he never meant to realize; far less than Austria, to have concealed oppressive acts under specious names. In the beginning of this quarrel, the English ministry pronounce him especially trustworthy; his claim was so just that he could not recede from it, and yet at the same time he was ready to concede the inviolability of the Turkish empire, and to engage not to wage war upon it without suitable notice to France and England. Nay, more, he was willing to pledge his successor to nearly all which he has since conceded. And in that solemn exchange of worlds which the immense efforts of this campaign undoubtedly hastened, he met death with that serene fortitude, that tender regard for all around him, that fatherly thoughtfulness for his people, which ought to disarm criticism, or at least to make men ask if such self-devotion to the good of a great empire, such unintermitted energy in public improvement, such constancy in Christian profession, such unblemished personal morals, might not have had some foundation.

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The English press has been not a little indignant because America would not side with the Allies in driving back a Cossack invasion from those beautiful shores of the Mediterranean. But America saw deeper than these crafty diplomatists believed, — saw that humanity had no advocate in their councils, no avenger on their battle-fields. Many an Englishman, no doubt, believed all that he hoped, — believed that Italy was not to be neglected by those who were so anxious to save Turkey from the crushing embrace of the Northern Bear; that Poland might be found the most accessible point of attack upon its chief oppressor; that Hungary would be encouraged to rise once more, and avenge upon Russia the conspiracy which stifled its own freedom. But we on this side felt the chilling neglect which every friend of European emancipation encountered from the ministry of England; we saw these would-be apostles of human rights turning aside to extinguish the new embers of liberty in Greece; we saw the offer of a Polish regiment rejected, when England was most in want of men; we heard not a whisper against the most tyrannous measures of the French usurper; we felt that brave Sardinia would be no match for Austrian craft in the final arrangement of affairs when the war might cease. Nay, on a broader scale still, English journalists have taught us to scoff at the advantages of English intervention. The two most decaying governments of Europe, Spain and Portugal, hate no other power so much as that which has lavished gold like water for their deliverance to irresponsible, superstitious, cowardly, profligate, but hereditary oppressors. The best administration Syria has known in recent times was driven away by British troops, that Turkish bloodsuckers might drain out the little life which was left. That very King Bomba, whom it is English to despise even more than detest, owes his throne to English bayonets, and would take the place of some of his many thousand victims did English intervention mean anything for humanity. While Sicily, which England consigned to his "uncovenanted mercies," unites with Naples in cursing that blind devotion to the interests of legitimate despots which is the first law of English policy abroad, in Europe generally England has been working against manifest destiny, as in uniting

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Belgium to Holland and in securing the throne of France against the Napoleon race. Her efforts, it must be owned, her lavish subsidies, her martial demonstrations, have been directed to upholding a mere figment, the balance of power in Europe. But when we remember that none of them — neither her burdensome war upon Napoleon, nor her now regretted demonstration at Navarino — have ever tended to retard the monstrous overgrowth of Russia, but have rather ministered to her preponderance, as in the case of Greece at the expense of this diminishing Ottoman power, we see that our countrymen have been justified in expecting no good result from what has always hitherto issued in evil, what has wholly mistaken its true direction, unspeakably burdened the English themselves, and arrested social progress directly and indirectly again and again.

But now that these mangled wrestlers have unclenched hands, and set down to take account of the blows given and received, what is there to compensate for seven hundred thousand lives sacrificed, for three hundred millions of pounds spent, for the interruption at least of social development, for an immense increase of already crushing taxation, for such sufferings on the bloody arena as show that war will never part with one of its cursed traits, and for such demoralizing effects as have always awakened our amazement at the indifference of Christians to a system which Lord Brougham pronounced "the greatest of crimes"?

Tennyson, in his last poem, speaks of peace as the promoter of vice, and war as the occasion of social renewal. And there are those who dwell upon a solitary instance of self-sacrifice on the battle-field, some chivalric heroism or sublime contempt of death, as an offset to the general brutality which successful war glorifies. Fortunately, we have the address of the Recorder of London to the Grand Jury, leaving no room for debate as to the home influence of a prolonged contest. "After forty years' blessings of peace, we have now," says he, "twelve months' experience of war; and there is no doubt that during the same period the most heinous crimes have been committed by persons of high station, and certainly there has been a most unusual number of cases involving the destruction of life." English papers abound with

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atrocious crimes, especially crimes of violence. Deeds of blood upon national foes have been paralleled with similar outrages upon children, wives, masters, friends, at home. Fraud and forgery, suicide and murder, perjury and poisoning, instead of being abated by the drain made upon the most reckless of the population to recruit the army, instead of being counteracted by the self-denial necessary to support such unusual burdens, have evidently multiplied. As we cannot repeal the law of God in one place and exalt it in another at the same time, the familiarizing the mind with robbery and murder in a foreign land would not seem the best way to prevent robbery and murder in our own.

And then as to the virtues directly called forth upon the scene of struggle. Very few facts which would seem to tarnish the Allies' glory, little as that was, are allowed to transpire. But, according to the brave Colonel Williams, every department at Kars was subject to the most shameless robbery, the officers under his command were habitually drunk, the Turkish government was made to pay for the rations of whole companies of dead men, the prohibited slave-trade was continued under the very eyes of the English, and, apparently from envy of others' success, no officer would volunteer any help to another. Were the Crimean troops perishing for want of the lime-juice which was stored up by the ton at Balaclava, nobody had disinterested patriotism enough to acquaint the commander-in-chief with the fact. Was there no lint to be found at one time in the hospitals, no officer would step an inch out of his beaten track to open the crowded storehouse, to mitigate the sufferings and save the lives of his miserable men. Undoubtedly, much outside generosity was set at work. We would never forget that angel in female form, who

> "Through miles of pallets, thickly laid
> With sickness in its foulest guise,
> And pain in form to have dismayed
> Man's science-hardened eyes,
> A woman, fragile, pale, and tall,
> Upon her saintly work doth move,
> Fair or not fair, who knows? but all
> Follow her face with love."

But her effective benevolence was made more memorable by the stolid indifference of the high-paid officials,

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and very frequently made inoperative by the beastly drunkenness of the English soldiers. The Sea of Azof will long be remembered by the outrages committed on women and children, on works of art and memorials of the past, along its shores. If some Russians stabbed their enemies as they stooped to give the wounded foe relief, Englishmen were not ashamed to rifle the pockets of dying soldiers, and then abandon them to their fate. The consecration of the camp to the sublimity of duty may be seen in a Crimean officer's remark, that "half of us do not know what we are fighting for, and the other half pray we may not be fighting for the Turks"; or in a sharpshooter of the Thirty-Third pointing to his pile of victims, calling them "a good bag of game for a morning's work"; or in the letter of an English dragoon, that, during the Sunday fight of Inkermann, we "felt more like devils than men." So that the development of any sterner virtues upon the scene of struggle is at least offset by what all men agree to execrate, and society everywhere punishes as savage vice.

But it is claimed that certain long-coveted concessions have been obtained from the gratitude or fear of the Sultan for the oppressed Christians of Turkey. It is not a little noteworthy that the same scenes which had once witnessed the death-grapple of the Crescent and the Cross should now behold them as allies waging a common war against the representative of a third of Christendom, and that the most obvious effect of this unparalleled strife should be to secure undreamt-of privileges to the defeated party, — that, henceforth and for ever, a Christian's word may weigh as heavy as a Mussulman's in a Turkish court, and that a Christian may hold land in his own name right beneath the marble splendor of Santa Sophia, — nay, receive a convert without exposing his neck to the deadly scymitar.

Yes: and had this deadly stroke at Turkish pre-eminence been felt to be the great object of armed intervention, France and England, even without the ready co-operation of Russia, could have obtained it without firing a gun or sacrificing a man. No well-informed person, certainly no one who is acquainted with the fatal facility which surrenders this weak Sultan to every dictation of the "High Powers," can doubt that a united

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representation of his throne depending for its preservation upon the very thing which Russia went to work to accomplish single-handed, would have secured all these privileges, — privileges which will require almost the omnipresence of a Christian army in Turkey to render of any account, as Bishop Gobat recently remarked at a public meeting in England.

But the most interesting fact is that this identical gain is substantially the sacrifice of the main object of allied intervention, which seems to have been the resurrection of Turkey, — the erection of a power able to withstand future invasion from the North. Now no man ever studied Islamism at home without being aware that its strength was precisely what represents a Christian nation's weakness; its insane bigotry, its unmitigated self-conceit, its blind fidelity to the letter of the Koran. But in the new order of things now inaugurating at Constantinople, the Turk descends from this proud eminence to a level with "the dog of an infidel"; the peculiar sanctity of his religion is gone, the ancient barrier against its invasion is torn away; the Sultan has owned himself a dependant of the very nations which once trembled at his power. Cadi and Mufti, who gnashed their teeth at the defence of the believers' soil by unbelievers' arms, must now see a Christian temple rising within the saintly shadow of their holiest Western mosque.

Even the presence of Christian armies has not repressed fierce tumults. Unless Moslem bigotry has received its death-blow, their withdrawal will expose the helpless native Christian to new outrages, will demand of course new "interventions"; or will show that the inmost heart of this "intrenched camp of fanatics" is chilled to the core. At any rate, the notorious discontent of so large a portion of Mohammedan subjects, their alienation from him whom they cannot serve at all unless with the zeal of religious enthusiasm, is loss enough to counterbalance a more positive and reliable gain. If we remember in addition that the alarming numerical inferiority of the Turk upon his own soil is immensely increased by the destruction of this portion of the population exclusively in the army; if we bear in mind that an immense debt, which such miserably disor-

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dered finances can never pay, has been incurred, and very much of the revenue diverted to meet its interest; if we observe that, while no material barrier is even pretended to be set up against Russian aggression, the exposure of the Asiatic portion of the empire has been sensibly increased, — we shall be compelled to admit, that the boasted means of preservation has been a secret but immense stride towards Turkish extinction.

A third result is the strengthening of tyranny in Germany, France, and Italy. There is no question but that Austrian diplomacy worked its way through a perilous crisis, — confirmed its fraternity with Russia, yet guarded itself from French invasion, — smothered the hopes of uneasy republicans and hopeful revolutionists, — proved itself as artful as merciless, as enveloped in political chicanery as it is intrenched against the indignation of the oppressed.

The reverence with which England and France waited upon the movements of this treacherous negotiator, the deference shown to its counsels even to the last, the opportunity of enlarged commerce which it gained without a struggle by the opening of the Danube, have almost driven Hungarian and Italian patriotism to despair, have encouraged the Pope in his outrages upon humanity, and seem bringing Italy more and more into the stifling embrace of this its worst enemy. England and France, it is well known, have entered into a separate treaty with Austria, which, besides conferring so much European prestige upon the house of Hapsburg, is arranged, no doubt, to quiet the crushed millions under the very worst of modern tyrannies.

But who is he whom this miserable war has made "the foremost man in Europe," — some Ulysses-like statesman, some hero such as the fall of Troy commemorates, some engineer like the defender of Syracuse? By universal confession, it is that French usurper whom England execrated before this campaign, but whom England now disgraces itself to honor, — who was trembling under the threat of assassination, but is now adored by the multitude that worship success, — who reaps for himself alone the harvest sown by so many now lying half buried on those pestilential plains, or groping to their graves beneath complicated diseases

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and incurable wounds. Precisely as England lost her military pre-eminence, as she appeared like Sinbad with the old man on his back groaning beneath an effete nobility, France gained by the more daring bravery of her officers, the ampler provision of her hospitals, the triumphant success of her onsets. But all this gain was for one man, whose unjust aggression upon the Greek Church laid the train for this terrible explosion, and who has been sitting, spider-like, in remote security, exulting over the miserable victims entangled in his vast web. Had he confided the attack upon Sebastopol to one of the great generals whom his tyranny had exiled from power, Sebastopol would have sooner fallen; but part of the fame would have exalted in the favor of a martial race those whom it is his policy to bury from public regard. But if we view the French people distinct from this perjured adventurer, whose days it may be hoped are numbered, the loss of so many lives, the increase of all the expenses of living through increased taxation, the commercial convulsion which seems to be impending over their capital, the riveting upon their necks of this despotism through the alliance of England, shows no result over which a French patriot can rejoice.

Another sad consequence is the humiliation of England. None can question the fact, that, in return for a vast increase of her national debt, and a deficit of a hundred millions in her income, she has seen the proudest navy in the world spend its strength in dinner-table boasts, the most costly army in the world equally spell-bound, her great national rival stealing from her gouty fingers the laurels dripping from her own blood; and, worst of all, the titled imbeciles, who, after like incapacity among us, would never dare to face indignant public sentiment, return to be honored afresh, endowed with new capacity for disgracing their country, and made a conspicuous proof that the cancer cannot be cured even where it is clearly seen. In view of the unspeakable services England has rendered, and is yet to render, to humanity, who can help mourning over the temporary eclipse of such a central luminary? Who can fail to execrate a cause which has impaired her power, as well as chilled her zeal, to befriend the op-

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pressed, to deliver the enslaved, to extend Christian truth and illustrate Christian principles?

Whatever credit may be assigned to the decision of the Peace Congress at Paris, that privateering shall be abolished, that neutral ships make free goods, and that arbitration shall be the first resort in case of a "difference between the Porte and one or more of the signing Powers," it is wholly a peace, not a war gain. No blood has been shed for or against either of these propositions; neither of them has showed itself for a moment on the field of struggle; the last and most encouraging one came directly from the Peace Society in London, has been urged by them upon different governments for years, and might have been adopted just as readily by these leading sovereignties before they had enlisted a regiment or taken any warlike steps, as now that they retire like bleeding athletes from the gory arena.

The only power which will reap permanent advantage by this unequalled strife is that which is apparently defeated, Russia. Her imperial manifesto declares, that "the objects of the war have been obtained by the privileges secured to the Christians." But unless we exaggerate the malignity of Moslem bigotry, unless Turkish governors and judges have been terribly belied as to their scorn of paper-concessions to the Giaours, this benefit will be nothing compared to the attention Russia is now compelled to concentrate on her own development. Compression from without seemed to be indispensable to her cultivation within. Neither men nor supplies could be transmitted in sufficiency over her vast territory, for want of suitable roads. Her first measure, upon the approach of peace, has been to project long lines of railroad, which will be executed with energy by the best talent which can be obtained anywhere in the world. As far as her military frontier is concerned, it remains essentially the same as before. She will still threaten Norway and Sweden, be a perpetual menace to Turkey, occupy Circassia, consolidate her Asiatic power, overawe Persia, and possibly control China. Only one third of the originally stipulated portion of Bessarabia is to be ceded; the forts on the eastern coast of the Black Sea are not to be dismantled; Nicholaieff is still to flourish as a military arsenal; and for all the rest, that

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famous device, the *neutralization of the Black Sea*, obliges us substantially to trust the very power which has been so often declared in the English Parliament utterly untrustworthy. She is not at liberty, to be sure, to have any large ships of war in the Euxine, only six steamers of six hundred tons each, and four smaller vessels of two thirds the tonnage. But she may have any number of armed gun-boats, and a swarm of transports, besides commercial vessels without limit, ready to be converted into ships of war at the word of a despotic sovereign like the Czar. To such representations as that these promises may prove idle words, that Russia may collect an irresistible force in the Sea of Azoff or upon her southern rivers, Lord Palmerston replies, "that every treaty may be violated by the bad faith of the party with whom you contract it; and if you cannot rely on the good faith of nations with whom you make treaties, there can be no peace without extermination." But the very reason for entering upon this desolating war was, that Russian faith could not be relied upon, that the pledged honor of the Emperor for the inviolability of Turkey was not to be regarded, though to this he offered again and again to bind himself and his successor!

If this is not a *reductio ad absurdum*, none ever was, — to accept joyfully, as the principal result of a struggle which has wasted millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives, the promise of the same power which was not thought worthy of regard at the beginning, — to leave the security of Turkey, now, for the first time, burdened with foreign debt, rent asunder with discontent and disaffection, decimated in its only reliable defenders, to the bare word of its inveterate, deadly, ever-watchful, ever-growing foe!

There are two motives for thanksgiving, however, which we would barely state as we close. The first is, the union of France and England after five centuries of jealousy, hatred, and strife. No more undoubted sign of the times ought men to rejoice in, than the coming together of these hereditary rivals, to be followed by the creation of new ties, an interweaving of mutual benefits, a more earnest competition in such good works as have been exhibited in "Crystal Palaces" than there ever has

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been in mutual injury. The grand argument for the support of those military establishments which have been the sorest burden on industry in either country has been, that they were sustained on the other side of the Channel by "our natural enemy." Now that this enemy has exchanged the kiss of peace, one of the most popular excuses for maintaining an immense armament is destroyed; and we may hope, that, as the friends of peace in either country get a hearing again, the means of sudden strife will be removed, the whole energy of either government consecrated to that internal development which makes a nation really powerful, and the future of the more civilized nations secured against the curse of international conflict.

The second is, that, though there have been as memorable feats of arms as the world ever saw, though the defence of Sebastopol under that deluge of iron hail, or that desperate Balaclava charge, would have given some names to immortality in any other age, Russell of the "Times" has earned more fame with the pen than Raglan with the sword. While fiercer eyes never gleamed into the roaring cannon, more heroic hands never waved the thirsty sword, nor more dauntless desperation leaped upon the deadly bastion, public opinion will not bestow the same laurel as upon far less bravery in any earlier age; the pre-eminence of human butchery over every other art is getting superannuated; the fascination of what was once the only glory, is yielding its vantage-ground to civilization, to Christianity. By and by,

> "The warrior's name will be a name abhorred!
> And every nation that shall lift again
> Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
> Will wear for evermore the curse of Cain!
> Down the dark future, through long generations,
> The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
> And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
> I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'"

F. W. H.

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Art. V. — CELTIC, OR DRUIDICAL, DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

That strange body of men, commonly known as the Druids, who constituted what may, with some correctness, be called the Celtic priesthood, were the recognized religious teachers throughout Gaul, Armorica, a small part of Germany on the southern border, all Great Britain, and some neighboring islands. The notions in regard to a future life put forth by them are stated only in a very imperfect manner by the Greek and Roman authors in whose surviving works we find allusions to the Druids or accounts of the Celts. Several modern writers — especially Borlase, in his Antiquities of Cornwall* — have collected all these references from Diodorus, Strabo, Procopius, Tacitus, Cæsar, Mela, Valerius Maximus, and Marcellinus. It is therefore needless to cite the passages here; the more so, as, even with the aid of all the analytic and constructive comments which can be fairly made upon them, they afford us only a few general views, leaving all the details in profound obscurity. The substance of what we learn from these sources is this. First, that the Druids possessed a body of science and speculation comprising the doctrine of immortality, which they taught with clearness and authority. Secondly, that they inculcated the belief in a future life in inseparable connection with the great dogma of the metempsychosis. Thirdly, that the people held such cheerful and attractive views of the future state, and held them with such earnestness, that they wept around the newborn infant, and smiled around the corpse; that they encountered death without fear or reluctance.

A somewhat more minute conception of the Druidical view of the future life is furnished us by an old mythologic tale of Celtic origin. Omitting the story, as irrelevant to our purpose here, we derive from it the following ideas.† The soul, on being divested of its earthly envelope, is borne aloft. The clouds are composed of the souls of lately deceased men. They fly over the heads of armies, inspiring courage or striking terror.

* Book I. Ch. XIV.
† Davies's Celtic Researches, Appendix, pp. 558 – 561.

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Not yet freed from terrestrial affections, they mix in the passions and affairs of men. Vainly they strive to soar above the atmosphere; an impassable wall of sapphire resists their wings. In the moon millions of souls traverse tremendous plains of ice, losing all perception but that of simple existence, forgetting the adventures they have passed through and are about to recommence. During eclipses, on long tubes of darkness they return to the earth, and, revived by a beam of light from the all-quickening sun, enter newly-formed bodies, and begin again the career of life. The disc of the sun consists of an assemblage of pure souls swimming in an ocean of bliss. Souls sullied with earthly impurities are to be purged by repeated births and probations till the last evil stain is removed, and they are all finally fitted to ascend to a succession of spheres still higher than the sun, whence they can never sink again to reside in the circle of the lower globes and grosser atmosphere. These representations are neither Gothic nor Roman, but Celtic.

But a far more adequate exposition of the Druidical doctrine of the soul's destinies has been presented to us through the translation of some of the preserved treasures of the old Bardic lore of Wales. The Welsh bards for hundreds of years were the sole surviving representatives of the Druids. Their poems — numerous manuscripts of which, with ample authentication of their genuineness, have been published and explained — contain quite full accounts of the tenets of Druidism, which was nowhere else so thoroughly systematized and established as in ancient Britain.* The curious reader will find this whole subject copiously treated, and all the materials furnished, in the "Welsh Archæology," a work in three huge volumes, edited by Nicholas Owen, and published at London in the last part of the eighteenth century. After the introduction and triumph of Christianity in Britain, for several centuries the two systems of thought and ritual mutually influenced each other, corrupting and corrupted. A striking example in point is this. The notion of a punitive and remedial transmi-

* See Sketch of British Bardism, prefixed to Owen's Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen.

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gration belonged to Druidism. Now Taliesin, a famous Welsh bard of the sixth century, locates this purifying metempsychosis in the *Hell of Christianity*, whence the soul gradually rises again to felicity, the way for it having been opened by Christ! Cautiously eliminating the Christian admixtures, the following outline, which we epitomize from the pioneer* of modern scholars to the Welsh Bardic literature, affords a pretty clear knowledge of that portion of the Druidic theology relating to the future life.

There are, says one of the Bardic triads, three circles of existence. First, the Circle of Infinity, where of living or dead there is nothing but God, and none but God can traverse it. Secondly, the Circle of Metempsychosis, where all things that live are derived from death. This circle has been traversed by man. Thirdly, the Circle of Felicity, where all things spring from life. This circle man shall hereafter traverse. All animated beings originate in the lowest point of existence, and, by regular gradations, through an ascending series of transmigrations, rise to the highest state of perfection possible for finite creatures. Fate reigns in all the states below that of humanity, and they are all necessarily evil. In the states above humanity, on the contrary, unmixed good so prevails that all are necessarily good. But in the middle state of humanity, good and evil are so balanced that liberty results, free-will and consequent responsibility are born. Beings who in their ascent have arrived at the state of man, if by purity, humility, love, and righteousness they keep the laws of the Creator, will, after death, rise into more glorious spheres, and will continue to rise still higher, until they reach the final destination of complete and endless happiness. But if, while in the state of humanity, one perverts his reason and will, and attaches himself to evil, he will, on dying, fall into such a state of animal existence as corresponds with the baseness of his soul. This baseness may be so great as to precipitate him to the lowest point of being; but he shall climb thence through a series of births best fitted to free him from his evil propensities. Restored

* Poems, Lyric and Pastoral, by Edward Williams, Vol. II., Notes, pp. 194 - 256.

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to the probationary state, he may fall again; but though this should recur again and again for a million of ages, the path to happiness still remains open, and he shall at last infallibly arrive at his preordained felicity, and fall nevermore. In the states superior to humanity, the soul recovers and for ever retains the entire recollection of its former lives.

We will quote a few illustrative triads. There are three necessary purposes of metempsychosis: to collect the materials and properties of every nature; to collect the knowledge of everything; to collect power towards removing whatever is pernicious. The knowledge of three things will subdue and destroy evil: knowledge of its cause, its nature, and its operation. Three things continually dwindle away: the Dark, the False, the Dead. Three things continually increase: Light, Truth, Life. These will prevail, and finally absorb everything else. The soul is an inconceivably minute particle of the most refined matter, endowed with indestructible life, at the dissolution of one body passing, according to its merits, into a higher or lower stage of existence, where it expands itself into that form which its acquired propensities necessarily give it, or into that animal wherein such propensities naturally reside. The ultimate states of happiness are ceaselessly undergoing the most delightful renovations, without which, indeed, no finite being could endure the tedium of eternity. These are not, like the death of the lower states, accompanied by a suspension of memory and of conscious identity. All the innumerable modes of existence, after being cleansed from every evil, will for ever remain as beautiful varieties in the creation, and will be equally esteemed, equally happy, equally fathered by the Creator. The successive occupation of these modes of existence by the celestial inhabitants of the Circle of Felicity will be one of the ways of varying what would otherwise be the intolerable monotony of eternity. The creation is yet in its infancy. The progressive operation of the providence of God will bring every being up from the great Deep to the point of liberty, and will at last secure three things for them; namely, what is most beneficial, what is most desired, and what is most beautiful. There are three stabilities of existence: what cannot be otherwise, what should not

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be otherwise, what cannot be imagined better; and in these all shall end, in the Circle of Felicity.

Such is a hasty synopsis of what here concerns us in the theology of the Druids. In its ground-germs it was, as seems to us, unquestionably imported into Celtic thought and Cymrian song from that prolific and immemorial Hindoo mind which bore Brahminism and Buddhism as its fruit. Its ethical tone, intellectual elevation, and glorious climax are not unworthy that free hierarchy of minstrel-priests whose teachings were proclaimed, as their assemblies were held, "in the face of the sun and in the eye of the light," and whose thrilling motto was, "THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD."

W. R. A.

ART. VI.—THE ITALIAN PULPIT.*

BEFORE the appearance of these three volumes of pulpit discourses, numerous learned works in theology and the enthusiastic praise of many annual classes of students had established the fame of Joseph Savio. His death was felt in the city of Mantua as a public calamity. His name was counted worthy to be mentioned with the names of Visconti, Gobbio, Vespasian Gonzaga, and the "crowning poet," that Virgil who heads a long line of Mantuan heroes. The volumes before us are a tribute to his memory,—the monument which his grateful fellow-citizens preferred to erect. The list of subscribers, given at the close, includes more than two hundred names of the prominent families of that ancient duchy. The editing commission is headed by the Marquis Cavriani, who still holds under Austrian rule that authority which his warlike ancestors held for so many centuries by the right of their strength. It is not often that the issue of sermons becomes a public concern in Catholic

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* *Panegirici ed altre Sacre Orazioni del Canonico Teologo*, GIUSEPPE SAVIO, *Professore emerito di Sacra Eloquenza, poi di Teologia Dogmatica e Pastorale nel Vescovile Seminario di Mantova.* Vols. I., II., III. Venezia: Dalla Tipografia di Pietro Naratovich. 1847. 8vo. pp. 733.

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countries; but in this instance it seems to have been so. It is a bit of old Puritanism carried over to Italy.

The discourses of Professor Savio are fair specimens of the best class of Italian sermons. Their subjects are the subjects on which all preachers dwell, their illustrations are such as respectable preachers naturally use, and their style, calmer and more level than the cadences of colloquial speech, accords with the most approved rules of pulpit eloquence. One volume is devoted to the glories of the Blessed Virgin, her Immaculate Birth, her Sorrow by the Cross, her Assumption, her Coronation, her Honor in the Rosary, her Sacred Heart, and her saving Watch over the Hearts of the Faithful. Another volume contains panegyrics of eminent saints, great and small, from Peter to Albert the Carmelite, from the Magdalen to Paula Montaldi. The third volume, which is more strictly a volume of sermons, treats of Penance, Purgatory, Prayer, and the Pope, of Mortal Sin, of Final Judgment, of the Blessed Eucharist, and the "Memento Mori," with a funeral sermon, and a "First Mass" sermon, which corresponds to the ordination sermons of New England. In length they exceed the usual homilies of the Catholic pulpit. But we suppose it to be true all over the world, that a college Professor, on all public occasions, has a right to make his discourses twice as long as other men. The evil is not so great in Italy as in America. For an Italian preacher knows how to hold his audience without fatiguing them, and how to make them, at the end of the two hours, wish for more; which is a great art of preaching, as it is, according to high authority, of letter-writing.

But we do not intend to vex our readers with a critical examination of sermons in a foreign tongue which they have not seen, and probably cannot find. We only make them the excuse for a few miscellaneous remarks upon Italian preaching and the Italian pulpit. The mention of such a theme will have in some quarters a paradoxical sound. For there is a prevalent impression, founded on the reports of rapid tourists and the platform speeches of Protestant orators, that there is no preaching in Italy worthy of the name of preaching. We have seen it more than once lugubriously announced, that a man may go to church every Sunday in the year in any of the

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Italian cities from Milan to Syracuse, and never hear a sermon. The spiritual destitution of that sunny land is argued from the fact that it has swarms of priests, but scarcely a preacher. St. Peter's Church to Puritan eyes, with all its magnificence, has one fatal defect. It has abundance of altars, but no pulpit. It was doubtless that defect which led a prim Yankee to ask a friend of ours at the door of St. Peter's, at the very time when High Mass was going on, with hundreds of worshippers kneeling around: "Can you tell me, Sir, when the exercises will commence?" He could not see any pulpit, or any preacher in a white neckcloth, and evidently thought that the choir were only going through a little refreshing preliminary practice, like a New England choir on Sunday morning. It is very amusing to note the tenacity with which a Yankee clings to his ecclesiastical prejudices. Unlike an Englishman, he is anxious to attend worship in the churches of the land in which he finds himself; but he expects the worship to conform to his familiar Congregational pattern.

In defiance of this common impression, we are bold to affirm that there *is* preaching in Italy, good preaching too, and plenty of it. If it does not hold the same relative position that preaching does in New England, it holds a decided and an important position. If a smaller proportion of the people wait upon it, enough wait upon it to show that it is a real thing, and no sham. The arrangements of Italian churches are such, that, except on extraordinary occasions, large audiences cannot be expected to listen to the sermons. As the churches are open every day of the week, and nearly all day from dawn to dusk, the parishioner can choose his own most convenient time to pray before the altar. The mistake of supposing that nobody attends the churches in Italy is made by visitors in going at the wrong hours. At ten o'clock, or at three, except on festival days, you will see very few people, and rarely hear an address. But go to the parish churches at sunrise, or at Ave Maria, and you will find that Catholics as zealously as Protestants wait upon the ministrations of the Word. You will hear outpourings and appeals, which deserve the name of sermons far more than those sound but soothing essays which help a Puritan flock to digest a Sunday dinner. There

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are churches in the old "Campus Martius" which attract more listeners from week to week than many of the more conspicuous churches in New York and Boston. And the phenomenon of a sleeping audience is rarely witnessed in them. The sin of Eutychus is more common in an American than in an Italian city.

The attraction of a great preacher is relatively less powerful in Italy than in the colder regions of the North, and no pulpit orator is ever pressed by such crowds as besiege the tabernacle where Spurgeon is advertised to speak. There is nothing in Rome to parallel the throng in Crown Court, Covent Garden, or the congregations of Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn. Yet we have seen, both in Rome and Naples, audiences of a thousand or more gathered without any public notice of the preacher's name. The Italians, low as their moral standard is, and fond as they are of spectacles, have not yet reached the point of placarding their preachers. You nowhere see it published on flaring posters, that "the Rev. Dr. Antonio will preach at the Church of the Trinity, by the Divine blessing, on such a day, and on such a subject." In this particular, the benighted Papists have a lesson to learn of us Protestants. They have their annual programme of fasts and festivals, with the statements of churches in which these will be observed, but nothing which corresponds with the ecclesiastical advertisements of our Saturday papers. The favorite system of pulpit exchanges, too, is one of the blessings which they have yet to gain. A parish priest is expected to belong to his own parish church, and to stay there until he is removed. If you go to St. Cecilia's, you will hear one of the ministers of St. Cecilia, and not of St. Gregory's, across the Tiber. The ear is not filled, in coming out of an Italian church, with low murmurs of disappointment at the untimely substitution of an indifferent for a gifted preacher.

The larger churches in Italy have usually one or more priests attached to their staff, whose principal sphere of duty is the composition and delivery of sermons, and who are excused, for this reason, from the harder duties of the Mass and the Confessional. No monastic establishment is without some brother of skill in this department. The Jesuit preachers are celebrated. But there

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are also among the Franciscans and the Minorites men of acknowledged eloquence. It is possible to hear on Fridays, in the area of the Colosseum, a sermon from a barefooted friar which shall start the tears from the eyes of men unused to soft emotions. The Dominicans, while they retain some of their ancient fame as students, and rejoice in their splendid libraries, do not now hold the first rank in pulpit eloquence, and are less entitled to the name of "Preaching Friars" than the priests of St. Philip Neri. The Convent of St. Mary at the People's Gate, where Luther sojourned on his famous Roman visit, is now more noted for its exquisite music than for the periods of its orators. And San Marco, in Florence, has more members who emulate the art of Fra Angelico than the fiery speech of Savonarola. But the leading men in all the monastic orders know how to preach. On the Sundays of Lent and Advent the Pope and Cardinals listen in the Sistine Chapel to a Latin sermon from the generals of the Theatines, and Augustinians, and Carmelites, and Servi, and Minorites, each in his turn. It is a compulsory honor to preach in that august presence. The Cardinals preach on great occasions; and the English, who are slow to follow the Tuscan dialect, may regale themselves now and then with the splendid vernacular of their own Wiseman. Even the Pope is a preacher; and we shall not soon forget the scene on a November day, when an innumerable crowd surged up and down before the ancient Forum to hear the Father of Christendom speak from the steps of the Capitol.

In all the ecclesiastical schools the art of sermonizing is carefully taught. The annual festival of the Propaganda College has been a hundred times described. But there are many other opportunities for the more distinguished pupils of the schools to exhibit their attainments as pulpit orators. The ceremonies of Ascension day at St. John Lateran are graced not only by the apostolic benediction of his Holiness, but by a sermon from a pupil of the Capranic College. On St. Stephen's day, a pupil of the English College preaches in the Sistine Chapel; on the feast day of the Archangel Michael, a pupil of St. Peter's Seminary pronounces the panegyric; and on the Nativity of John the Baptist, a pupil of

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the Collegio Romano. Frequently these discourses are printed; and if their life is as ephemeral as the life of similar productions in this region, their circulation is wider, since they may be bought in the streets for a very moderate sum,—a few baiocchi.

There are few Protestant preachers, we suspect, who are not frequently troubled to find suitable themes. The repertory of a sound Calvinistic divine is soon exhausted, and unless he will continually repeat himself, he must go off from the narrow field of theology proper. The Italian preacher finds no such difficulty. He is embarrassed rather by the infinite range and variety of subjects which he may lawfully handle. His province is the whole domain of doctrine and ceremony, of history and biography, of heaven, of earth, and of purgatory, which no man may exhaust in a lifetime. The crowded ecclesiastical year assigns for every day an appropriate topic. Every week is supplied with a full tale of saints, the dozen or the score, which the decrees of the Vatican periodically swell. To explain the canons of Trent and the ancient Councils is a much longer work than to tell the changes of the Thirty-nine Articles or the Westminster Confession, and might appall the strongest preacher who should eschew all but theology and religious law. In the mere range of abstract and logical preaching, a Catholic has great advantage. His chance here is in the same proportion as the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas to the Institutes of Calvin. It takes him longer than the Protestant to master the materials of his study. But he has this advantage, that he can never use them up, and that he needs not utter, when the Saturday morning comes, that despairing Protestant cry, "What shall I preach about?"

But when to the dialectics and dogmas of the Roman Church we add its fruitful and teeming history, we see at once that the range of subjects is almost endless. An Italian preacher has not only all that the Scripture and the creeds give him, but the writings of the Fathers to aid his explanations. It is his pious duty to identify the Church of to-day with the Church of the early centuries, and trace God's providence in the developments of thought and sentiment from the Clements and Augustines downward. A Protestant may indulge in these

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historical excursions in evening lectures, or in week-day classes, but seems to be departing from the sphere of the pulpit if he make them the topic of Sunday discourse. They are perfectly in place in an Italian pulpit. Gregory there is as good as Paul, and Jerome has an authority as great as John. It is lawful not merely to interpret the writings, but to celebrate the lives, of the great men of the Church. Indeed, a large half of every prominent preacher's pulpit performance is devoted to panegyric. It is an honor to magnify distinguished saints, like St. Bernard, or St. Charles of Milan, and it is a credit to rescue from their unmerited obscurity the humbler names of the calendar. The general history of the Church would seem to furnish enough of this material. But beside this, there are everywhere local and special histories which have religious events and lives that one may seize and observe. As one studies in the library at Sienna the records of the various religious communities in the Tuscan state, — their fortunes, their sacrifices, their registers of benevolence, of money given and money received, — of devotion in time of famine, of boldness in days of terror, of the genius which wrought to round their domes and adorn their walls, and of the virtue which is hidden within their tombs, inscribed in the long annals of those old parchment folios, — he can well imagine that the pulpits of Florence need never be without a stirring theme from their own history. The mosaics and the monuments of Ravenna and Venice dictate to the pulpits there. The preacher of the Church of St. Dominic in Bologna has an endless variety of suitable themes within the sweep of his eye in that wonderful edifice. The triumphs of art, when illustrating religion, as shown in the works of Guido and Michael Angelo; the great services to faith of him who instituted the order of "Preachers," and founded the Tribunal of the Holy Office; the ancient victories of the republic, fighting for God against the tyranny of Cæsar; the symbols of human law, the handmaid of spiritual truth; the stories in wood and stone of the lives of holy men, — all quicken him to eloquent words. In such a presence it were hard to be silent.

It is not strange that so much of the Italian preaching

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should be of local and historical biography, about men and their deeds and their influence, rather than about abstract ideas. There is, however, one lack which may be noted as rather singular, and that is, the neglect to use the beauties of Nature as a theme for pulpit discourse. If there be anywhere a land which should, by its field and forest, its rock and river, its mountain and plain, — its sunny slopes, and fertile meadows, and clustering vineyards, and blue, encircling sea, and soft, embracing sky, — suggest themes to the preacher, it is the Italian land. Nature there has lavished her bounties, and the landscape is a perpetual song of praise. Yet this is the most infrequent subject of religious oratory. The daily miracles of light and beauty on that fair land seem to be all unheeded in its sanctuaries. The prodigies which liquefying blood or a fragment of a saint's robe have wrought, are more worthy of mention than the blessing of bare existence in such a Paradise. In vain (according to our experience) one waits in the churches of Naples to hear any recognition of that beauty of situation which has made its terraced crescent the praise of the whole earth. We have searched in the sermons of Professor Savio for some mention of that rural loveliness which inspired the Pagan bard of Mantua, but in vain. There are fine tributes to the memory of native saints, Gonzagas and Montaldis; but no word of the smooth-gliding Mincius, or of the smiling plain with its abundant harvests.

In ages past, the Italian pulpit did good service in the cause of civil freedom. The Medicis and the Sforzas found a barrier to their tyranny in the harangues of priest and monk. At present, we presume, the pulpit of Italy is, in regard to public affairs, what our pious politicians would have the American pulpit to be, — silent, except to apologize for existing abuses and to praise the powers that rule. It cannot be doubted that there are many who feel like Gavazzi, and would rival his eloquence, if they could speak freely. But the chance is nowhere given them. Yet these are few in proportion. Nearly all who have any pulpit gifts are on the side of "Law and Order," — which means submission to Austrian bayonets, Papal bulls, and the whims of King Bomba. In this particular, they would satisfy

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the New York Observer, and atone for the multitude of idolatries which they commend. In some parts of Italy, indeed, the connection of religion with politics is bravely discussed. We have before us a treatise, printed by the Royal Press at Turin, on "The Union of Politics with Morality, — how far it is possible to use the Ethics of Private Life in the Government of States," — which adopts substantially the views of the Prussian Garve, and with much subtlety advocates what would be called startling radicalism elsewhere than in the Vatican. It is necessary, nevertheless, even in Turin, to make many exceptions and apologies for the doctrine that kings ought to be as "privates" in their character, and cardinals ought to act in conclave like honest men in business. In Rome, the Index would speedily settle the fate of such a work. The logic of the Church may take any shape but that. Theoretical politics would hardly be allowed, though veiled in the most obscure and indirect phrase. And any criticism, in Rome, of the actual works of rulers would transport the offender even from the house of Loyola to the cells of Civita Vecchia.

We have spoken of the great advantage which the Italian pulpit has in the number and variety of its themes. Yet we may add that Italian preaching is eminently Scriptural. This is supposed to be a peculiar excellence of Puritan sermons. One who has enjoyed the ministrations of the old school of preachers in this part of the world would not expect to learn anything new about Scriptural sermonizing. It is, nevertheless, true, that preachers of that land where the Bible is said to be forbidden make at least as much use of the sacred volume as the preachers of this land, where the annual yield and spread of Bibles is so surprising. Not only is the preaching textual, glittering with passages from every book of Scripture, quoted for their likeness of sound not less than their identity of sense, but it abounds in Scripture stories and illustrations, told with all the animation of fresh narrations. It is interesting to hear events which a Protestant minister would barely mention, presuming them to be familiar to all his hearers, enlarged upon as novelties, — the story of Joseph, of David, of Jonah, of Jesus, repeated with that

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minuteness which belongs to the rehearsal of the latest news. This may argue that the people do not have the Bible in their homes, since it is necessary to tell them what they ought already to know. But it certainly gives a pleasant Scriptural tone to the homilies, and saves them from becoming that worst of all Biblical annoyances, — a catalogue of proof-texts. The Italian preacher gives you the flesh and blood of Scripture, and not its dry bones.

And nowhere more than in the use of Scripture is manifested what we may consider the most striking peculiarity of Italian preaching, — its scenic and dramatic character. It passes before the eye as a succession of pictures and acts, of monologues and dialogues. The saint disputes with the sinner, Satan holds parley with Christ and the Virgin, and the Almighty reasons with his creature in the season of meditation. The nicest metaphysical arguments take this dramatic form, and though no name may be called, personality seems to be brought into them. While no preaching in the world deals more in casuistry and verbal distinctions, the tedium of these is relieved by the constant rise and fall of living tides, which keep the argument billowy and sparkling. Some pointed metaphor, or some quaint passage from Scripture or the Fathers, comes in to finish the long reach of the involved syllogism, and break it off delightfully. The rhetorical forms of the sentences are full of life. Where a Scotch Presbyterian would enunciate a heavy proposition, the Italian asks a question or makes an ejaculation, not in the nervous style of French oratory, but with a grave earnestness, which preserves at once vivacity and dignity. The printed page of a volume of Italian sermons bristles with points of interrogation and wonder. Every second sentence is finished by the pastoral crook, or the pilgrim's staff (as these grammatical points are sometimes interpreted to children). "Want of spirit" is not a charge which can be brought against the Italian pulpit.

This dramatic vivacity is remarkable even in the printed volumes. But it is marvellously exhibited by the bearing and delivery of the preacher. The Italian preacher is as much an actor as the Italian comedian. His gestures, his postures, the play of his voice, the

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changes of expression in his face, the adjustments of his dress, are half, often wholly, theatrical. The prim monotone of the English pulpit and the pious drawl of Puritanism are a long remove from even the most respectable style of Italy. The preacher is not afraid to shout, to start, and to sigh in the pulpit. Now his voice is a cry which echoes back from the lofty arches, or lingers ringing like the Miserere, and now it drops to a whisper which is felt rather than heard. As he tells some thrilling tale, which works up to its climax, lifting himself as his story goes on, you can see in what anxious suspense he holds his hearers. It may be, as we remember, the scene of the judgment of Solomon between the rival mothers. How the congregation shudder, when the sword seems to fall before their eyes upon the living child! In what breathless silence they listen for the verdict! How speedily, too, the painful tension is removed by some quaint remark, which sends a smile running over the face of the crowd, like the sunshine after the passage of a summer cloud over a meadow. The Italian preacher does not disdain a laugh for himself or for his hearers, though he loves more to move them to tears. His style is the impassioned style, but it has its numerous points of relief. Its tone is adapted to its theme, and it has not the plaint of a dirge when it tells of heaven and holiness.

The thorough knowledge of his discourse before he enters the pulpit enables the preacher to speak with more ease and freedom. He has not to decipher a manuscript by the "dim religious light," but it is all in his memory before it falls from his tongue. The imitations of Catholic architecture in some of our churches have proved to be severe trials to our reading preachers. But the gray dusk of a Roman November helps the preacher to produce his effect. There is nothing more impressive than an afternoon discourse in Advent in one of the old Roman churches, where the preacher's voice and form seem, in the vast peopled space, a spectral shape and utterance, contrasting with the marble forms which stand so silently. Another source of relief is in the preacher's change of position. When he teaches, explains some passage of Scripture, or quotes from the Fathers, he assumes the proper academic position; — he

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sits, and his pulpit is a professor's chair. When he exhorts or declaims, he rises, reaches forward, and seems almost ready to leap from his place. When he paints a scene, he runs from side to side, points in every direction, and makes of his pulpit a mimic stage. When his sermon becomes a prayer, his body drops almost to a kneeling posture. This change of position is managed so well, that it appears natural and graceful. It has always seemed to us hard that the old Puritan divines should have been compelled to stand through the everlasting subdivisions of their two-hour sermons, — to deliver, in the orator's posture, their elaborate refinements of exegesis.

The Italian sermons do not abound in subdivisions. The preacher usually prefers to comprehend all he has to say under three general heads, or to divide his subject squarely into two parts. Sometimes he is obliged to make five points; but, so far as we have noticed, that number is not often exceeded. Sometimes he indulges in a double introduction, one appropriate to the theme, another appropriate to the day. His peroration is short, and often wholly wanting. It is less needed, since the exhortation and application usually go along with the argument. Where the theme is a simple one, the second part gives the practical conclusion of what was argued in the first. The text is not usually named in the beginning, but occurs in the course of the exordium, which terminates in a short prayer. This, indeed, is the model for all Continental sermons, Protestant as well as Catholic, and it has more reason than the English method of naming a passage of Scripture, and then proceeding to a course of remark which it neither suggests nor resembles. The texts of many of our printed American sermons, and of many more which are not printed, have about as much fitness to the discourses which follow them, as the porticos of the Boston Court-House to the building which they garnish. The text of a sermon ought to be found in it rather than upon it, in its ideas rather than on its cover. An Italian anniversary discourse would not be likely to bear the title of "Christ and Him crucified."

It is rather remarkable that a style so dramatic should preserve so well the dignity proper to that form of ad-

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dress. The colloquial form does not compel vulgar words or phrases. Even in Naples, where the dialect of the streets is an almost ludicrous corruption of the vernacular, the language of the church is pure and intelligible. The comical attitudes of a Jesuit preacher there may resemble those of Punch, but his speech is according to rule and good taste. With reasonable knowledge of the language, a foreigner can understand the sermons in any part of Italy. Where the Latin tongue is used, as in the Sistine Chapel, and before the Cardinals at the great festivals, pains is taken to give polish and musical flow to the sentences. Indeed, to an ear sensitive to musical sounds, these cadences are so bewitching, that in their pleasure the meaning is apt to be neglected. The effect of a Latin sermon from Padre Marco is like that of the opera. The threatenings are so smooth and harmonious that they lose their terror; and that rugged, angular force which characterizes the great oratory of the Saxon pulpit is softened to a rounded melody. The Italian sermons are to those of Germany what the verdant swells of the Apennines are to the crags and gorges of the steeper Alps. "Hell" ceases to be so savage when it is prolonged to the soft "L'Inferno," and "Heaven" becomes more charming when it is pictured as "Il Paradiso." The Devil, who is a very real personage in all Catholic lands, and is believed in by priest and doctor as devoutly as by peasant, is not so formidable when his deeds are recited in the Tuscan tongue.

Italy, half-way between the prosaic isle of England and the romantic clime of Arabia, might be expected to hold a just mean between the dry style of the English pulpit and the redundant imagery of the East. We find it to be so. Without the hyperbole which overlays and gilds all speech of Moslem lands, the Italian pulpit has enough of metaphor to make its argument glow, and to suggest in its dialectics those things which the senses love. Its panegyrics are not constrained to severe estimates of character, but indulge in fanciful flights and flowery episodes. The imagination is largely drawn upon. This, indeed, is not peculiar to the pulpit of any nation. Many Protestant preachers are able, with vivid fancy, to describe the doings of God in the prime-

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val time, and to report the debates of the Trinity before all worlds. The Italian imagination, however, does not invent a history from the small nucleus of a doctrine, but applies itself rather to embellish actual history and existing legend. One branch of fanciful preaching, extremely popular beyond the mountains, is quite neglected in the Peninsula, — the development of prophecy. They hang garlands upon the monuments of their saints, but they do not weave into gaudy tissue the slender filaments which they can draw from the Hebrew and Christian rolls of vision. It may be said, that, in interpreting the Apocalypse and the sights of Ezekiel, the Papal pulpit would be self-condemned. Its preachers, fortunately, seem quite unconscious that they belong to Babylon, whose doom the Lord hath spoken.

Another peculiarity of the Italian pulpit is, that it is all-credulous, and not at all critical. It has nothing to overthrow, only to explain and commend the truths which all believe, and eulogize the virtues which all acknowledge. It has not the existing crime of heresy or of schism to compel any polemic onslaughts. In Paris, the preachers of St. Roch and the Madelaine know that there are chapels around them where an oratory more brilliant than their own illustrates a free and almost infidel Gospel. Lacordaire had in Coquerel a rival whom he dreaded. In those churches, attacks upon dangerous error are very common, and the spirit of the Huguenot era is sedulously fostered on either side. But Italy is undisturbed by any conception of heresy, except in the rebellious realm of Piedmont. The people are kept in ignorance that there is such a thing as Protestantism, and that there is any church other than the Holy Church of Rome. It is rare daring that will expose the portraits of Luther and Melancthon in a private gallery. Even the sons of noblemen are surprised to learn that any not Catholic claim to be Christian. Of course where there is such unconsciousness of the existence of error, conflict with it is superfluous. All think that they believe, no matter how hard the subject of belief, whether the truths of the Catechism or the new miracles of recent saints. Heresy, indeed, is presented as a sin, but rather as a traditional than an actual evil. It is not to be argued with or

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to be admitted to the privilege of debate. In the eulogies of the Italian pulpit upon its saints, much mention is made of their brave conflicts with false doctrine. Happily, the faithful of the present day are exempt from such conflicts.

Nor are Italian sermons, according to our experience, very direct in their dealing with real sins. The ethical code of Italy is not very strict, and great latitude of practice is allowed, if confession and penance are only regularly observed. The faithful are rather enjoined to use the means of expiating sins, than to shun the sins themselves. The offences most frequently blamed are neglect of ritual commands, and of special religious duties. A good deal is said about the sanctions and foundations of virtue, but not much about the ways and marks of individual virtues. The exceeding sinfulness of sin is picturesquely exhibited, and the terrible destiny to which sin exposes its victim is painted in brilliant color; but that intermediate condition of the sinner to-day and now — what he *is*, rather than what he was or he shall be — is not much cared for. As a teacher of daily practical morality, the Italian pulpit does not accomplish much, and does not attempt much. In fact, it proposes to save man in his future, rather than to help him in his present life, and it keeps distinctly in view the separation between his natural and his supernatural state. The one is for the civil law to hold and bind. The other is for the Church, by its prayers and its canons, to guide and control.

But if the Italian Church is negligent of actual sins, it is not careless of positive practical virtues. Nowhere are the Beatitudes more earnestly commended. Nowhere is the duty of kindness to the poor, of visiting the sick, of relief to the suffering, of alms-giving and self-denial, more variously explained and urged. The beggary of Italy may be due, as Protestants insist, to the swarms of lazy monks and priests which infest the land, and devour all its fruit and greenness. Yet the pulpit is not heedless of the poverty of the people. Its appeals continually reinforce the institutions of charity, which are the noblest monuments of the ancient Church. The rich are exhorted to give of their abundance, and the high-born to abase themselves to works of humility,

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in terms which shame the timid and mincing dialect of our Protestant charity sermons. We heard a preacher in Rome, in one of the most aristocratic of its churches, who boldly declared that no man who did not give a tenth of his income, and devote at least one day in the week to works of benevolence, had any chance for the kingdom of Heaven. "Not a thousand masses," said he, "should rescue that man's soul from Purgatory." The enduring brotherhood of the Misericordia is a symbol of the spirit of the Italian pulpit. The effect, indeed, is rather curious, when a dignitary of the Church, in his magnificent attire, and the prestige of his position, talks about humility, and leaves the pulpit where he has exhorted them to remember compassion and brotherly love, to ride in his gilded carriage, with his powdered lackeys, through the throng of beggars to whom he throws no largess. But the praise of charity must not be the encouragement of beggary or the violation of etiquette, in which no government is more punctilious than the Papal. The Pope may bless the crowd with his fat fingers, but he must not scatter coins among them, except at the regular time and in the regular way. The earnest preaching of positive virtues does not help them much, certainly in outward appearance.

The chief duty which the Italian pulpit of to-day both preaches and practises, is the worship of the Virgin Mary. This had for many years been increasing in fervor up to that memorable time when the Holy Ghost directed, through the Head of the Church, all Christians to believe in her spotless birth on penalty of damnation. The final proclamation of this long-expected dogma has made it the absorbing theme and the paramount virtue of the preacher. Mary must be glorified, though all men shall be liars. In the months of May and December, every faithful preacher feels bound to celebrate the loveliness and the holiness of the Mother of God. The first is her peculiar month, set apart not less by its freshness as the flowery month than by its Pagan analogy, which runs through all the arrangement of the Roman ritual. It is fit that the Mother of Jesus, messenger of Jehovah, should adopt the season which Pagans gave to the mother of Mercury, messenger of Jove. The other month, in which occurs the festival

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of the "Immaculate Conception," has now a double right to be called the crowning season of the year, and is, moreover, by its gloom and inclemency, favorable to in-door gatherings. The "fair-weather" rule in Italy works in contrary way to that which suggests our New England epithet. When the sun is shining, an Italian prefers to enjoy its beams in a lounge or a stroll. But rain sends him to the sacred shelter of the place of prayer. We found on the dark Santa Lucia in Naples, on a stormy night, an audience gathered in an obscure church, to hear the honors of the Virgin rehearsed, which would be counted large for a Charity Lecture in Boston on the fairest night in the year.

Besides these special months, the numerous festivals of Mary are so judiciously distributed, that it is "in order" to preach about her in almost any part of the year. Mariolatry, in fact, is the background on which the pulpit-pictures of Italy are all wrought. Whatever else a church may lack, it must be poor indeed if it has not some image or picture or mosaic of the Virgin, to sanctify all its teachings. Happy is the church which owns one of St. Luke's Madonnas. It needs no other inspiration, though that small treasure will be sure to multiply in its keeping sixty and a hundred fold. Can there be any doubt what is the first duty of citizens of Bologna, when the Virgin invites to come up where she dwells, and see how an Evangelist loved her?

A more important question than any that has been touched in this light sketch relates to the course which the preachers of Italy would be likely to take in case of new revolutions in the States, and their influence in the cause of Italian unity and freedom. There are those who affirm that the patriotism of the Italian clergy is not dead, but only slumbering, — that the spirit of Arnold of Brescia lives under many a cowl and robe, — that these drilled militia of the Church are rebellious, and only wait their chance to do such a work in Italy as was done by Ronge and his brethren in the German land. How just this assertion is, it is impossible to say. It is certainly not warranted by anything that one hears from the pulpit in Italy, or by the few sermons that get into print and are read by the people. We must wait for the political catastrophe, before we can pronounce upon the course

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which the preachers will pursue. Of late, rumors have come to us of a Sardinian schism which shall wholly divorce the realm, already under ban, from its religious dependence upon Rome, and make the liberal king the head of a national Church. These rumors want confirmation. Protestantism, indeed, exists in Sardinia, and is protected. In the centre of Genoa and of Turin Reformed worship is maintained, and respectable congregations are gathered on Sunday. We need not allude to the Waldenses, since every Evangelical tourist is tempted off from the beaten route to see and describe their simple communities, the relics of a martyr age. We are afraid, nevertheless, that the hopes for Protestantism in Sardinia are not destined to be speedily realized. The property of the convents may be confiscated, but the people are Catholics at heart; they love their religion, its rites, its prayers, and its pageants. It is bound too intimately with the holy and heroic memories of their land. We noticed a larger population of *men* in the churches of Turin than in any other Italian city.

Judging by the sermons that are printed and that one hears, intense servility to the Pope is as characteristic of the Italian pulpit as an ardent devotion to the Virgin. And we give, in closing, as a specimen at once of the style and thought of the learned Savio, the last sentences of his sermon upon "The Pope."

"The Pope has reverence in heaven and earth; keep it carefully then, ye mortals, with respectful eye. None shall insult with impunity the Vicar of Christ. The anger of God will rain upon the head of him who dares to harm the head of all the faithful. All who dare to butt against him will take back only a broken forehead. To contend with the Pope is a sin which calls for vengeance at the foot of the Lamb's throne. It is scandal in all the world, and the best service that can be rendered to Satan. Moreover, who can be at rest in such a foolish conflict? Who can do real harm to the Supreme Pontiff? The lightning of heaven will blast the sacrilegious hand as a tree in the forest. Think always of the seventh Pius. What did it harm him that he was snatched treacherously from his seat in Rome? From the top of the Alps, while he was dragged along, his voice spoke comfort and hope to one and another nation. And when it seemed that his bark had bent itself fatally to the wave of evil fortune, then suddenly it righted, the skies came clear; gloriously he returned to the seat of dominion in the Eternal City; and after

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him, we have seen a Leo, another Pius, a Gregory, and now Pius again, ninth of the name. If again the calm of our country shall be broken, and peace shall depart from an age perverse in its wilful folly; if reason shall die in the reign of the senses, from which rebellion boils up in the family of man; if confusion shall come upon all minds, and unbridled lusts shall rage like the furious waves of the sea,— still we shall be secure while we stay under the watch of the Pope, since he is that chief shepherd to whom was given the ruling of all the flock: 'Pasce agnos meos, pasce oves meas'; since he is that judge infallible and sure, of whom it was said, that he shall not fall from the faith: 'Rogavi pro te, ut non deficiat fides tua'; since he is that priest of loftiest dignity to whom was given in charge all the priestly conclave: 'Et tu aliquando conversus, confirma fratres tuos'; and since he is that stable and immovable foundation on which the Church of Christ is fixed: 'Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et portæ inferi non prævalebunt adversus eam.'"

C. H. B.

Art. VII.— DR. SPRAGUE'S ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT.*

In a community like our own, there is talent, aptitude, and a natural love for every service of necessity and every generous labor for others. Tasks which to the majority of persons would be of a most uninviting character are seized upon by persons enough to do them well, with a hearty devotion that proves a congeniality between the work and its enthusiastic laborers. While some are tasking their skill in abstractions, and others are exercising their fancies in inventions, the severer toils of the mind which are engaged upon matters of fact and date and incident, as they relate to classes of human beings, are generally found to require for their faithful pursuit the impulse of some enthusiasm of the heart. Such

* *Annals of the American Pulpit; or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished Clergymen of Various Denominations, from the Early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year* 1855. *With Historical Introductions.* By William B. Sprague, D.D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1857. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. pp. xxvii. and 723, 778.

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labor inspired by such enthusiasm presents to us its noble fruits in the two remarkable volumes whose title we have just copied. We admire the generosity and the magnanimity of the author in his design, the patience and perseverance with which he has pursued it, and the wisdom and ingenuity which he has exhibited in enlisting the aid of others in a way which, so far from impairing in any feature the excellence of his own method, has largely helped to perfect and crown it. The help of his friends has been made to conform incidentally to his own ends of instruction, fidelity, and Christian charity.

Dr. Sprague tells us, that he has spent ten years of labor on this work. By this he means, the rescued hours and the spare moments left free, during a space of ten years, from the almost engrossing cares of a large parish. Behind the actual amount of labor spent in the study during the progress of the work, are to be presumed as lying the mental discipline of his previous life, and the time given to the formation and improvement of a very wide circle of correspondents. The culture of heart and judgment necessary to a kindly and a wise plan for such an undertaking must have engaged the author to a very good purpose, as is proved in the spirit and method of his work. Many watchful and jealous eyes, many sensitive hearts, would be sure to scan the memorials here given of their dearest friends. Infelicities of phrase, excessive eulogies, venturesome comparisons, a disclosure of secrets, or incidental reminiscences turning light upon what were better left to forgetfulness, were to be especially guarded against. Authenticity and accuracy, the prime essentials of such memorials, are qualities which the best intentions will not, and the most diligent pains cannot, always secure. Some of the most ready helpers in such a design tend to a length in their contributions which is not always consistent with the brevity of human life or the patience of readers, while other contributors are provokingly brief where they would be most interesting. It would be a curious question in literary mathematics, whether an author who plans a great, comprehensive work like this is relieved or embarrassed by invoking the joint agency of others.

Dr. Sprague's whole plan involves the compilation of memorials of all American Protestant ministers of every

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denomination, "who were eminent for their talents, their acquirements, or their usefulness, or who were particularly distinguished in their history," from the settlement of the country down to the year 1855. With a most delicate regard, in all cases, to matters involving opinions or judgments about private character, the author's plan secures itself at that point against the objection most likely to be brought first and very emphatically against his undertaking. The next most venturesome element in such a work would be the dealing with distinguishing religious convictions, as attaching to classes of ministers, or distributed among individuals of each class. Most wisely has Dr. Sprague protected himself against the possibility of offending in either of these directions. We have as yet, in the two volumes before us, the memorials of only the Trinitarian Congregational ministers. As the author's subjects so far have been found principally within the range of New England, where that class of ministers are indigenous, and to which until recently they have been for the most part confined, he may be supposed to have some facilities from his own training, sympathy, and acquaintanceship here, which will fail him in the further working out of his plan. But he has given full proof of right intentions, and, as will appear from our further account of his method, it will rather be the fault of others than of himself, if there is any falling off in the excellence of his volumes, as they embrace ministers of other communions and other regions of our land.

For the memorials of all such ministers as died previous to 1770, the author has relied wholly upon previously existing records. Beginning with ministers surviving or still in service at that time, and coming down to the obituary list of the year 1855, he has availed himself of all printed sources of information, but has added many a charm of freshness and vigor to his pages, by seeking letters and other communications from those best able to contribute the most valuable aid of those kinds. These original contributions are of primary authority, authentic, graphic, generally of exceeding interest, often of a most delightful tone and style and substance, and always sufficiently personal within the limits of safety, good taste, and harmlessness. Some of the

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rarest and choicest specimens of the epistles of scholarly, intelligent, and loving or sympathizing friends of the departed, are to be found on these delightful pages. We can scarcely conceive of a design more aptly and felicitously adapted to engage the pens of some of the wisest and best men, and some of the most cultivated writers, in the country. Occasionally, too, we come upon the contribution of some less practised pen, guided by the loving affection of the heart rather than by the graces of skilful composition, and the page is, we will not say more, but we will say, equally engaging. These letters, generally, are characteristic of their writers, as well as of their subjects. Compared with the materials in print from which Dr. Sprague has necessarily drawn, they are like the dewy flowers and the green grass growing over graves where tears have been freshly shed, in contrast with withered chaplets hung over crumbling monuments.

A reader who is compelled to make the most economical use of his time will be naturally disposed to turn over these stout volumes in search of their gems. We are not going to offer help to anybody in that ungracious service. Such gems there are scattered all through the volumes, and not sparsely. There is no telling where they will or will not be found, by consulting the index or the table of contents. Pleasant and impressive sentences, suggestive and exciting relations, brilliant and fascinating turns of expression, start out often where they are least expected. Reminiscences of the olden time, and quaint modes of relation, befitting the hazy atmosphere which floats between the dead and their living delineators, give a wonderful charm to these pages. The letters of Professor Park on Dr. Emmons and O. A. Taylor; those of Dr. Parsons Cooke on Samuel Hopkins, 2d; of President Stearns on William M. Rogers; of Dr. Waterbury on Dr. Lyman of Hatfield, the Pope of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut; of Judge White on President Willard; of Rufus Choate on President Brown of Dartmouth; of Professor Francis on Dr. Osgood of Medford; of Dr. Cox on President Haskell of the University of Vermont; and of Dr. Frothingham on Professor McKean, — cover a very wide variety of subjects, are in themselves most remarkable compositions, and are emi-

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nently characteristic of the marked gifts, abilities, or graces of their respective writers.

Very many ministers, who are incidentally mentioned in the text, have the important facts of their life briefly related in foot-notes. So that in the text and notes we have memorials of more than five hundred of the profession. The letters which have been contributed by friends and acquaintances of the subjects of them come from about five hundred and forty different writers. Of these, at least eighty have died since they furnished their contributions to Dr. Sprague; and of these eighty contributors, fifty-two, instead of being spared to read in print what they had written, come in themselves for a memorial on the pages. This solemn element in the substance of these volumes — in keeping with the thousand other elements and incidents of our transient earthly way — is in unison, in impressive accord, with all the characteristics of their contents. Six of the contributors to the work were between ninety and a hundred years of age when writing their letters; and four of these are still alive. One contributor has passed his century of years. The venerable President Quincy, whose life and vigor seem to be prolonged to enhance and deepen the profound regard cherished for his high virtues, gives us most touchingly his fresh memories, recalled from a past of fourscore years, as a tribute to Dr. French of Andover. The venerable Dr. Jenks, — himself almost a lonely specimen of the ancient scholarship, urbanity, refinement, and courtesy of the best of the old class of the New England ministers, — in his letter upon Dr. Holmes of Cambridge, gives us all a model for the wise reserve and the guarded respect becoming memorials of the honored dead whose trials were embittered by controversy.

And what is the conviction wrought in the mind, the sentiment that moves the heart, of a not wholly unsympathizing reader, as he peruses these crowded pages of faithful personal memorials? The conviction must be, that the distinguished and laborious author of the work has spent his grateful toil for a noble purpose. The sentiment must be one of appreciating regard for the class of men whose characters and services are here delineated. We do not know how a Christian minister could better testify his own entire devotion to his sacred call-

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ing, and the fulness of his own Christian charity, than in planning such a work as this. He manifests the temper of his own spirit by recognizing so wide a circle of fellow-laborers in it. He triumphs over all the prepossessions of his own peculiar fellowship by this very expressive way of binding his sympathies with those who are traversing different circles round a centre supposed to be common to all. If Dr. Sprague had not begun his work under the best impulse of Christian love, the manner in which he has accomplished it would prove that he had acquired that grace in the progress of it, through its own necessary influences. We have been imagining to ourselves the extent and compass of his letter-files, the variety, yes, the maze of their contents, the diligence of his correspondence, and the assiduity of his inquiries for those to whom he might put other inquiries. We think we have formed a new conception of the uses of post-offices and mails, when we have realized how much hard work they have done for Dr. Sprague alone. We have heard of him as a *collector* of autographs. If he is but moderately regardful of the Scripture precept, "Freely ye have received, freely give," he must be the man of all the millions of our land to whom those in search of such treasures may most confidently apply as an overflowing source for their distribution.

The author informs his readers, that he had intended to introduce each series of his sketches with a history of the Christian denomination whose ministers made its subject-matter, but has felt compelled to abandon the purpose. He had obtained, as a contribution to his original design, an elaborate History of the Congregational Church, from the pen of Professor Emerson of Andover. From this document Dr. Sprague has condensed an Historical Introduction for his present volumes. This is judicious, interesting, and true, in its brief and comprehensive statement. We notice in it but one accidental sentence which invites our dissenting comment. The Massachusetts Synods, called by the Legislature in 1657 and 1662, on account of the grievances complained of by those who were denied their civil rights as freemen and candidates for office because they were not church-members, did not give a fair redress. The action of some of the churches under this decision is said to have

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"excited the rage of some ambitious spirits who were still kept from office." As we have already allowed that this imputation of bad motives to those who demanded their civil rights without complying with the terms of a creed which they could not accept, is evidently an accident, from a mere slip of the pen, we will pass it by.

Incidentally, the question may come up, Where, through all these pages, do we find Dr. Sprague himself? We answer, everywhere. The whole work is his, in the best sense, in plan, execution, and spirit. His "General Preface," especially, is a most agreeable and congenial relation of the method of his labor; and its modest rehearsal of the author's design, with the full reasons for consciousness that he has so far succeeded in it, bring us naturally to the grateful vow heavenward which closes it.

A word now upon the class of men for whom Dr. Sprague has proved himself so amiable and accomplished a memorialist, — the New England clergy, — yes, the Orthodox New England clergy, — as only of them have we as yet the intended record. The theme is to us ever a grateful one. No strength or length of dissent in our own minds from what are supposed to have been their common convictions in metaphysical and doctrinal divinity will ever qualify our veneration for their piety, or our estimate of their noble service in church and state, in all our cherished institutions. We have dropped a word which implies our own doubt as to whether they did accord so nearly as they are generally supposed to have done in their doctrinal opinions. For ourselves, we do not believe that they did. We should not think so highly of them as we do, if we saw reason to ascribe to men of such various composition and culture a uniformity of belief. It would detract much from our estimate of them if we thought it could be proved that they even professed a full accordance of opinion on matters upon which it has been fully demonstrated that intelligent and free minds cannot think independently without believing differently. It does not in the least weaken our confidence in the fact that they really differed, to be told that they held to the same belief in "substance of doctrine." That cunning but very convenient phrase came into use here only when

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acknowledged differences had gone so far as to cover a real disagreement, not only outside of the "substance," but also as to what constituted that substance. Whenever new terms of language come into use in doctrinal discussions, they always indicate more or less of change in the opinions which need the new terms for their expression, and it is always safe to infer that the actual variation in thought and belief will fill out the largest compass of the word used to express it, or to apologize for it. There is truth enough to allow of its going unchallenged in the general statement, that five hundred of the Orthodox ministers of New England held substantially to the Orthodox divinity. But how they held it, and how they preached it, and how they felt about it and treated it in their own minds, and what else they held and preached with it, are questions within which lies a larger scope for *substantial* differences among them than would need to be proved to warrant our opinion concerning them.

We apprehend that down to our own times it has been with the town and country clergy of New England very much as it was with our town and country physicians. They were formally introduced to the fellowships of their respective brotherhoods, by virtual pledges of conformity to the scientific standards of their professions; they renounced quackeries and empiricism; they were resolutely hostile to all who leaped the fences, instead of coming in with a befitting introduction at the doors of their folds; they used the terminology of their arts; they recognized certain venerable authorities, which they loved to quote in the dead languages, over living subjects, — and some of these dead formulas were in English, as well as in Latin; they could consult understandingly with each other over their respective cases of interest, and they may have had some considerable uniformity, one with another, in the usual routine of professional life. When some painstaking physician, with an historical and biographical vein in him, shall do for his brethren what Dr. Sprague is doing for the clergy, we shall have brought out in detail points of comparison between the two professions, illustrating the fact that their accordance in "substance of doctrine" or of theory was subordinated to the action

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of common sense in each individual, to the utmost freedom in the working out of the specialities of their composition, and to more or less dependence upon simples and nostrums approved in their own private experience. Some physicians are known to have had great confidence in "old women's remedies," and others to have had great contempt for them. Something similar might be said of the clergy. Our village and town physicians, who, after years of service, were regarded as oracles in the profession, had thrown off many of the old theories, and trusted to their own penetration as well as to the common-sense philosophy of life. Their general repute may have protected them under some incidental failures through rashness or carelessness. Where they had nostrums of their own, they generally preferred to administer the mixture themselves, without letting it go out of their hands, still less giving the recipe to others, — a shrewd precaution, which has saved many heretical ministers. We are inclined to believe that even what are regarded as quite modern heresies in medical practice, including even homœopathy, had their secret abetters in the good old times. Still, the old doctors practised generally according to "the rules of the profession." If patients recovered, it proved the excellence of the rules; if they died in spite of the science, the science was not at fault. The country physician's method was, doubtless, conformed to a general theory; but all that marked his individuality, and much of what constituted his eminence, lay in his own discerning gifts, — in his use of his experience, and in his ventures beyond the trammels of the established course. The saddle-bags which he carried over hill and valley contained more or less of home manufacture, in simple or in potent pills and concoctions; probably, however, he was generally careful to have enough of foreign drugs to permeate with their odor the leather case which contained them. We think so highly of the native manhood, the workings of original and acquired powers, and the loyalty to a noble soul-freedom caught from the Gospel, in the make and methods of the old New England clergy, as to feel quite sure that they were as independent in their speculations as the physicians were in their practice. The ministration of religion, as well as that of medicine, recognized

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the province of common sense as lying sometimes short of, and sometimes beyond, the technics of the profession. The flavor of Calvinism in a few sentences of a strong, a reasonable, and a practical sermon, has doubtless been the warrant for orthodoxy to many ministers, as the drug-smell about a doctor's saddle-bags has added the dignity of conservatism to the boldness of an untheorizing treatment of invalids. The light of nature, too, was a source of ever expanding and increasing instruction, which neither of these classes of men repudiated, and which, according as they individually saw more or less clearly by it, shone brighter and brighter where their theories were dark. The wise and faithful men of either profession acknowledged the supreme dependence of mortals, in their sicknesses of soul and body, upon the Great Physician. But among those ministers who are said to have held "for substance of doctrine" man's ruined and helpless state, were doubtless many who, even in their preaching, recognized, as did the physician, something answering to the recuperative energies of the system, and the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

That, living amid the hills and valleys of New England, five hundred ministers agreed in the substance of their doctrinal views, is an assertion which must either be suspended as to its truth and meaning upon some quibbling about the signification of a word, or maintained at the sacrifice of that claim for fidelity to Protestantism and independence which we set up for these men. There is vagueness enough in the terms used for expressing doctrinal formulas to cover a world of differences in the minds back of the lips which utter them. It has invariably proved true, that, when a considerable company of ministers come together to discuss a heresy developed among them, their supposed conformity reaches never one hair's breadth beyond their formulas, and that an attempt to define these is the signal for a storm of confusion. They cannot discuss without differing; they cannot agree unless they keep silence. Ministers, too, are known to have a natural itching for debate with their opponents, and the moment they suspect that a formula veils a private interpretation of it, the inference is that that interpretation is heretical; and then the two

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seas meet. Now when differences so readily appear in clerical assemblies, under the excitement of debate, and even of thought, any one who tells us that there were no divergencies of opinion below an apparent conformity, might as well affirm that there were no inflammable materials below the crater of a volcano before it began to smoke and flame. The most cursory readers of our town and parish histories are well aware that until the present generation, when so large a number of exciting and interesting themes engage the popular mind, the most striking characteristic of our people was the readiness with which they would engage in religious feuds, and get up a doctrinal warfare. There is not an old parish in New England whose records are without evidence and illustrations of that truth. And another curious fact is equally manifest; namely, that, when the legal restraints upon freedom of opinion were successively relaxed, the new liberty showed itself in the disclosure of a variety of latent speculations covering the whole wide range of sectarianism and heresies. Swedenborg, Sandeman, Anne Lee, John Murray, and Tom Paine, — names how unlike in the suggestions and conceptions which they bring before the mind! — all came in for a share in the gleaning over the fields of New England; while Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians had but to utter their more earnest specialities of creed, to secure to themselves a fair share from the free harvest. When multitudes in a community, living under a seeming conformity, are ready instantly to surrender a belief in the validity of infant baptism by sprinkling, for a stiff adhesion to the doctrine of the Baptists; or to leap from the edge of the chasm between the realms of the blessed and the cursed, into a heaven common to all our race; or to give over Independency for Prelacy; — when such sudden and extreme changes of opinion are so ready to appear, we may well conclude that the supposed conformity is not very "substantial." Observation shows us, that, when we cut away an oak forest, a pine forest will grow up in its place. The seeds which the birds of the air and the winds have carried and planted, are more vigorous for the new growth than are the old roots.

There is another alternative to be adopted — with us

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it is the wise and true one — in reference to this presumed accordance of our old divines in "the substance" of their belief. There is no need of quibbling about the word, or pressing its meaning at the sacrifice of the claim of independent and free convictions in the individual members of a large fellowship. We may affirm that "the substance" of the Gospel is not involved either in the verbal formulas which are so sensitive under attempts at defining them, or in the matters about which these divines may have differed. So far as we wish to claim for them the attainments and the graces which become their office, we must believe them to have been men like their successors in office, and so divided in opinion. Indeed, no other evidence than the carefully chosen phraseology of hundreds of pages in Dr. Sprague's second volume, can be necessary to prove that these "Trinitarian Congregationalists" agreed in substance of belief only in the sense of holding to the substance of the Gospel, in connection with their more or less of Calvinism.

Truly they were an honored race and class of men, and worthy of all their influence in church and state. How much does New England owe to them! How much of the impress of their power, and of their way of using it, has entered into the stock of the character of our common population! How much of the best fruits of their labors, matured and mellowed by some happy influences, is now entering into the foundations of new social fabrics in the far-off West! Many of these divines came from the most distinguished and prosperous families in the country. Others of them were taken from the straits of poverty, and aided through the self-denying toils of a hard-earned education by their own pastors. As a class, they have written the histories and added the chief contributions to the literature of our country, while many of them have been distinguished for scientific attainments. It appears from careful statistical tables, that, as a class, they have been peculiarly favored in health and longevity, — two tokens of an habitually serene cheerfulness of heart and of a consistent method of life. They have pursued the round of their labors through the span allotted to them, — have performed incidental services of advice and sym-

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pathy and self-denial for their flocks, and have done a vast deal of hard work on hard soil. They had their share of happiness. Doubtless many of them have had a reputation for ability not proved by anything left from their pens. But if their contemporaries felt their power, the court of credit was a competent one.

We must not, however, forget that life was not all poetry to these ministers, nor that their ministry was not in all cases a dispensation of grace to the subjects of it. So far as we have read Dr. Sprague's pages, we observe that there is a considerate reserve practised by his contributors in reference to the feuds and alienations, often exceedingly embittered, which appear in our parish annals. There have been ministers who remained where they were not wanted, and where the continuance of their stay was prejudicial to the interests of religion. There have been ministers who would have been justified in leaving their parishes, with anything but a blessing in their farewell to their flocks, which had vainly striven "to starve them out," but who gave a noble testimony to their own heroism and sincerity by bearing all things. The voluntary system has, on the whole, proved more favorable to all the best prosperity of our parishes than did the old system. The looseness of the ministerial relation has some appreciable offsets to the evils which manifestly attend it. In the mean while, we must not forget the other party to the ministerial profession in former days, — the people. Doubtless they have been compelled to hear patiently much dull and dismal preaching, and to bear with many of their teachers whose spirit or course was offensive to them. Very often under this relation, in the case of both parties to it, the believing wife has been the salvation as well as the blessing of her husband. The Puritan Church has even a larger proportion of female saints on her calendar than has the Roman. We remember that, on a summer visit to one of our country towns, we were quite interested in listening to an aged lady, who gave us a most graphic account of a deceased minister, whose name appears in Dr. Sprague's second volume. He was an eccentric and angular man, but he had a mean flock, and his shepherd's crook was freely used among them as a goad and a club. No one doubted his excellence of

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heart, his piety, or his fidelity; but as they wronged him in the matter of salary, and slept under his ministry, and ran after heretics, and worried him at parish meetings, his rebukes were frequent, stinging, and personal. Still he remained with his people till his death, after nearly fifty years of service. On strolling afterwards through the old burial-ground, we came upon the monuments of himself and his consort, the beloved of the whole parish. The inscriptions on these monuments rehearsed their whole experience in the parish most significantly in these scraps of Scripture texts. Over the sleeping pastor was written in the marble: "I have fought a good fight." Over his consort was the sweet benediction: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Of course we shall wait with quickened interest, we will not say, with anxiety, those promised volumes, the subjects of which are popularly classed under the title of "Unitarian Congregational Ministers." The most availing method for clearing them from the reproach of infidelity, heresy, and a lack of true vital Christian piety, will be a fair record of their lives and labors. Names held in affectionate remembrance rise to our thoughts. Forms hardly yet divested of the likeness to life, as they rest in their long repose, come back to us to renew, in the feints of fancy, their pleasant fellowships. Of those of our brotherhood whom Dr. Sprague has personally known, we would trust him with the memorial. He knows where to seek the help which he needs in every case. One thought suggests itself to us with considerable force, as we anticipate what we hope we may live to read. The memorials which Dr. Sprague gathers will be enduring ones, classical and authoritative, and therefore often quoted as judicial. There are men, whose long repute will depend very much for its fairness, and generosity, and sympathy of estimate, upon the selection of the pen to make their memorial. We can name the names of brethren recently departed, who will stand very differently on the enduring page, according to the intimacy, the friendliness, the power of appreciation, in their chosen memorialist.

G. E. E.

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NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. *With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication, by* WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In three volumes. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. xviii. and 618, 604, 565.

HISTORY is not an experimental science. Nor does the study of it lead to that certainty which belongs to the demonstrative sciences. But like every other inquiry which is pursued by the comparison of evidence, its results are liable to be modified by the discovery of new sources of information, or by placing the familiar circumstances in a new light. Our belief in the facts which it records and the truths which it teaches must rest, then, mainly upon our confidence in the thoroughness of the historian's investigations, in the soundness of his judgment, his freedom from blinding prejudices, and the accuracy of his statements. So far as an historian fails in any or all of these particulars, his work fails to answer the necessary requirements of the case. It is no longer, in the language of Bolingbroke, "philosophy teaching by examples," and it must, sooner or later, give place to some other work, more candid in tone and more accurate in detail.

An historian, however, may fulfil all these requirements, and yet his work may fall into neglect or disrepute in consequence of the discovery of materials not accessible when his narrative was written. These materials may be comparatively unimportant, or they may be of such a character as to require us to review our judgments upon many historical questions which the writer had discussed by the light of the facts and documents then known. In the first case, all that is essential to the fulness and accuracy of the narrative can be incorporated in editorial notes or appendices. In the latter case, a new work must supersede the earlier production, if we would not sacrifice historic truth to any lower object. The soundness of these observations may be tested by an examination of almost any of the principal works upon our shelves. Take, for instance, the three most celebrated historical productions of the last century, — Hume's History of England, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and Robertson's Charles the Fifth; and we shall see with how much caution we must form our opinions of historical personages and events.

The success of Mr. Hume's History was at first very limited. But its reputation is now established; and in one of those ad-

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mirable sketches which Sir James Mackintosh wrote upon his return voyage from Bombay, that judicious and candid writer declares, that, notwithstanding its great defects, Hume's History of England "will probably be at last placed at the head of historical compositions." Yet Hume was notoriously indolent and careless in his investigations, not seldom relying upon his imagination for his facts, or trusting to the researches of other writers; and much of his narrative is discolored by his partisan prejudices and distorted to the support of a false theory. Many of his mistakes and misrepresentations have been exposed and corrected by Mr. Malcolm Laing and other writers; and in Mr. Fox's historical fragment we recollect several passages in which the great Whig statesman replies to Hume's sophistical reasonings, and exhibits his perversion of facts, in that strain of lofty eloquence which Lord Brougham happily compares to a devastating fire. In view of these facts, it is much to be regretted that no annotated edition of Hume's History, embodying the results of recent and accurate research, has yet been given to the public, though the need of such an edition is admitted by all competent critics.

A much wiser course has been pursued in regard to Gibbon's Decline and Fall, a work of far greater research, but one not less disfigured by the writer's prejudices and partisanship. From its first appearance, Gibbon's "luminous and luxuriant pages" have been the delight and admiration of every cultivated mind; and such scholars as Guizot and Milman have not disdained to bestow their editorial cares upon it. The result is, that we now possess an edition of this great work in which the author's errors and misrepresentations have been corrected, and which does not fall below the level of historical knowledge upon the subject in our own time.

The contemporary popularity of Dr. Robertson's works was far greater than was that of Mr. Hume's History. Dr. Johnson, indeed, declared that "no man would read Dr. Robertson's cumbrous detail a second time." But Johnson's opinions were always influenced by his prejudices; and Robertson was at once a Scotchman, a Presbyterian, and a Whig, — three vices which the Tory moralist could never forgive. Few Scotchmen had attained distinction in letters when Robertson began to write; and it was natural, therefore, that his merits should be somewhat exaggerated in his own day. Yet his early reputation has been maintained with little loss down to the present time. His style is calm and dignified, but it is deficient in ease and grace. In his nervous dread of that verbal criticism which was much more common then than it now is, he too often adopted stiff and formal modes of expression, instead of those simpler and more idiomatic

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phrases which would have occurred to one who felt an entire confidence in his own mastery of the language. His narrative is luminous and candid, displaying a large acquaintance with his subject and a disposition to deal fairly with all parties. His delineations of character are forcible and exact. But the crowning qualification which he brought to his task was that philosophical habit of mind that led him always to trace the connection between cause and effect, and to view all the events which he narrated as links in one grand chain of historic progress. It is this quality more than any other which has preserved his reputation to our own time, and which must always cause his works to be esteemed among the classical histories in our language.

Criticism, however, has not failed to detect some errors in his works, especially in that part of the twelfth book of his History of Charles the Fifth in which he speaks of the life of the Emperor after his abdication. These errors are to be ascribed partly to carelessness, and partly to the want of materials. When Robertson wrote, and even down to 1844, the Archives of Simancas, where were deposited the most important documents relating to the subject, were utterly inaccessible even to Spanish scholars themselves. At length, the prohibition which had prevented all inquiry in this direction was relaxed, and it was found that Charles had led a very different life at Yuste from that which Robertson had portrayed. Mr. William Stirling was the first writer to publish the results of his inquiries, which were given to the public in two articles in Fraser's Magazine, and in his delightful work on The Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth. He was followed by three Continental scholars, Messrs. Amédée Pichot, Gachard, and Mignet, who successively published valuable works upon the same subject. At a later period, Mr. Prescott, who was perhaps the first to make the discovery of the true character of the Emperor's cloister life, published a most interesting chapter upon the subject in his History of Philip the Second. The facts have been thus widely disseminated, and are now familiarly known to every student of history.

But it was due to the great merits of Dr. Robertson's work, and to the reputation which it enjoys, that a continuation should be added, covering the results of these recent researches. For this task it will be admitted that no one possesses qualifications superior to those of Mr. Prescott. The manner in which he has discharged the duty fully meets the expectations formed of his work, when it was known that he had undertaken it. His narrative fills about one hundred and eighty pages, and is written in that lucid and elegant style, and with that perfect command of his materials, which always characterize Mr. Prescott's histories. As a picture of the closing years of Charles the Fifth, it leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, the only regret which we

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feel in reading it is that Mr. Prescott did not also bestow his editorial labors upon some other parts of Dr. Robertson's work which need revision. Beginning with an account of the Emperor's last voyage to Spain, he traces the course of Charles's daily life on his journey, during his sojourn at Xarandilla, and after his arrival at Yuste, interspersing the narrative with sketches of his principal servants, and vividly delineating his character as it was exhibited under these new circumstances. But it is upon Charles's connection with public affairs after his abdication that Mr. Prescott's researches throw most light. His remarks upon this topic are especially deserving of notice, as they correct Dr. Robertson's view in an important particular, and show how entirely he had been deceived from the want of the materials so long buried at Simancas.

The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags, and other Lectures. By William Henry Milburn. With an Introduction by Rev. J. McClintock, D. D. Portrait of the Author on Steel. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 309.

This volume affords a striking illustration of the ease and certainty with which a resolute will and a cultivated intellect can overcome the adverse circumstances of life. Deprived at an early age of the inestimable blessing of an unclouded eyesight, and thus rendered largely dependent upon his friends for his acquaintance with books, Mr. Milburn has surmounted all obstacles, and in this volume he has presented us with the first fruits of his literary labors. It comprises four lectures upon different topics. In the first, which furnishes the principal title for the volume, our author traces the progress of Western civilization as typified in the hunter, the pioneer farmer, and the itinerant preacher. The second rehearses the Triumphs of Genius over Blindness, in a series of well-chosen historical and biographical sketches. The third, under the somewhat vague title of An Hour's Talk about Woman, presents some judicious considerations upon the sphere of woman, viewing her in her relations to literature, to society, and to the home. The last lecture exhibits to us a picture of French chivalry in the Southwest, and is enriched with much new and curious historical information upon a subject with which few persons are accurately acquainted.

In attempting to estimate the literary merits of these lectures, the fact must not be overlooked that they were originally prepared for delivery before a miscellaneous audience, and not for reading in a library. Hence they must be judged by quite a

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different standard from that which is applicable to productions to be read, and not heard. A certain looseness of style and obviousness of remark and illustration may be allowed in a lecture or other spoken discourse, which would challenge criticism in a printed essay. In the one case, the general tenor of remark must be level to the comprehension of persons of average capacity, or they will fail to follow the speaker with ease and satisfaction. In the other case, more abstract considerations may be adduced, and the argument may be more closely pursued. Now, the pre-eminent merit of Mr. Milburn's lectures is, that they amply fulfil the requirements for the class of compositions to which they belong. They are clear and forcible presentations of important truths, or finished pictures of life and character, expressed in a brilliant and highly rhetorical style, often rising into passages of great beauty and eloquence. They are rich with the fruits of judicious reading and study, and abound with anecdotical illustrations, most of which are derived from local traditions or the personal knowledge of the lecturer. Considered merely in respect to the garb in which our author has chosen to present his thoughts, the volume must be pronounced eminently successful. But it has a still higher merit, in the clearness and vigor of thought which it exhibits, and in the solid common-sense which underlies it.

Life of Prince Talleyrand, with Extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By CHARLES J. MCHARG. New York: C. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 382.

FOR a complete and reliable biography of Talleyrand the anxious world will be compelled to wait until the year 1868, the shortest limit fixed by the great diplomatist for the publication of his personal memoirs. In the mean time, the want has been well supplied by the work of Mr. McHarg. It is candid, comprehensive, and entertaining. The character of Talleyrand is a hard one to delineate, involved as it is in the mazes of eighty years of intrigue and revolution. Mr. McHarg does not attempt any ingenious defence of the moral failings of his hero, or any subtile solution of his plots and his inconsistencies. He gives the facts so far as he knows them, and lets them speak for themselves. He is a biographer of quite another order than the reverend eulogist of Napoleon. His book, moreover, has the excellent quality of keeping to its subject, and not running off into innumerable side biographies, or tiresome disquisitions upon the great events which pass across the scene. It is not a history of the French Revolution, or of the Restoration, or of the glo-

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rious wars of the Republic and the Empire, but strictly a life of the singular man who had part in them all, and survived them all. This praiseworthy unity gives to poverty of detail an appearance of completeness.

Mr. McHarg is more happy in the selection of his material than in its arrangement and grouping. His style is in several respects faulty; and not a small annoyance is the constant repetition of such words as "possess" for "have," and "evince" for "show." Everything seems to be "evinced," — those things which are almost spontaneous occurrences, as well as those which require effort. The occasional use of such a word is not pleasant, but the nuisance becomes intolerable when it meets one on every page.

The Harmony of Ages. A Thesis on the Relations between the Conditions of Man and the Character of God. By HIRAM PARKER, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 380.

THE title of this volume is refreshing to those who love abstruse inquiries into the domain of metaphysical theology. It has, moreover, in the "M. D." of the author, a slight flavor of science. Polemics are suggested, when we remember what Dr. Edward Beecher wrote about. The publisher's name, too, gave hope of a dash of philanthropy to vary and soften the lofty discourse. We took up the work with reverent emotion, remembering that of such things as these the angels in their serene abodes do tell and hear. We were awed by the stern array, fourteen strong, of mailed propositions, serried in the short but majestic preface. Now, at last, the long dispute shall be settled, and the question of the ages be put to rest. A voice has come forth from Lowell, and a just God is reconciled to his sinning children.

We confess with shame that our powers have failed in the attempt to grasp the sublime argument. We have made no less than ten attempts to get hold of it, as convulsive, if not as vigorous, as the efforts of the Titans, but have fallen back, foiled and defeated, from our vain scaling of Olympus. We have tried to read the volume in a variety of ways, — forwards and backwards, by the hour and by the stint, — and always with the same result. The bright hint of a friend, that in a work of this kind it would be well to begin in the middle, and read both ways at once, was adopted, but it amounted to no more than the trifling of Arabs with their play-word "Barabarab." Read in any way, the sentences seemed always to have the same con-

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nection, the same diction, and the same profoundness. It was each in all, and all in each. The coherence of thought, if not the idiosyncrasies of expression, aroused sad memories of that Newton philosopher, A. Jackson Allen, whose sheets once engaged a mystified but delighted audience. The grammatical construction of the sentences is so novel, that we are not even able to tell what the author *says*, much less what he means. Impressed, no doubt, by the wise idea that in such a treatise the *logic* is the valuable thing, he does not waste space in paltry illustrations to make his thought clear to the uninitiated. He has thus forestalled and disarmed all criticism.

Unable to give even an outline of the unintelligible reasoning, it would seem our duty at least to give a few specimens, which we have culled and tried to analyze. But alas! we find them, separated from their connection, as tough and dry as last year's pine-cones. It is not easy to cite brilliant and pithy instances of the obscure in speech. Dr. Parker's obscurity is prolonged and verbose, — in the multitude, rather than in the rarity, of his words. We would refer to page 303, where we read that "the constructions of the Bible are determined by the united influences of predisposition and education, as is illustrated by the Apostle Paul"; or to page 271, where it is said that "Adam hesitated as to whether he should yield to his Eve or to his Creator. As this hesitancy was based on the mutual love that existed between them, it could not be severed, without the existence of additional inducements so to do, than those which existed in their constitutions."

On page 261, an important fact of science is declared, or rather "evinced," in the language of Dr. Parker, — "that even the inanimate world is an electro-magnetic battery, which, when it becomes surcharged with the potent elements of destruction, seeks an equilibrium through the medium of storms, tempests, and tornados. Were it not for these arrangements for producing an equilibrium, the potent elements would accumulate to that extent, which, when let loose, would rend in sunder even the globe itself."

On page 244 occurs this lucid and orthodox observation: "If the human character could have been fully, or to a greater extent, developed, without the restraints which were imposed upon it by the triune manifestations of God's will, then there would have been no responsibility for indulging in the tendencies of the mental constitution."

The world will thank Dr. Parker for the sagacious decision of what has been held hitherto as wholly incomprehensible. "Now we come," says he, on page 173, "to that arcana which *encloses* the mystery, — why man was created. We find the response to this inquiry to be, that his character might be revealed, to

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establish the relations between him, his Creator, and posterity." Equally gratifying is the musical statement on page 171, that "the *trio* — viz. the Creator, Adam, and Eve — was harmoniously maintained, up to the time when it became necessary that the two latter, as well as the former, should reveal their responsibility to each other, and establish their obligations to deal justly with the relations which existed between them."

It is commonly believed that sin is hereditary, and all know that some diseases run in families from one generation to another. Dr. Parker adds something to this opinion, where he affirms (we quote the whole of his eloquent paragraph): "That a diversity of predispositions may be transmitted, even in the same family, is proved from the fact that there may be, as is found in the same family, one of its offspring predisposed to pursue the enchanting attractions of the science of chemistry, one to investigate the interesting science of mechanics, one to accumulate wealth, one to acquire a general knowledge of literature, and another to study the captivating science of astronomy. Now, all of these predispositions may be transmitted from the parents, in perfect harmony with that law which aims at establishing identity." There are numerous facts to verify this opinion. We know a boot-maker, whose ancestors for four generations have followed that trade, who modestly calls himself a *natural* boot-maker. Nature, however, has not taught him to make a good fit, and his productions are about as shapely as Dr. Parker's sentences. Perhaps our author had in his mind the family of "Sweets," "natural bone-setters," and of Townsends, natural concoctors of Sarsaparilla Sirup.

Dr. Parker is equally great in Scriptural exegesis and theological definition. Take the following paragraph as an example, page 48: "The idea of 'conversion' implies a return to a previous state of relations between the converted and his Creator, which has at some time existed between such relations, in the Gospel sense of the term. Consequently, to be converted, is to be restored to a natural condition. If Adam had not sinned, *he would not have died; hence the expression*, 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you die?' implies that if a man returns to the condition in which Adam was before his fall, he shall never die." We nominate Dr. Parker for any vacant Professorship of Theology. What dogmatic statement can be clearer, sounder, more original, or more satisfactory?

Or perhaps the new Treadwell Professorship would better suit one who says that "there are three distinct *departments*, *which constitute man*, viz. the mental, the vital, and the physical." We notice in another place a philological improvement upon the "spirit" dialect. The "spirits" tell of *mediums*, but Dr. Parker

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(p. 61) speaks of a "diversity of *mediæ*." He has a curious idea also of *progress*, different quite from that of Vico and Fourier. We regret that we cannot quote the whole passage on page 229, which exhibits the peculiar beauties of Dr. Parker's style, and gives a most interesting explanation of the purpose of the "*flood*," and the moral benefit of the "Dark Ages." "The flood," he says, "was the seed-time of the Old Dispensation, as the 'dark ages' have been under the New." This discussion of *progress* has some of those inconsistencies of thought and remark which we may lament in ordinary writings, but which are licensed in works of high genius. A captious critic might say that they occur in Dr. Parker's book somewhat too frequently and grotesquely. And it is rather too bad, that, after representing *Nature* all along as a female, according to orthodox usage and the original gender of the word, our author should change her sex in the only fanciful passage which breaks the severe sequence of his logic, and talk about *Dr. Nature* calling in *Dr. Grace*. We might believe that they were female physicians, but, unfortunately, the masculine pronoun is applied to both of them. Their consultations are extremely edifying. The difference between them seems to be, that Dr. Nature is gifted in diagnosis, — knows the origin and cause of disease, — but Dr. Grace has control of the *materia medica*, and alone knows how to apply the remedies. All the patients who follow his prescriptions get well. In this opinion, Dr. Parker differs from the received maxim, that "Nature is the best physician," and goes rather with the Calvinist theologians.

We restrict ourselves to one more instance of Dr. Parker's contradiction of himself, and quote only from two consecutive paragraphs. "The divisions and subdivisions of the mind into a *thousand* characteristics, more or less, are calculated to lead the student of nature into the dark, as it respects the mutual relations that exist between the causes and results of mental action." "The endowments of the memory, the will, desire, or motive, the understanding and conscience, *include every faculty* with which the mind is endowed, — *the external senses* excepted!"

The cave of Trophonius is celebrated. The Sibylline books are traditionally mystical. The great riddle of the Sphinx remains unread. The Man in the Iron Mask, and the authorship of Junius, are yet enigmas unexplained. When these are all made clear, then we may hope that some one will arise to interpret Parker's "Harmony of Ages." To write such a book in New England is a feat and a joke surpassing the late brilliant achievement of Major Poore.

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Marrying too Late. A Tale. By GEORGE WOOD, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," and "Modern Pilgrims." New York: Appletons. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

THIS book is just what we might expect from its author, and has the merits and defects of those which have preceded it. It is sparkling, vivacious, some of the characters are well drawn, and some of the satire is just and well-managed. But its faults outweigh its merits. The plot, or rather the statements of the story, are improbable. Once in a while an Italian Count marries an American heiress, but the reverse is not likely to happen. Such a character as Mr. Robert Argyle would never have fascinated such a girl as Meda. The mystery, too, about Count Montaldi is never cleared up. We are left at the end in painful doubt whether he is a prince or a blackleg. The final treatment of his wife by Mr. Argyle is preposterous, and the apparent cause of such treatment is equally unsatisfactory and disgusting. The implied conversion of Meda from rational Catholicism to Old School Presbyterianism is one of those amazing works of grace which tax credulity too severely. The unities of time, in Rome, in England, and in New York, are not carefully observed. The pictures of society, Italian and English, are not accurate, unless considered exceptional. Cardinals of seventy-five do not persecute respectable young travellers with their attentions, or haunt the hotels of the Piazza di Spagna. Nor is it conceivable that any circumstances could have made the Duke of Wellington a daily visitor to a runaway boarding-school girl from America. The adventures of Miss Tripp are amusing, but remind one too much of Gil Blas and Crusoe.

A very grave objection to the book is the grossness of some of the scenes and ideas, making us think of that delectable religious novel, the "Lady Alice." Such books deserve the oblivion into which they will speedily pass.

A Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism. By WILLIAM R. GORDON, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 408.

IT is one of the solid men of old-fashioned Calvinism who has here taken modern necromancy in hand. Dr. Gordon, we believe, is a divine of the Dutch Reformed Church, as fair-minded and charitable as a man holding that creed is likely to be. He has evidently compiled this volume from a profound sense of duty, pained by the fatal aberration of Christian believers in this variety of demonism. It is very natural that a sound theologian should see in spiritualism the work of Satan,

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and should wish to head off that adversary, who now goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. We felt confident, at the outset, that the Devil would be brought in, and were not surprised, therefore, at the announcement (on page 12 of the Introduction) of six reasons why demons, and not angels, are the authors of these pretended spiritual communications. Three of these reasons are general, three are theological, but all together are not convincing. We cannot consider the *rejection of the doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement* as a proof of Satanic agency, nor can we regard it as proof positive that the "spirits" *are* the Devil and his angels, *because they deny that they are.* Dr. Gordon lays great stress on these two reasons. These are evidently the decisive grounds of his statement.

This general statement he proceeds to prove and illustrate in a volume which is plethoric without being bulky, and redundant without exhausting the subject. As an illustration of the absurdities of spiritualism, his book has merit. He groups the grotesque facts with some artistic skill, and brings out with a will and a relish their ludicrous features. His style, vigorous and clear, is a pleasing contrast to the style of the spirits of the higher spheres whom he has occasion to summon. His treatment of the subject under three heads is equally convenient and orthodox. We are pained to add, that the canons of logic are frequently violated, and that the argument of his book, though sometimes subtle, is, on the whole, a failure. It will neither satisfy the scientific inquirer, nor, we are afraid, reclaim the perverted faithful from the error of their ways. The result will not meet the praiseworthy intention.

Dr. Gordon wished to be candid, and not to speak without personal knowledge. He was therefore moved to go through a course of sittings with the most approved mediums, and has given reports thereof in the first part of his threefold discussion. All will confess that he has written himself down a martyr; and some may affix a different epithet to one who could voluntarily suffer through such tiresome interviews. A farrago of nonsense and a tissue of contradictions are the most concise description of what he heard. His mental questions, indeed, are sometimes those on which spirits may be pardoned for giving ambiguous answers, since the wisest and holiest of men have never been able to settle them. They are very largely theological, about the doctrines of the creed, the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, Depravity, the Atonement, and Hell, which last, under various names, is a favorite subject. All these are repeatedly affirmed and denied, and, if Dr. Gordon's experience is to be taken as a test, it is evident that spiritualism has no system of theology. In the dreary record of these spiritual conversations there are a few bright spots, as where the spirit of a de-

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ceased Universalist minister, who modestly repudiates the unauthorized D. D. which his surviving friends had honored him with, gives a "psychometrical reading of Dr. Gordon's character," flattering enough to turn the head of a less strong-minded man, telling the Doctor that "he has large, active executive powers," that "the poetic, ideal, and beautiful are prominent in his mind," that "he has an inventive genius, and is a good practical schemer, reasons from causality, can write poetry, has published to some extent, has musical appreciation keen, is naturally a speaker, has deep mathematical powers, when he dreams, dreams beautifully and wildly, prefers religion, and has an intuitive consciousness of the presence of spirits." "Your mediumship," says this lucid and complimentary psychometrist, "is of the impressional nature." Sad that Dr. Gordon must disclaim such honorable distinction, and, referring the flattering oracle to the art of Satan, must call this analysis of his character only a devilish "brain-dribble"!

The *fifth* sitting deserves special notice, as throwing some light upon the occupation and dialect of the spiritual world. The medium in this instance, member of an Orthodox Congregational Church, is possessed by a guardian angel in the shape of an Irishman, a "very pure-minded, accommodating, and useful companion." The business of this Celt is that of a "porter," and he carries messages from the physicians in heaven to the sick on earth. Dr. Gordon gives us three pages of his rich brogue and his broad humor, rather doubting if his readers will not smile at his credulity. Pat states that there is no hell, no devil; that he has not met the Virgin Mary anywhere in the spheres; that Jesus Christ "was the greatest madegium dthat ever lived," and that "devil a bit" of difference it makes what a man's religion is.

Dr. Gordon's personal experiences make up a chapter of seventy-five pages, and their conclusion is thus naively expressed: "We contend that the low intelligence, the fantastic movements, the *hifalutin*, and the infamous sentiments, brought out to astonish the world, are precisely in keeping with the character of Satan, and that their occurrence at this time goes to demonstrate the truth of the Scriptures."

The chapter of personal experiences is followed by a rather ingenious attempt to identify the modern manifestations with ancient heathen feats of deviltry. He attempts to show that all the varieties of *mediums* had their parallel in ancient Pagan ages, — that Jamblichus tells substantially the same story as Judge Edmonds, and that Fabricius is as copious in his enumeration of mediums as Messrs. Partridge, Brittan, & Co. can be. A circumstantial account is given, in this connection, of the extraordinary efforts of the philanthropic Spear and his inspired female friend

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to erect an electrical Saviour on the High Rock at Lynn. Jannes and Jambres, of course, are not forgotten, and the whole history of necromancy, from their day to ours, is shown to be "the legitimate growth of guilt and the running commentary upon human depravity."

To his second test, the character and tone of the revelations, Dr. Gordon devotes a hundred very amusing pages. He furnishes specimens of all varieties of spirit literature and spirit life, quite as unique as the collections of D'Israeli the elder. These are remarkable for their freedom from all trammels of fact, science, and rhetoric. Spirit Swedenborg tells of *soil at the centre of the earth*, puts the language of Paul into the mouth of Christ, and talks of Christians *wandering* toward the mark of their high calling. Spirit Bacon says that God is the *product of developed intelligence*, and that the soul's destiny is to *assist* God in administering his laws. The "joy of heaven" is slightly changed, and instead of rejoicing over some new penitent on earth, the angels all leave their business to keep jubilee as they repeat to each other, "Judge Edmonds's letter is out!" We are favored with a description of a spiritual saw-mill, and of a sample of spiritual *farming*, on a *black-sand* plain, without sunlight. *Buttermilk*, it seems, is a drink in which spirits indulge; and "John Anderson my Joe" has become in heaven a popular air, with choral accompaniment. The spirit-world is "located," and its distance, with the average breadth of "the spheres" in miles, is accurately given. From all the elegant extracts, of which we have not space to make even a selection, it is evident that the society of "the spheres" is very promiscuous, not at all aristocratic. The earthly distinctions of refinement and scholarship, and even of decided morality, seem to vanish when the flesh is cast off. All souls take about the same intellectual and social level, talk in the same general strain, and manifest the same amiable idiocy. We cannot distinguish Pythagoras from Fishbough, or Washington from Dr. Hare, or Channing from A. J. Davis. All are indeed one in that blessed region, and Christ and his Apostles ejaculate the vulgar nonsense natural to Bowery mediums at two dollars a sitting.

We had marked many pertinent passages from this and the *third test* of Dr. Gordon's book, viz. the Bible; but it is giving too much notice to pernicious follies to quote them. The book proves just this, that whatever theory of these manifestations may be adopted, there is nothing in them to shake the faith of a sane man in the truths of the Gospel, least of all an intelligent Unitarian Christian. We do not share the fear which our Calvinistic brother seems to feel, that a delusion, of which the venality is so transparent, and the intelligence so watery, will, if not checked, overthrow Christianity.

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Rome, Christian and Papal. Sketches of its Religious Monuments and Ecclesiastical Hierarchy; with Notices of the Jesuits and the Inquisition. By L. De Sanctis, D.D., formerly Curate of the Magdalene, Professor of Theology in the Roman University, and Qualificator at the Inquisition. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 261.

In this small volume there is a good deal of interesting description, of novel information, and of truthful invective. Unquestionable and damning facts of Jesuit morality and intrigue are laid bare. The writer speaks as one who knows and has suffered. Yet the sectarian bitterness and the Calvinistic dogmatism which possess the soul of Dr. De Sanctis weaken the effect of many of his exposures. We should as soon trust Rev. Dr. Cooke's account of the Methodists, as the stories of this convert about his former Roman teachers. The Jesuits are not so thoroughly wicked as he represents them to be. Nor are they so weak in dialectics as to be vanquished by the kind of arguments which the Waldensian uses in this book. As a piece of special pleading, these conversations have merit. But they are nothing better than that. That there are instances of profligate priests in Rome, as there are of profligate preachers in Switzerland and in America, we do not deny. But we do not believe that the average life of Roman curates is correctly reported in the "eighth letter" of this book. Dr. De Sanctis's view of "Indulgences" is one which Calvinists impute to the Church of Rome, but which its own officials indignantly disclaim. The irreverence and indecorum of the Pope and Cardinals on Palm Sunday in St. Peter's is, we are confident, wholly a fiction, — a gross violation, to say no more, of that rigid etiquette which prevails in all ceremonies where the Pope is a party. The interpretation of the famous Jesuit maxim, "for the greater glory of God," is forced and fallacious. It was not meant in the beginning, and is not now meant, as an evasion of the higher laws of obedience and justice. Nor is it true, that "one can no longer be a good Catholic without being a Jesuit." We have heard earnest reproaches of the Jesuits from the lips of devout Romish priests. In Rome, where the Jesuits control the schools, it is not safe to say much against them openly. But in other Catholic states a man may do so, without suspicion of heresy.

This small volume of Dr. De Sanctis is only introductory to a larger work, in which he proposes to describe Rome as it is, and to prove that it is "Babylon of the Apocalypse." We cannot anticipate an impartial or very valuable work from the specimen already before us. Modern Genevan orthodoxy is characterized by a narrowness and a bibliolatry which forbid us to

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expect great results from that source in any department of theology. Dr. De Sanctis's work will probably rank with Gaussen's "Inspiration," and D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," as an accurate and reliable treatise.

The Homeward Path. By the Author of "The Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life, or the Sunday-School Teacher." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 171.

We could name many a bulky volume of learned sermons that does not contain a hundredth part of the spiritual meat offered to the reader in these few unpretending pages. In fourteen chapters, besides the Introduction, the author discusses the great themes of the religious life as Christ and the highest Christian experience present them to our minds and hearts. The work is well done. The style of the book is delightfully clear, simple, and earnest; and although the writer avoids all attempts to attract and fasten attention by scientific or literary illustrations, we are sure that no one, whose judgment in the matter is of any worth, will complain of dulness. We have found nothing traditional or merely formal, no cant, no superficial dealing with profound matters, no conventionalisms, or dogmatizing, or pharisaism, but throughout a tone of thought and feeling at once healthy and deep, at once practical and high; indeed, the words of one writing of things known and testifying of things seen. We hope that it will find its way into all our families, — into the hands of our Sunday-school teachers and their elder pupils especially; and we are sure that it will be a most welcome counsellor and monitor.

The Poetry of the East. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1856. 12mo. pp. 280.

Next to the original poet, who *creates* a new realm for us by the plastic power of his genius, the cultivated and enterprising man of letters who reveals one by his researches deserves the thanks of the reading world. Such thanks Mr. Alger has richly earned from American readers by the glimpse he has given us, in this volume, of Oriental poetry.

These specimens, and still more the admirable Introduction which precedes them, have brought to our mind the quaint German proverb, *Hinter den Bergen giebts auch Leute*, — "There are people the other side of the hills." We on this

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side of the hills, or the ocean, or the equator, or the age, or whatever the geographical or historical boundary, are apt to regard our own world as the whole world, and to live in contented ignorance of the great outside which limits and transcends it. Here, now, is a great, wide world of philosophic and poetic literature, which, till near the close of the last century, was as little known to the *litterateurs* of the West, as the American continent was to ancient geography. The only form of Oriental literature of which Europe had any knowledge, was that portion of the Semitic contained in the Bible. If, indeed, the term Oriental can be properly conceded to anything west of the Euphrates, Christian theology necessitated some acquaintance with the sacred books of the Hebrews.

Mr. Alger, with apt allusion to the early discoveries of the Portuguese in the Indian Ocean, calls Sir William Jones "the Vasco de Gama who first piloted the thought of Europe to the Oriental shores." This statement is true as it regards England; but we must not overlook the services of Anquetil du Perron, who preceded Sir William Jones by some twenty years, and whose publication of the Zend Avesta first drew the attention of European scholars — of Sir William Jones among the rest — to the literary treasures of the East. The English, it must be allowed, have been diligent and successful pioneers in this new territory. Their commercial and political hold of India has facilitated and stimulated the study of the language and literature of that portion of the Oriental world.

A notice in the *Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses* had drawn the attention of the Oxford scholar to a class of books called *Nataks*, which, on arriving in Bengal, and inquiring of the Brahmins, he discovered to be a species of dramatic composition. Further investigation put him in possession of a manuscript copy of the splendid production of Kalidasa, the Hindoo contemporary of Virgil and Horace; and the year 1789 was made memorable in the annals of literature by the first introduction to the Western world of *Sakoontala*, which Goethe, knowing it only in that first imperfect presentation, declared to be the blossom of Spring and the fruit of Autumn, rapture and nourishment, heaven and earth, in one. We hope to see the more recent version, from a purer text, of this Indian gem, by Monier Williams, made generally accessible to the American public. Will not Mr. Alger undertake this task?

Friedrich Schlegel, with his *Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*, and A. W. Schlegel, with his *Indische Bibliothek* and his *Bhagavat Ghita*, stand at the head of a numerous band of German Orientalists, who have brought the national thoroughness and philosophic discipline to the study of the Sanscrit, and the elucidation of Vedantic lore. The labors of Von Hammer

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Purgstall require no comment. Goethe, the literary Charlemagne, who stretched from his throne in the West a friendly hand toward the rising sun, and placed himself *en rapport* with Asia, — Goethe, who chose that nothing poetic should be foreign to him, — has reproduced the mind of the East with such freshness in his *Westöstlicher Divan* as to draw from Friedrich Rückert the confession:

> "Would you feast
> On purest East,
> You must ask it of the selfsame man
> Who the best
> Has served the West
> With such vintage as none other can." *

Rückert himself, who, in power over language and in skilful accommodation of the German to foreign measures, equals the elder Schlegel, while far surpassing him in poetic endowments, has transplanted many a choice exotic from those lands in his *Erbauliches und Beschauliches aus dem Morgenland.* Hegel quotes from his version of Dschelaleddin Rumi, with great admiration both of the skill of the translator and of the lofty consciousness of unity (*des einen*) manifested by Mohammedan philosophy in those passages.† Georg Friedrich Daumer, another laborer in this field, has distinguished himself not less by his "Mahomet" and his "Hafis," than by his *Religion des neuen Zeitalters.* More valuable than any of the above-mentioned, in our estimation, is Tholuck's *Blüthensammlung aus der morgenländischen Mystik,* — the noblest contribution yet made to our knowledge of Mohammedan thought.

If any one imagines that the treasures of Oriental literature are all buried treasures, far removed in the cryptic past, and that the East of to-day is visionless and voiceless, let him read Bodenstedt's *Tausend und ein Tag im Orient,* and imbibe through his version the honeyed dithyrambs of Mirtsa Schaffy. He will find that the "Tongue of the Secret" is not gone silent, and that the nineteenth century has its Hafiz as well as the fourteenth.

To Mr. Alger belongs the praise of being the first American who, so far as we know, has surveyed the ground embraced in these pages, — certainly the first who has reported the same for the benefit of the American public. He has given us a golden volume, replete with sage thoughts and memorable sayings, — a costly anthology, in which every specimen is either rich or strange. This is no ephemeral production, to be read and done

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* Milnes's version.

† Hegel's *Encyclopädie,* 3ter Theil, *Philosophie des Geistes.*

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with once for all, but a commonplace book of wit and wisdom, to be kept within reach as a constant refreshment and never-failing delight.

The intelligent reader will of course make due allowance for inevitable evaporation and loss in successive transportations of such volatile stuff as lyric poetry from tongue to tongue. Poetry, as a general thing, is untranslatable in the sense of a perfect reproduction, both of its essence and its form. If here and there some brilliant exceptions appear, they are rather to be regarded as lucky hits, than as normal and calculable results of sheer industry. And if something necessarily escapes in the first translation, it is obvious how much must be lost when that translation is again translated, and the product offered is twice removed from the original article. Such is the case with the poems here presented. Mr. Alger professes no acquaintance with Oriental tongues, and although "the whole field of Oriental literature, so far as accessible through English, Latin, and German translations, has long been a favorite province" with him, he has never yet come into primary relations with it. His "knowledge of the original materials has been obtained through translations." That in spite of this disadvantage there is so much sap and savor in these specimens, is highly creditable to the translator, and proof presumptive of the transcendental excellence of the original.

We have spoken of the Introduction as possessing peculiar value. We know of no essay in the English language which contains in a small compass so much desirable information respecting the vast and comparatively unknown realms of Eastern mind. We gratefully acknowledge the modest claim which the author prefers in its behalf, when he says: "It comes into a place where many are looking, and therefore may be welcomed, although it incompletely fills that place."

Manual of United States History. From 1492 *to* 1850. By Samuel Eliot, Author of "A History of Liberty," and Professor of History and Literature in Trinity College. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 483.

The utmost skill of the most gifted and practised author could not make so compact a treatise upon so large a theme very entertaining; and yet, whilst the author of this Manual has been compelled to refrain from all indulgence in rhetoric and pleasant minutiæ, he has succeeded in making a very readable book, well fitted for the study-table and for schools. We turned first to the closing chapters, curious to see how far the writer had

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succeeded in preparing a record of matters which still convulse the country, and are likely to be agitated for years to come. It is no easy task to frame a book of our national chronicles that shall be suffered to go north, south, east, and west, — a book that shall be welcomed amongst ourselves, and at the same time not honored with a place on the Southern Index Expurgatorius. Mr. Eliot has been very successful in this respect, and if he has made the last portions of his Manual characterless, it was only an inevitable consequence and a necessity of disastrous times. The book seems to us very valuable for the purposes which the author proposes to advance.

The Torchlight: or, Through the Wood. By HARRIET A. OLCOTT, Author of "Isora's Child." New York: Derby and Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 447.

A PLEASANTLY written and very attractive book, elevated in its tone, graphic in its descriptions, and not without a good vein of humor; so we judge from a hasty survey of its pages.

The Geography of Nature: or, The World as it is. By M. VALLIET. Translated from the French, by a Lady. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 610.

IT has been a good practice of late in our schools to confine the attention of the scholars to map-questions, to the neglect of what is called descriptive geography. If any time can be saved in this way, it would be well employed in the study of this very entertaining and instructive volume. But it is more than a school-book, and will reward the general reader. Imagine a traveller sailing over oceans, seas, and lakes, exploring islands and continents, passing from zone to zone, now dwelling in civilized lands and now living in caves with savages, daguerreotyping all along fishes, reptiles, animals, the coral of the seas and the trees and shrubs of the shore, the common and the rare, — then give him a ready pen and a skilful engraver, and you might have just what M. Valliet and his translator have given us, — an admirable picture-book for boys and girls, and information which will be new to many an adult. The method of exhausting the natural geography of one country at a time strikes us very favorably.

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A Second-Class Reader; consisting of Extracts, in Prose and Verse. For the Use of the Second Classes in Public and Private Schools. With an Introductory Treatise on Reading and the Training of the Vocal Organs. By G. S. HILLARD. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1857. 12mo. pp. 278.

MR. HILLARD has prepared in this volume an excellent sequel to a Reader which has already gained a place in some of our best schools. The Introduction will, we hope, be used more than such introductions have been heretofore. Good reading cannot be secured until far more than the ordinary share of attention has been given to enunciation. The pieces in this Reader are simple, and well chosen in other respects to attract the young and afford them a varied practice.

Dickens's Little Folks. A Series of Beautiful Juveniles selected from Dickens's Works, in his own Language. With Illustrations by Darley. 18mo. Second Series: — I. *The Boy Joe and Sam Weller*, from the "Pickwick Papers." II. *Sissy Jupe*, from "Hard Times." III. *The Two Daughters*, from "Martin Chuzzlewit." IV. *Tiny Tim and Dot, and the Fairy Cricket*, from the "Christmas Stories." V. *Dame Durden*, from "Bleak House." VI. *Dolly Varden, the Little Coquette*, from "Barnaby Rudge." New York: Redfield.

DICKENS is welcome in any form, and readers who are not very juvenile will be glad to renew their acquaintance with his sweet and humorous fancies through these pretty little volumes, — real manuals, hand-books of the kind that every one likes. The only question we have about them is this: Are they quite down to the childish capacity? Certainly, Pickwick and Weller are not characters specially suited to the young, not to speak of the accompanying juvenile obesity. Still, what will not suit the children will be eagerly caught up by their elders, and so "betwixt them both" the books will have justice done them.

Step by Step; or, Delia Arlington. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 12mo.

THOSE who have read the series of papers in "The Monthly Religious Magazine," under the title, "A Year of Trial," will recognize in this volume the graceful hand and the deep relig-

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ious feeling of the same writer. The story before us relates the experience of a young girl, left an orphan and an heiress at the period of life most dangerous to the Christian character, and with some natural traits increasing that danger. But with these she combines a strong love of right; and, favored by the guidance of some excellent friends, she passes unhurt through the critical forming period; her harsher peculiarities are softened down, her religious spirit developed, and we leave her at the point which marks her purpose of self-consecration, by admission to church-membership. The book is not a novel, though there is incident enough in it to render it attractive. It is not a child's book, for Delia's character and temptations are beyond those of children. It is designed for young persons, especially females, of Delia's own age, — from sixteen to eighteen; and we can hardly imagine such a one perusing it without experiencing an elevating and purifying influence. The portion which describes the young disciple's attendance on her dying cousin, Frederic Grafton, with the change she is enabled to effect in his character, is of touching beauty; and the whole volume such as parents may place in the hands of their daughters with the assurance that they are making both an acceptable and a truly valuable present.

Paul Fane, or Parts of a Life else Untold. By N. P. Willis, Esq. New York: C. Scribner. Boston: Williams & Co.

"Soul is form and doth the body make."

Willis's world-wide fame as poet and word-painter, his "Inklings," "Pencillings," "Loiterings," Fragments, &c., &c., — all those genius-stamped, beauty-imbued favorites of the public, — are a warrant and a passport for anything that may emanate from his mental workshop; but this singular creation (if creation it may be called, which presents to the world the *true* inner life of struggling genius and its circumstantial development) adds yet a laurel to his brow. The pages of Paul Fane are a spell of enchantment, against which it is useless to contend; the heart-harp is so skilfully fingered, and its chords ring out such bewilderingly sweet music, that there is, as it were, a glamour thrown over the reader which almost obscures his judgment. This secret must be personality. Willis evidently dips his pen into the depths of his own spirit-nature, the plaintive tenderness of some of his delineations brings him so very near to us. Without any great stretch of the imagination, one might suppose the so-called novel to be an autobiography, an intensified picture of

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a real life, — and why not? Let us cite from the Princess, one of its most original and fascinating characters, *why*.

"'It is natural, of course,' she musingly said, (as she retouched the figure here and there while under criticism,) 'that one's own nature, whatever it be, should impress itself on the model as one works. It is the escape, indeed, of a fermenting identity, which might else, I should think, become an agony. The air I breathe scarce seems to me more necessary in that respect, than the art on which I slake this thirst for self-transfusion.'"

Thus Paul, the artist-hero, leaves the New World, the clustering comforts of home and hearth-stone, his tenderly worshipped mother and family, for the Old World of aristocracy, conventionality, and beauty, to school himself in the study of life, nature, and especially art. His youthful sensitiveness almost quails before the cold "Ashley eye" of assumed superiority; but as time matures his native dignity and manly independence, he becomes eminently American, and finds that his own patent of nobility is direct from the King of kings. With elastic step and intellectual rebound he runs the gauntlet of European life and society, betraying at every turn his æsthetical devotion. There is a steam-power of satire bursting through those dashing illustrations, the Firkins family, and the Hoosier artist, Blivins, which is a new phase in the wit and humor of the author. Sybil, the embodiment of Paul's ideal of womanhood, first wakes his soul to its own impassioned nature, and the psychological unfolding of the leaves of the innermost, the subtile analysis of a lofty spirit stirred by noble impulse and motive, is wrought out with all the metaphysical acumen and eloquence of a seer. The parting of Paul and Sybil is a whole tragedy, portrayed with intense feeling, and thence springs its transcendent power. The Ashleys gracefully group themselves into the middle-ground of the picture, while dear Mary Evenden steps into the charmed circle, a Consuelo to Paul in time of need; "her love and completeness of sympathy forming the whole sunshine of life to himself, as it did its most visible beauty and poetry to the eyes of others."

The book is entirely unique, — a wildly meandering and untrodden pathway in the fields of romance, for there is nothing like it. We do not find fault with it, but have confessed to the sorcery or divination, and can only wish for more.

A Memoir of His Honor Samuel Phillips, LL. D. By Rev. John L. Taylor [Andover]. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 1856. 8vo. pp. 391.

Our attention was first engaged for this rich volume by an altogether charming and hearty tribute accorded to it, in a re-

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view of it by Professor Park, in the Bibliotheca Sacra. That review, by a skilful analysis of the volume, and by various extracts from it, made a noble portraiture of its subject, and did only fair justice to the merits of its author. Having since enjoyed the possession of the volume, we are now doubly bound to communicate to our readers our own grateful appreciation of it. But few of our readers can need to be told how much our community, in all its generations, from the very first, owes to the Phillips family. The pleasant sketch of its genealogies, and of its various services, here given, is used as a setting for the full-drawn portraits of the Judge and the Lieutenant-Governor of that name. The virtues and charities, the business life, and the high honors of the chief subject of this Memoir, involve in their relation many most delightful sketches of an age and a class of men just now passing from the remembrances of all the living. The sweetest aroma of piety and virtue is diffused over the pages. School, college, church, and home here bind their honors, and dispense their fruit in loving and holy fellowship.

Kansas; its Interior and Exterior Life. Including a full View of its Settlement, Political History, Social Life, Climate, Soil, Productions, Scenery, etc. By Sara T. L. Robinson. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 366.

The subjects specified on the title-page of this volume are the very ones on which we desire accurate and authentic information from a witness of the first authority. The avidity with which Mrs. Robinson's work has been sought for, and the entire confidence with which readers feel that they may receive her statements, may render it unnecessary for us to invite attention to it. When under calmer and wiser influences the subjects which she treats with such a painful fidelity shall come to be reviewed, an accurate relation of facts will be the most valuable element for the task. This volume will then be to friend or foe — as respects the main issue in which Kansas has been the battle-field — the source of all necessary information. Frightful as are many of her representations, disgraceful to our land and age as are many of the deeds and measures she is compelled to record, the shame of them rests with the perpetrators, not with the faithful historian of them. Some sunny pages brighten the dark and dreary character of her narrative, — as the glorious attractions which God has gathered about that region stand in contrast with the atrocities which base politicians have there enacted.

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History of Texas from its First Settlement in 1685 *to its Annexation to the United States in* 1846. By H. YOAKUM, Esq. New York: Redfield. 1856. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 482, 576.

THE name of the author of these two solid volumes is new to us. But from the examination which we have made of their contents, we are satisfied of his ability and his purpose to furnish in them a valuable addition to our largely increasing materials for general history. Beginning with the age of romance under the French and Spanish explorers and settlers, Mr. Yoakum gives us a carefully prepared narrative of their enterprise and rivalries, incidentally presenting us with enough of detail upon the local features of the country, its original history, and its fortunes. Passing down to the connection of the country with Mexican, European, and United States policy and politics, he rehearses the incidents which connect themselves with the soil of Texas, as having invited the ambition and enterprise of various classes of men, from freebooters to patriots. In the Appendix to the first volume we find an interesting Autobiography of Colonel Ellis P. Bean, and in that to the second, extensive official documents and papers of value on the existing resources and condition of Texas. We commend the work to what we hope is a proportionately increasing class of readers who can value and appreciate its laborious historical character.

Sermons. By ALVAN LAMSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 424.

THE modesty of this title, when set in comparison with the wealth and wisdom which enter into the sentiment and the substance of the sermons contained in it, suggests to us the terms for pronouncing an encomium upon the author. But we suppress the prompting of our heart, even though our calmest judgment would go with its utterance, for we would not offend the modesty which our praise would set in contrast with high worth. Our readers know of Dr. Lamson as the most thorough and accurate scholar in our own communion. We believe him unsurpassed by any one living among us in any other communion, in the becoming learning of a well-furnished Christian minister. We all of us owe him grateful returns for his valuable service to us in the fields of ecclesiastical history and patristic lore. This journal especially may bear witness to its obligations to him as the contributor of papers of the highest value, as selecting, simplifying, explaining, and illustrating the more interesting, valuable,

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and difficult contents of the works of the Christian Fathers. He is no second-hand scholar. He has drunk at the fountains, and knows the true quality of their waters. Exactness, clearness, simplicity, and strong good-sense, with moderation and candor, are the distinguishing characteristics of his intellectual composition and of the work which he has wrought. Would that we had more from his pen! Would that we had more Christian scholars of his make and pattern, — men trained by severe and exact study, skilled in the antiquities of the faith, masters and true doctors of theology, equally deliberate in the formation of well-grounded opinions, equally conscientious in the utterance of such opinions on vital points, equally intelligible, lucid, and free from fogginess in the communication of such opinions! True learning, sound scholarship, theological attainments and culture, have declined among us. We have admirable *litterateurs* in our ministerial libraries, and many accomplished essayists and rhetoricians in our pulpits. Dr. Lamson, in his quiet rural parsonage, seems to rebuke the most of us, though from lips which always obey the law of kindness. He represents to us the honorable distinctions of a former age of scholars, with the added refinements, graces, and adaptations of modern culture.

We therefore take up his volume of sermons, knowing beforehand that in its perusal we are about to commit ourselves to the counsels and instruction of a master in Christian wisdom, a devout, faithful, and much-loved preacher and pastor. It is in compliance only with the emphatic request of his parishioners that he has published this volume. It contains twenty-nine sermons, — less in number by ten than the nearly twoscore years during which he has served his people. The only way in which we should be willing to assume even the appearance of undertaking a criticism of these most excellent and instructive discourses, would be in presenting extracts from them, with but brief words of comment. For this we have not space. We must content ourselves, therefore, with being the medium of informing some of our readers that there is such a volume inviting their perusal, and offering to them in a singularly felicitous style the mature and devout wisdom of one of our most honored ministers. The pages may be trusted to carry with them conviction and edification. To our readers in any other communion we would say, Here is a volume the sentiments in which you may ascribe to "Unitarians," if you please, whether your design be to commend or to censure us.

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Compositions in Outline, by FELIX O. C. DARLEY, *from Judd's "Margaret."* Engraved by CONRAD HUBER. Redfield: New York.

WE welcome with most cordial delight and gratitude this beautiful tribute of genius in one art to genius in another. Here we have what may be fairly called the first, and, we do not hesitate to add, a perfect specimen of the employment of the sketcher's ideality and skill for the elaborate illustration of a distinctively American work. How would the too-early summoned author, Mr. Judd, have enjoyed this lavish outlay of taste and ingenuity upon the scenes and characters of his own favorite work! New England, "without distinction of sect or party," is as much bound to buy and enjoy this volume, as to pay heed to the proclamations of its Governors, so far as regards the designation of a particular day for Thanksgiving. New England characteristics, serious and humorous, rustic and refined, grave, satirical, and homely, startle us with their lifelike verisimilitude in these wonderfully successful illustrations of Margaret. We say to parents, Buy, and we say to children, Ask your parents to buy for you, "Darley's Margaret." You will find the keenly drawn and most faithful sketches, thirty in number, accompanied by generous letter-press explanations selected from Mr. Judd's book. But you ought to have the book also. We are disinterested in our advice, for it comes from a feeling higher even than that of gratitude.

Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims. By EDMUND H. SEARS. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 342.

NOBODY who reads the author's "Introduction" to this volume will lightly yield to any pressure of preoccupation or needful self-denial of proffered pleasure by consenting to forego its perusal. If the relish which Mr. Sears communicates in those few most ingenious pages, which no one but a genius could have written to begin with, does not excite hunger, we know not the laws of appetite. The wide circle of confiding and loving readers which the author has already won by having written the finest Christmas hymn in our language, — need we name its first line, "Calm on the listening ear of night"? — and that excellent Essay entitled "Regeneration," will be widened by the circulation of this volume. He himself hesitates under what class of writings to place it. We will help him so far as to say that it belongs to a class of literary compositions which, without

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trifling in any way with strict truth, combine instruction on past scenes and characters, beautiful delineations of home life and home virtues, the interest of family chronicles and of personal experiences, — all mellowed by romantic tints and sweet fancies, and lifted into the heights of sober and devout wisdom, to find a heavenly moral. Only such a book would Mr. Sears be likely to wish to offer to his readers, and such a book he has here given us. We might attempt to present an idea of his method. But we have said enough to assure our readers that the author has not aimed below his own standard, and for the rest they had better learn of him than of us.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1857. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

This is the eighth volume of the Third Series, being the twenty-eighth volume of the complete set of publications which have been continuously issued under the above title. Each volume, however, is complete in itself, and independent in its contents upon those which precede or follow it. An immense amount of valuable information, useful more or less during each day in the year, and prepared with a most painstaking regard to accuracy, is presented in the work. Besides the Astronomical and the Civil Calendar, there is a body of political and statistical matter relating to our own general and State governments, foreign nations and our relations with them, and incidental matters to which persons of all classes have occasion to refer. An obituary record, and a diary of the most important events of the preceding year, close the new volume.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have promised a large circle of eagerly expectant readers, that the opening year shall find in their hands two volumes of the Familiar Correspondence of Daniel Webster. Some of the newspapers have been favored with choice passages from the sheets of the work while it has been in progress, and the appetite for it may now be regarded as sufficiently keen.

The series of the British Poets and of the British Essayists, published

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in so elegant a form by this firm, continue in steady progress. The six volumes of the Poets last issued contain the works of Moore.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have just issued an inviting volume, filled with valuable information pleasantly communicated, by Professor Holton, of Middlebury College. It is entitled, "New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes." (8vo, pp. 605.) The book is richly illustrated and crowded with instruction, rising from the homeliest economical details to the highest scientific views. Whether read for amusement or for knowledge, it will keep the reader's attention. Its glossaries and statistical tables, its geographical, philosophical, political, and social materials, make it of a wonderfully comprehensive value either to travellers or to home readers.

Messrs. Harper have also reprinted, from the London edition, with all the illustrations, Charles J. Andersson's excitingly interesting volume, entitled, "Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa." (12mo, pp. 521.) Wild enough is the scenery described and the men and other creatures encountered in this volume; nor should we think the author wholly destitute of that characteristic.

Of the title, "Prue and I," which introduces to us the new volume by George William Curtis (New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co., 1856, 16mo, pp. 214), we will say nothing, not knowing what to say. But of the wealth of fancy and of sentiment, of the graces of style, the conceits of thought, and the beauty of imagery and delineation in it, we may speak in unmeasured terms of encomium. It is a delightful volume, shining with the true radiance of genius, and manifesting the results of high culture. If our readers, male or female, would know precisely what sort of contents, worthy of such praise, can follow such a title, we will frankly say that we should do injustice to them and to the author if we trespassed upon his right to give them that information himself.

Mason Brothers, of New York, have published, in one volume, from the competent editorial oversight of Epes Sargent, "The Poetical Works of Horace Smith and James Smith," authors of the "Rejected Addresses." (12mo, pp. 414.) Portraits of the brothers, biographical sketches, and illustrative information, increase the value of a carefully arranged collection of poems, which are sure of being kept in remembrance.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published (2 vols. 12mo, pp. 429, 400) "Notes, Practical and Expository, on the Gospels," by Rev. Charles H. Hall. The author, an Episcopalian, has evidently aimed faithfully and laboriously to facilitate the understanding and the best use of the Gospels, by Bible classes and Sunday-school teachers especially, while seeking to serve a larger circle of devout readers.

From Messrs. Appleton & Co. we have also a most agreeable variation from the usual style of volumes relating to life and travel in Europe, in a work reputed to be from the pen of Mrs. Rives, the accomplished lady of one of our diplomatic representatives abroad. Its title, "Home and the World," happily expresses its original method of bringing into contrast scenes of life under the more winning aspects of existence here with the intenser experiences connected with the same human fortunes in the Old World capitals.

"Milledulcia: A Thousand Pleasant Things," — is another happily

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chosen title given by the Appletons to a beautifully printed volume, filled with selections from twelve compact volumes of the English periodical called "Notes and Queries." The cream of that ingeniously compounded luxury for literary and antiquarian appetites must needs be rich. We commend the volume as a right-hand companion for the broken hours of students and readers.

Under the title of "Autobiography of a Female Slave" (12mo, pp. 406), Redfield has published a work of great power and interest, whose contents painfully engage the tenderest sensibilities of a reader, when they do not stir his indignation, over the recital of the manifold atrocities and iniquities from the dark parentage of slavery. The subject of the book is evidently her own biographer only in the sense — but that is the best sense — of being the narrator of the personal experiences which it presents. We have confidence in the truth of the narrative, and we ask for it its own just share in that fearfully momentous object of teaching and terrifying us all in view of the volcanic fires which are kindled beneath us.

Messrs. James Munroe & Co. have published a new edition, in two volumes (12mo), of Rev. Dr. Osgood's excellent translation of De Wette's "Human Life," and also, in the same form, of the Rev. J. F. Clarke's translation of the same author's "Theodore, or the Sceptic's Conversion." These publications were received with high favor when first issued, as being faithful renderings, by scholarly men, of works deserving of regard in the processes of mental training in moral and religious themes.

The same firm have issued new editions of Mrs. Sigourney's "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands"; of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"; and of the stories by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." "The Silent Footsteps" is the title of a new story, characterized by tender and affectionate sentiments, and published by the same firm.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have published another very pleasant and instructive volume on the inexhaustible themes of a European tour. It bears the title of "A Physician's Vacation; or, A Summer in Europe," — and contains the journal of Dr. Walter Channing, of this city, during the five pleasant months of the year 1852. His course led him to England, Prussia, Denmark, Central and Southern Europe, and France, over a now familiar way; but there is sufficient originality and peculiarity in his manner of looking at things, and of making useful and striking observations upon them, to give to his journal a distinctive character, and to engage for it the unflagging attention of the reader.

The same firm have given to the public yet another — and we must think it the best — translation of Goethe's "Faust." It is the work of one of our most exact and accomplished German scholars, the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of whose peculiar ability and fitness for this task no one who knows him can need assurance from us. Years of careful study, added to natural aptitudes and a poet's inborn gift, have qualified him for the work. The distinctive characteristic of this translation is, that it adheres in the structure of its versification to the various and alternating metres of the original. Of course, smoothness must be sacrificed for occasional hardness and constrained expression, in order to carry out this very difficult principle. But the English reader gains by it a more perfect idea of the genius and the make of the original. We wish that the

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translator's diffidence had not withheld him from doubling the thickness of the volume, by giving us a commentary or exposition of the artistic, philosophical, and psychological elements of the poem. We think that his competence to such a task gives the reader a claim upon him for its performance. When the translation passes into a new edition, we hope it may be enriched by such an addition.

The Rev. B. Parsons, at the age of eighty-seven years, appears as the author of a small book bearing the title, "Last Words of an Advocate of Pure Evangelical Religion." (New York: Daniel Fanshaw, 16mo, pp. 252.) The venerable age of the writer, and the subject on which he thus engages his last, best thoughts, invite the attention of the serious reader to his book.

Of books more especially adapted to interest young persons, this is the period of time for the best supply. Leading off the list comes a "Memoir of Washington," by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 12mo, pp. 516). This is excellently suited to the use of the young, as the method adopted for presenting what is most engaging in the life of its great subject admits of wise selection and affectionate relation.

"Autumnal Leaves: Tales and Sketches in Prose and Rhyme," by L. Maria Child (New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 16mo, pp. 365), — is the title of a collection of pieces, some of which have already appeared in print, others of which are new to readers, from the pen of a much esteemed writer. Mrs. Child was one of the earliest, and has always been among the best, of our female authors. It is with pleasure that we put into the hands of our children the works of a favorite instructor of our own youth, a large contributor to its happiness.

"Stories for Christmas and Winter Evenings" is the title of the third volume of Putnam's Story Library (G. P. Putnam & Co., New York, 16mo, pp. 324). The principle recognized in this very popular series of books is to gather together the stories of best proved interest and of the highest moral. They are safe and pleasure-giving.

We add the titles of a few more children's books, which we may safely commend to those in search of them: —

Now or Never; or, The Adventures of Bobby Bright. A Story for Young Folks. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Brown, Bazin, & Co.

Tales of Flemish Life. By Hendrik Conscience. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co.

The Play-Day Book: New Stories for Little Folks. By Fanny Fern. Illustrated by Fred. M. Coffin. New York: Mason and Brothers.

Sedgemoor; or Home Lessons. By Mrs. Manners. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

History of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By John S. C. Abbott. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Old Whitey's Christmas Trot. A Story for the Holidays. By A. Oakey Hall. With Sixteen Illustrations, by Thwaites. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Little Learner, Learning about Common Times. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Grandmother Lee's Portfolio. Illustrated by Hammatt Billings. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall.

Sabbath Talks with Little Children on the Psalms of David. By the Author of "The Mothers of the Bible." Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

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We hope to offer our proper tribute to Dr. Kane's splendid work, and to himself, in an Article in our next number.

Dr. Robinson's Biblical Researches, in their extended form, will engage our notice in our next number.

We are constrained, also, much to our own regret, to defer our own due recognition of the virtues and excellences of that beloved friend whom our churches are now mourning, the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Peabody.

OBITUARY.

The late Samuel Hoar, of Concord, Massachusetts, moved in so large a circle in the world, he fulfilled so high and extensive a responsibility, and had so important an influence in society, while he was with us, that now, when he has passed away from our sight, it is well to recur again and again to the moral of his life, to see what use he made of the means placed in his hands, and what he accomplished with them. It will be profitable as well as pleasant to review and establish in our minds the principles that governed him, and kindle anew in our hearts the affections that warmed his own, and made his being a centre of happiness to those who were about him.

Mr. Hoar was born in Lincoln, in this State, on the 18th of May, 1778. In his early years, he wrought upon the farm with his father. But preferring a different sphere, he entered Harvard College in 1798, and graduated with distinguished honors in 1802. He then taught the children in a private family, in Virginia, for two years. While there, he began the study of the law. He finished his preliminary professional education in the office of the late Judge Artemas Ward, of Charlestown. In 1805, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law in Concord, where he remained until his death, which took place on the 2d of November, 1856.

His professional career was one of uninterrupted success. He very early reached a position at the head of the bar of Middlesex County, and there he sustained himself without rival as long as he desired to practice. He secured and preserved the unmeasured confidence of the people who intrusted their legal interests, their fortunes, their personal rights, and their reputations in his hands, when they were in peril. He was a learned and a sound lawyer, a judicious and faithful counsellor, and an earnest and honorable advocate. His legal opinions were relied upon as decisive of questions in doubt. His thorough knowledge of the law, his high moral character, his love of and firm adherence to truth, his extreme gravity, his freedom from all exaggeration, and his sincerity, gave him great influence with juries and other bodies whom he addressed, and made his professional services of great value to those who were in need of them.

For nearly forty years, Mr. Hoar held his high position at the bar, not only of Middlesex, but in other parts of the State. He was often called to practise in other counties, and he was almost as familiarly known in the courts of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Worcester as he was at home.

After a long and laborious course, although in good health, he voluntarily retired from the active engagements and the hard struggles of professional life, and devoted himself to more genial pursuits.

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Mr. Hoar was a Federalist, when that party had an existence, and was therefore generally in the political minority in his own county. Moreover, he shrunk from political entanglements and strife, for he deemed such to be inconsistent with professional success and usefulness, which were his main ambition. Yet he was elected to public offices at various times. He was a member of the House of Representatives and of the Senate of Massachusetts, and for two years one of the Governor's Council. He was a Representative in the Twenty-fourth Congress of the United States. He was in the Convention that framed the new Constitution of this State, in 1820. In all these offices, he was a man of mark and power, and his influence, by speech and by vote, was given to the support of the right, the true, and the liberal, in principle and in practice.

About thirty years ago, some of the Southern States prohibited, by law, the coming of free colored persons within their borders. Colored seamen, cooks, and passengers, on board of merchant-vessels, were forbidden to enter their harbors, even for the temporary purpose of delivering or receiving cargoes, except on the condition of being imprisoned at their own cost while they remained. And if they should fail, from inability or other cause, to pay the jailer's fees and their board, they were to be sold, and the money raised to pay this expense.

Massachusetts, through her Legislature and her merchants and philanthropists, protested against this as oppressive to her colored citizens, as an interference with the freedom and the interests of commerce, and with the recognized constitutional rights of the people of the several States. As these protests were unavailing, the Legislature authorized the appointment of agents in South Carolina and Louisiana, to look after the interests of her colored seamen who should visit those States, and, if need be, test the constitutionality of those laws in the national courts. Accordingly, several citizens of those States were appointed for this purpose, but they all declined; and it became necessary to send agents from home to Charleston and New Orleans.

This office was a very delicate one to manage, and difficult to perform. Both the governments and the people of those States were unwilling that these laws should be called in question. Their own lawyers, who are willing to act in behalf of any honorable interest and engage in the defence of even the criminal, declined the acceptance of this agency to defend the colored seamen coming from the North, at the request of the Legislature of Massachusetts. It was manifest that there was not only a resolution to sustain their position at all hazards, but an extreme sensitiveness as to even a doubt of its propriety, and an irritable jealousy of any interference from abroad, even by the ordinary process of law, in behalf of these colored citizens of the Free States.

It was therefore necessary to select for this agency one whose character, courage, and legal knowledge would sustain him in the conflict which he must wage, single-handed, against the combined powers of the State and people on whose soil the trial must take place. It was necessary to add to these qualifications such wisdom, prudence, and courtesy as would lead those people to tolerate at least, if not to favor, this measure, which they looked upon with so much suspicion and dissatisfaction in the advance.

Of all the men in the State, Mr. Hoar seemed to combine these qualities in a larger degree than any other, and he was accordingly selected by Governor Briggs for this delicate and responsible work, in 1844. In

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the autumn of that year, he went to Charleston, South Carolina, with the purpose of bringing a case of some imprisoned colored citizen of Massachusetts before the courts of the United States, and to ask for a decision of the question whether this law of imprisonment were in conformity with, or repugnant to, the national Constitution.

Immediately on his arrival, he sent a note to the Governor of South Carolina, informing him of the authority by which he came, and the purpose of his visit, and requesting an amicable co-operation to secure the ends of justice. The Governor transmitted these papers to the Legislature, then in session, for their consideration and advice. That body referred this message and the papers to a committee, who reported:—

"*Resolved*, That the right to exclude from their territories seditious persons, or others whose presence may be dangerous to their peace, is essential to every independent state.

"*Resolved*, That the emissary sent by the State of Massachusetts to the State of South Carolina, with the avowed purpose of interfering with her institutions and disturbing her peace, is to be regarded in the character he has assumed, and to be treated accordingly.

"*Resolved*, That his Excellency the Governor be requested to expel from our territory the said agent, after due notice to depart, and that the Legislature will sustain the executive authority in any measures it may adopt for the purposes aforesaid."

In Charleston, Mr. Hoar endeavored to obtain access to the records of the courts in respect to the proceedings against colored seamen from Massachusetts, but without success; no office was opened to him, no books were free to his inspection. In the mean time, there was much excitement in the city, on account of Mr. Hoar's mission there. The people seemed alarmed, as if some evil were threatened by his presence among them. He was waited upon by some of the men in authority, and informed that he would not be allowed to remain among them, still less would he be permitted to open and contest any case, even in the national courts, in behalf of free colored seamen. He was advised to leave the city and State at once, in order to escape danger.

Within a day or two, and before any information could be obtained, or any action taken in pursuit of his purpose, a number of gentlemen, including men of property and standing, came with a large crowd of people and several carriages, and informed him that they were ready to escort him to the boat, which was soon to leave the harbor for the North, and they were prepared to execute their will at whatever cost. Finding resistance to the people and the authorities to be useless, he went to the boat, accompanied by several men and gentlemen of the city, and soon left the State.

Mr. Hoar's wisdom and learning, his sympathy with mankind, and his generous spirit, brought upon him many responsibilities for the care of other men's affairs, both within and beyond the pale of his profession. He was intrusted to manage, or appointed to aid in administering, or solicited to advise concerning, the personal and financial interests of the public, of associations, and of individuals. To each and to all of these he gave his hearty and efficient service. Regarding man and fearing God, he protected alike the fortune of the affluent and the mite of the widow. He gave his sympathy and encouragement to the various schemes of education and charity, for the elevation of the masses, the advancement of the cultivated, and the relief of the suffering.

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He was an Overseer of Harvard College, and a Trustee of the School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth. He was a Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was connected with the Colonization Society, and with the Unitarian Association and the Bible Society. He was associated with those who were engaged in the causes of Temperance and of Human Freedom.

In the early and middle periods of his life, the overwhelming calls of his profession, with occasional service of the public, absorbed most of his time and energies. But in his later years he threw off the burden of legal practice, and gave himself up to the service of his fellow-men, to the calls of benevolence, the work of alleviating the ills of the world, and improving its condition. He was particularly interested in the Idiot School, and most faithful to his responsibility as a trustee of the establishment. He was never absent from, nor even late in his attendance upon, the meetings of the board, although they were held frequently, and twenty miles from his home. He watched over and cultivated the interests of that school with affectionate and unfaltering zeal; and his many visits to those benighted children, and his earnest and tender regard for their welfare and improvement, manifested the kindness of his heart and the warmth of his charity toward even the humblest of the children of God.

He earnestly sympathized with, and encouraged the interests of, education, both secular and religious, in every form and in every variety, and was ready and willing to render his active aid and personal service in their behalf.

At that period of his life when most men retire from all official responsibility, and leave to their juniors to labor for the public, he cheerfully served his townsmen on the School Committee, and failed not in his visitations at the schools of every grade, — the high and the primary. He watched the struggles and the success of the child just grasping at his letters, and the ambitious youth striding through the higher branches. He became an active teacher in the Sunday school, and was constantly present with his class, even to the last Sabbath of his life. He had great confidence in this institution as one of the important means of establishing the kingdom of God in the hearts of men, in their earliest and most susceptible years. He was willing to spend and be spent in its service, and he warmly encouraged others, especially the young, to enlist in the same cause. He was an active member and a very efficient officer of the Middlesex Sunday-School Society, and promptly attended its meetings in the various parts of the county, however remote from his home, and however forbidding might be the season. He was also an efficient co-operator in the State Sunday-School Society, and one of the last acts of his life was his attendance at a meeting of its officers, in Boston, to make arrangements for its celebration at Salem.

He believed that alcoholic stimulants were almost always injurious and never beneficial in health. He saw that their use was destructive to the moral and intellectual powers, as well as to the physical frame. He therefore warmly enlisted in the work of reformation, and co-operated zealously with those who were laboring for the suppression of intemperance.

The same regard for man, and high ideal of human destiny and hu-

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man right, led him early to desire that all should enjoy the due opportunities of developing and using the faculties that nature had given them, and to believe and assert that they had a natural right to self-direction and self-government. His observations of the relation of master and slave, during his residence in Virginia, strengthened these sentiments, and shaped them distinctly into the principle, that this relation was wrong to the laborer and not advantageous to the owner, and opposed to the law of God and the hopes of a generous humanity. This feeling was deepened and this principle strengthened and enlivened by his experience in South Carolina.

When he saw that the supporters of slavery were not contented with its mere passive existence under the Constitution, but were determined to give it an active power as well as an increasing life; moreover, when he found that they were resolved to make this a paramount object in every association and in every line of policy, and to forego all others for its sake, and even overrule justice and the charities and courtesies of life to establish and extend it, then he thought it the duty of those who differed from them to meet the question with something more than a merely passive dissent, and to oppose the aggression with an active, resolute, and unfaltering resistance, whenever and wherever it should present itself. He therefore co-operated with those who, trusting in the Constitution and regarding its powers and its requirements, yet believed it was never intended to encourage or admit the growth and spread of slavery in this land.

He early became a member of the church in Concord under the care of the late Rev. Dr. Ripley, and was a fast friend to him and to his successor, Mr. Frost, until his death. He was a never-failing attendant on divine worship; morning and afternoon always found him there. In winter and summer, in fair weather and in storm, when many others find excuse for absence, he was sure to be in his seat, even to the last Sunday of his life.

His great interest in religion, and his love for its institutions and ordinances, brought him into intimate contact with its friends, and especially the clergy. He was the ready friend and supporter of the Church, in all its various forms of doctrine and organization. He was much relied upon for advice in its trials and afflictions. Probably no man in his time, except perhaps the late Judge Hubbard, was called upon more frequently to aid the Church with his legal wisdom, and to defend and sustain its legal rights, before judges and juries, referees and councils, for he was eminently its counsellor and its defender.

His domestic relations were extremely happy. He married Sarah, the daughter of Roger Sherman, Senator in Congress from Connecticut.

These are the substantial facts of Mr. Hoar's life, which, from the beginning to the end, through almost fourscore years, was never an idle one, nor even one of entire rest; but always spent in service that was profitable to his fellow-men.

In reviewing the life of one who has so faithfully and acceptably served the two generations that are past and passing, it is well to analyze the character that gave his life its power and success, and see what further lesson may be drawn from it for the encouragement and benefit of those who would live righteously and usefully in the world.

The prominent elements in Mr. Hoar's character were a strong and well-balanced mind, a thorough discipline of all his intellectual and moral powers, an uncompromising love of truth under every circum-

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stance, great respect for man as such and a tender regard for his well-being, and a deep and abiding reverence for the Being and the Law of God.

These elements were manifested to a marked degree in his early life, and, by constant and persevering cultivation, they grew even to his latest years, when in his serene and happy old age they shone with uncommon brilliancy and acted with unusual power.

With him, life was ever earnest and unfalteringly true. Whatever his hands found to do, that he did with all his might, and that might was great and effective. He considered, that for him no office should be a mere sinecure, no position mere honor, no undertaking a bare name; but whatever of these he accepted, or whatever expectation he encouraged, he fulfilled to the extremity of his power, for he looked upon all the responsibilities which he assumed, whether professional or extraneous, as religious trusts, which he was required to fulfil to his utmost-extent and in the most perfect manner. He considered himself as bound to bring to his work all the resources which his talent and opportunities could command. He therefore conscientiously fortified himself in the law, both in its principles and its details, and examined every subject, whether legal or otherwise, that was submitted to his direction or his influence; for he deemed that nothing, short of the best and the most effective within his reach, was due to those who intrusted their interests, of whatever nature and however great or small, in his hands, and this he resolutely determined to give to their work.

His temperament was nervous-bilious. He happily combined with great modesty and self-chastening also great firmness and resolution, that carried him through all trials and labors, and enabled him to sustain heavy responsibilities without hesitation. He was cheerful, but never buoyant. He took bright views of the world, its progress, and its destiny. Grave and serious in his manner, he was not stern nor austere. He was kind and affectionate, and judged liberally and generously of the acts and motives of others. His feelings, emotions, and passions were all subdued, and ever under the control of his will. In the forensic contests before the juries, in the strifes of contending parties, he, the leader of one or the other, never lost his self-possession, but gentle and placid, though firm, he was his own master, commanding and directing all the resources which nature and study had given him, and applying them to the purposes then before him, and to the service of those who employed him.

In his domestic and private life, with his family, his friends, and his neighbors, Mr. Hoar showed the beauty of his chastened spirit, his elevation of purpose, and the power of his comprehensive affections. Taking interest in the affairs of others, and sympathizing with them in their joys and their sorrows, their plans and their struggles, he was ever ready to lend his encouragement where it was availing, and to do good where it was needed. He was therefore a most valuable citizen in his own town and neighborhood. Although retiring in his manner and habit, he was very social. His vast experience and intercourse with the world, his abundant learning, especially in history, in political science, and general literature, and his almost exhaustless fund of anecdote, by which he illustrated his positions and enriched his conversation, made him a very agreeable as well as profitable companion and an acceptable member of society.

In his dealings with the world, in his intercourse with his friends, and in his professional practice, Mr. Hoar's first desire seemed to be to

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receive and to impart truth. He was laborious and patient in his investigations, and extremely cautious in his deductions. He allowed himself to have no opinions except such as seemed to him to have good foundations to rest upon. He was willing to hold his judgment in abeyance, in regard to matters on which he had insufficient knowledge, preferring to confess his ignorance rather than to admit and impart a hasty and perhaps erroneous conclusion.

He was cautious and guarded in his statements and expressions. He was careful to convey just so much as he knew or believed to be true, and no more, so that no man should be misled by any looseness of his speech, or be misguided by any ill-founded opinions from him. These habits of mind, and his severity of self-discipline, made him very wise in the ordinary affairs of life, and his judgment very safe, not only for his own guidance, but for others who in any degree came within the reach of his influence. The advice of such a prudent and able counsellor was, therefore, sought by many, especially in respect to questions of law.

But this cautious habit of investigation and deduction, and his love of truth, made him unwilling to undertake the management of many suits at law which sought his leadership. He would not as a counsellor encourage, nor as an advocate engage in, any cause, unless he saw that there was a good ground for prosecution or defence. He would lend his aid to the weak and the persecuted, but not to the strong and unjust persecutor. He loved to ferret out and expose wrong, to lay bare the schemes of iniquity, and to sustain the righteous, both in the courts of law and in the world at large.

With all his frequent practice in courts and intercourse with litigants, he was eminently adverse to litigation. He discouraged lawsuits. He preferred that his clients should settle their difficulties amicably, rather than go into the arena of legal strife.

In all the affairs of the world, he kept himself aloof from the petty variances and disagreements that sometimes creep into society. He was never involved in the troubles of neighborhood, or of towns, or of parties; but he lent his influence for peace and harmony.

He was decided in his religious and his political opinions. He did not hesitate to declare which party or association enjoyed his confidence and sympathy. Yet he was no controversialist, nor a propagandist; he was willing that others should enjoy their opinions undisturbed, as he claimed to enjoy his own.

The foundations of his character and the governing principle of his life were laid deep in his strong religious convictions and affections, and his constant reverence for the Being and Presence of God. These seemed to go with him in all his dealings with his fellow-men, in all his connection with the affairs of the world.

So Mr. Hoar's life and conversation, his example and his influence, were always given to the support of the right, the true, and the generous, to the service of God and the increase of righteousness and love among mankind. And having been faithful to his trust of talents and opportunities through two generations on earth, he has passed to a larger and nobler sphere of existence; and yet his memory dwells among us, to bless the world by its teachings, and by its invitations and encouragements to an honorable and successful stewardship.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MARCH, 1857.

ART. I. — ROBINSON'S LATER BIBLICAL RESEARCHES.*

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the balance of an edition. As new poets must publish, heedless of the probable fate of all new poetry, so travellers in Palestine must learn by the experience of print how little the public care for their expensive adventures.

A second class of books about Palestine are those which try to give us the aspect and the spirit of the land as it is to-day, — the "face of the Orient," to use the rather pompous phrase which is now so common. These books are pictures of life and scenery, — desert life, village life, convent life, — Bedouin and peasant and janizary, — ploughing on the plain, and vineyards on the hills, — beauty over against desolation, tranquillity saddened by ruin, olive-groves contrasted with naked yellow rocks, flowery Carmel wet by snowy Hermon, — the equal loveliness and misery of the land which God's sun still shines on, but which God's grace has forsaken. In these books religious sentiment is not very prominent, and the Scriptural associations of the land seem evidently wearisome rather than exciting to the writers. Sharon gains nothing by its connection with Solomon, nor Jericho as the scene of the wars of Joshua. This indifference to the Scriptural interest of the land is compensated by the charming fancy which idealizes and glorifies what would otherwise be the commonplaces of life to-day in Palestine. The Syrian land as it is, is seen best through the tinted glass of such itinerants as Kinglake and Curtis. If we were to direct a friend to the best pictures of Palestine, the best description of its real appearance and impression, we should send him to Eothen and to the Howadji in Syria.

A third class of books about Palestine, which partake in some degree of the characteristics of the last class, but have also a marked and ruling motive of their own, are the stories of "pilgrimage." To this class belong the larger portion of the ancient itineraries, and the modern works which are most celebrated and popular. Some of them are works of Jews, some of Catholics, some of Protestants; but in all, the leading purpose is to describe the shrines which have been visited, and to awaken a kindred religious enthusiasm. The emotion and the glow are chiefly joined to the memorials of the Church, the Saviour, or the people of God. In these works there are many mistakes, many exaggerations,

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and many omissions of what one would like to know; but in the main they tell what is most important, and what gives to the land its highest glory. The credulous conjectures and the absurd traditions which are inlaid in their narrative cannot hinder the sympathy with which readers follow them. The excess of reverence makes up for the lack of accuracy. We are afraid that the majority of readers will continue to trust to Lamartine rather than to Robinson for their knowledge of the Holy Land. We confess the fascination to us of Chateaubriand's pages, though they have no scientific value. And we have heard the regret more than once expressed, that Stanley, in his recent admirable work, did not give more of his own pilgrim reflections, even with the loss of his criticisms and discussions. Travels in Palestine which are wholly destitute of the pilgrim spirit must have extraordinary merit in other respects to be even tolerable. The itinerary of an atheist, or a sceptic, or an unbelieving rationalist, in that land, whatever its literary or logical ability, will have less favor among men than the legends recited by that most credulous of all pilgrims, Sir John Mandeville.

To a fourth class belong travels which are undertaken and published for some special artistic or practical end, either to illustrate localities, or to trace analogies, or to identify the customs of the present with the customs of the past. Such, for instance, are the works of Bartlett, who describes what he saw mainly to explain the sketches of his pencil, whose text is but the help and the framework of his engravings. Such is the recent volume of Professor Hackett, who mentions only those things which seem to him to throw light upon passages of Scripture. This class is small, but is likely to increase, as interest in the practical affairs of the Holy Land is awakened. We have noticed in some Jewish periodicals accounts of Palestine which seem to have been written for the purpose of discouraging emigration to that region. Perhaps one of the next works that shall appear will be the demonstration of the valley of the Jordan as a suitable track for the railroad between England and India. As books of travel, of course, works of this kind will always be imperfect, however valuable.

The remaining class, which is almost entirely the

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product of the present century, and, indeed, of the last twenty years, is made up of books about Palestine which have chiefly a scientific design, — to establish some historical theory, to settle some disputed point, or to supply some department of general science; geological tours, like that of Russegger and Anderson; reports of special expeditions, like that of Lynch; journeys undertaken to identify sites, like that of Tobler to Jerusalem; and all works, the main features of which are investigations, measurements, and discussions, which tell what the timepiece and the barometer, the foot-rule and the compass, have established concerning the sacred mountains, the sacred plains, and the sacred cities. These are the works most prized, but least read; which ought to be in all good libraries, but circulate through very few hands. In some instances, as in Williams's "Holy City," their controversial sharpness of tone gives them a sort of attraction which a bare statement of facts would lack; and in others, as in the case of De Saulcy's exploration around the Dead Sea, their bold conjectures make us curious to see what will come next. Yet to most readers the scientific itineraries of Palestine are dull, in spite of the sacred names and important facts which decorate their pages. They remain works of reference, and are set by the side of dictionaries and encyclopædias, even when their form is so convenient for handling, as Mr. Porter's volumes about the Hauran and the Damascus Plain.

In this last class the work of Dr. Robinson stands by general confession first, not only of works in the English tongue, but also in any tongue. No other traveller has done so much for the geography, the topography, and the antiquities of the Holy Land, in determining facts, and in separating truth from error. He is the highest authority, and on most points an undisputed authority. His work is not only a convenient storehouse from which travellers of the first class may draw to eke out their scanty notes, but a thesaurus for great geographical works, such as that of Ritter. Its appearance marked an epoch in the knowledge of the Holy Land, as much as the theory of Copernicus in astronomy, or the invention of Fulton in navigation. Its singular fulness, its exact method, and the calm sagacity with which

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all its propositions were announced and defended, secured for it an instant and universal deference, the more remarkable, if we consider its novelties of opinion, and its bold iconoclasm. Niebuhr's criticisms upon the legends of ancient Rome were not more startling than Robinson's criticisms upon the shrines of Palestine. Sites which pilgrim feet had sought for ages became profane as this keen-eyed observer passed. All the raptures that poets had expended suddenly collapsed as the knife of this analyst pierced their tradition. Names which had been so long joined to sacred scenes that they seemed to have almost the authority of Scripture, lost their identity and their charm. The one redeeming feature in the extravagances of Easter week in Jerusalem, that they were excess of reverence for the tomb of Christ, faded at once; hills which had been the places of miracle, and grottos which had been the abodes of prophecy, became only common hills and caverns. The Holy Land seemed to be despoiled while it was described, and a new desolation to have passed upon it as fatal as that of Assyrian armies. The first impression of Robinson's Biblical Researches was like that of Strauss's Life of Jesus. The one seemed to do for the land of the Saviour what the other did for the Saviour's story. In each the scientific and constructive purpose was accompanied by the same destructive result. And when we had lost Tabor and Calvary, it seemed natural and easy that we should lose the transfiguration and the crucifixion. Of course, this impression of destruction, in the case of Robinson's volumes, was only a first impression. His spirit as an investigator is very different from the spirit of Strauss.

It is remarkable, that, in all the opposition which the views of Robinson about the Holy Land have provoked, so few of his points should have been fairly met, and so few of his reasonings refuted. Some of the doubts which were started at first have since subsided, and most of the opinions have been adopted or acquiesced in. The inquiries of subsequent travellers have tended in most instances to confirm his decisions, and in nearly every instance to justify his criticism. His conjectures, like Mr. Collier's new readings of Shakespeare, seem in most cases preferable to the existing tradition. In a few

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important particulars, however, the opposition to his views seemed to have more weight. And it was chiefly to re-examine these disputed points, and weigh on the spot the arguments which had been brought forward, that this second journey (of which the volume before us is the fruit) was undertaken. In his first chapter Dr. Robinson modestly suggests the deficiencies of his former work, as an additional reason for going over the ground anew. But that reason will have more force to himself than to his readers. The only noticeable deficiency of the previous journey was that it did not mention every town and village, every hill and stream, — that it left some recesses of the land unvisited. It was only the deficiency which belongs to a book of travels in Italy which leaves out Calabria, or of travels in Egypt which does not include the Lybian Desert. Such a deficiency is much more marked in the present volume, since here we have a circle of travel in Northern Syria which reaches only to a portion of the sites and monuments of that famous historical region. While this volume closes the Biblical Researches of the author in Palestine, it seems to commence a wider range of investigation in the lands which the Orontes fertilizes, and which hold the memories of Phœnician, Assyrian, and Grecian power. A visit to Damascus would seem to impose on an investigator like Dr. Robinson the duty of examining Palmyra; and the road to Nineveh is naturally open to one who discourses so learnedly on the stones of Baalbec. We may be allowed to regret, therefore, that Dr. Robinson's researches in Northern Syria ended so soon, and that he did not mark the ways and determine the sites of that comparatively unvisited region farther than he has done. Immense difficulties, indeed are in the way of such an exploration. But its credit and its value would be proportionably greater.

This supplementary volume of Biblical Researches is published in connection with a new edition of the previous work, of which the three volumes are by compression and the use of smaller type here condensed into two. Nothing of any importance has been omitted. Though a considerable portion of the country previously visited is described in the new volume, yet the routes have been so varied that most of the present

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narrative is new. The first journey included the desert, the Sinaitic peninsula, and the land of Idumæa, which are quite beyond the limit of the second. The route through Palestine in 1838 was direct from Jerusalem to Beirut, varying but little from the common track of travel. The route in 1852 touches the usual route of travel only at three or four points, and opens parts of the land rarely traversed by Europeans. It passes within sight of famous towns without stopping to notice them, and it seeks out sites of which the very names have a novel sound. In general, the new route is far less interesting than the old, and it must have required some firmness to avoid occasional divergences. We are surprised that Mount Carmel should have been passed a second time without examination, and that a few hours should not have been spared for Tiberias, which has undergone important changes since 1838, when it was in ruins from the recent earthquake. How could one go twice so near to Nazareth without being drawn to greet the monks of its convent, and to ascend again the hill of Nebi Ismail, and revive the sacred memories of that marvellous prospect?

The second journey partly reversed the direction of the first, commencing at the point where the first journey terminated. On the second day of March, 1852, Dr. Robinson reached Beirut. Various circumstances prevented him from immediately setting out upon his journey, and more than a month passed before his preparations were completed. He was not idle in the interval, but employed his time in excursions to various sites in the neighboring region of the Lebanon, and in observations upon the changes that had come in fourteen years in the chief port of Syria. The convention of Syrian missionaries, which takes place annually in the month of March, gave to his stay additional interest. And the first chapter, which is a record of what to him was an annoying detention, is really as agreeable and instructive as any in his book. It was an affecting surprise to meet in that convention five of his former pupils, one half the number of the ordained missionaries. Of the results of the mission thus far, Dr. Robinson speaks with candor and moderation. One striking sign of progress which he mentions is the foundation of a native

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"Society of Arts and Sciences" at Beirut. This is a regular Arab Lyceum, with lectures, discussions, and papers on various scientific and literary subjects at semi-monthly meetings. It is chiefly composed of young men, some of whom have been pupils of the missionaries, while others are strictly self-educated. The speaking at the meetings which Dr. Robinson attended would compare favorably, he thinks, with the speaking in similar societies in London and New York. The library of the association, besides its large and valuable collection of Arabic and Turkish manuscripts, has a considerable number of printed books. The contrast between the romantic tales of the cafés and the debates of this club is rather curious. Think of disputing under Saracenic arches the question, "Are all men capable of civilization?"

Dr. Robinson gives a pleasant account of his visit to Abeih, and the examination of the mission seminary which he attended. The number of pupils in this seminary is not so great as might be wished, and the staff of instruction seems disproportionately large. Two native teachers assist Mr. Calhoun in the instruction of *nineteen* boys. But the teaching seems to be thorough, and the answers were prompt and accurate. Great things are expected to come from this school, both in civilizing and Christianizing the men of the Lebanon mountains. Thus far, pupils from the Maronites have been few, and from the Catholics and Greeks not many. Druses wait on the Christian teaching, but are not easily converted. We expect quite as much good from the growth of Beirut as a commercial port, as from the labors in the mission schools. The great achievement of translating the Bible into Arabic, which has occupied Dr. Smith these many years, is worthy of all praise. But we have more confidence in the general acquaintance with Franks which grows up through traffic and travel, than in any such special effort. This new translation will rather be a monument of literary industry than a work of great practical value.

On the fifth day of April, Dr. Robinson fairly started on his journey. His companion for the trip through Palestine was Rev. Dr. Eli Smith, who accompanied him in 1838. Large experience of travel, and acquaint-

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ance with the language, people, and, to some extent, with the route, made it unnecessary for them to burden themselves with many encumbrances. Twelve days were occupied in the journey to Akka, including the Sunday, on which day it was uniformly their custom to rest. The usual route was followed as far as Sidon, where the hospitalities of Dr. Thomson (which so many gratefully remember) were heartily enjoyed. From this point they turned eastward, over the slopes and through the gorges, as far as Rûm, a Christian village on the peak of one of the mountains. From this point their way went southward in zigzag movement, almost wholly over precipitous hills. Some entertaining accounts are given of the life of the mountaineers, of extraordinary landscapes, and remarkable ruins of castles of the Byzantine and the Saracen ages. In one or two instances, discoveries of Scriptural sites seem to have been made as the Ramah of Asher and the Ramah of Naphthali. At Kefi Birim and Merion, interesting Jewish remains were examined, the origin of which is not decided. But this first portion of his journey has less to interest most readers than any part of the narrative. It is singular that Dr. Robinson should hear in the mountains of Lebanon, for "the first time in his life," the cry of the jackal; a nightly cry which wearies the ears of most travellers in the desert and the plains of the Holy Land.

The stay of the party at Akka was short, but long enough to enable Dr. Robinson to unite with his historical sketch a graphic description of Akka as it is. Like every visitor who brings to it the impression of the great events of which it has been the theatre, he was disappointed in the extent of so famous a city. This is a feeling which comes in the first view of several of the Eastern cities, particularly in the first view of Jerusalem. Their area seems far too limited for their historical fame. Akka is nevertheless a considerable town, important as the residence of a Pacha, and as the most strongly fortified place in Syria. Its commerce is increasing, the flags of many nations fly in its roadstead, and it pays a large tax to the Turkish rulers. It contains a Jewish synagogue, a church of each of the four leading Christian sects, and six Moslem mosques. The family of the American Consul, though native Syrians, are all Prot-

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estants. In the Appendix is given a full list of the statistics of the province of Akka, carefully prepared by this gentleman. The real port of Akka is the town of Haifer, at the head of the bay.

The second stage of the journey, ten days in length, was by a route which no previous travellers, so far as we can remember, have followed. The general direction was along the western side of the mountains, about midway between the coast and the usual route of travel, diverging only to visit Cana and Nablous. Here his observations are interesting and important. He is able to fix the site of Jotapata, one of the cities of Josephus, on a hill in Northern Galilee, and to verify the site of Cana, which he had before elaborately argued. This is one of the subjects on which his opinion has been warmly disputed. A short note disposes of the adverse argument, and turns back upon De Saulcy his own reproach. Crossing the plain of Esdraelon, opposite the ridge of Carmel, he ventured to pass entirely without arms through the mountain district of Samaria, which has so bad a fame for robbers, fanatics, and assassins. His reception was kindly. The bigoted Moslems came to his tent, conversed with him without reserve, gave him information about taxes and customs, were ready with their attentions, lending their water-jars, *giving* their wood, and refusing to *sell* their bread, and seemed altogether far more amiable than Dr. Prime and his party found them a few months later. The district of Nablous, if more turbulent and troublesome than the other districts of Palestine, has certainly some excellent peculiarities. The land is in freehold, the taxes are poll-taxes, and the people have more self-respect than the servile races of Judæa. Jews are fewer here, even as mechanics, while in the cities of Judæa and Galilee they have almost the whole of the mechanical trades. It is a striking fact, that in only a single instance are any Jews known, within the limits of Palestine, to be engaged in agriculture. In the Druse village of Bukeia, in the Southern Lebanon, are a little remnant, about twenty persons in all, who till the ground like the Fellahs. This circumstance has given rise to the conjecture, which seems to Dr. Robinson not improbable, that they are the only remnant of the ancient race which continue to dwell on and cultivate the acres of their fathers.

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In the neighborhood of Hableh, a village near the site of the ancient Antipatris, Dr. Robinson found an ancient wine-press, the "first that he had ever seen. Advantage had been taken of a ledge of rock; on the upper side towards the south, a shallow vat had been dug out, eight feet square, and fifteen inches deep, its bottom declining slightly towards the north. The thickness of rock left on the north was one foot; and two feet lower down on that side, another smaller vat was excavated, four feet square by three feet deep. The grapes were trodden in the shallow upper vat, and the juice drawn off by a hole at the bottom (still remaining) into the lower vat. This ancient press would seem to prove that the adjacent hills were once covered with vineyards; and such is its state of preservation, that, were there still grapes in the vicinity, it might at once be brought into use without repair. I would have given much to have been able to transport this ancient relic *in naturâ* to London or New York."

Dr. Robinson's decision concerning the site of Emmaus will be satisfactory to devout travellers, who, in passing up from Ramleh to Jerusalem, have stopped to rest before the ruins on the hill of Amwas, and have imagined that beside that still living fountain Jesus might have met his disciples after his resurrection, and explained to them the teachings of Moses and the prophets. He advises, nevertheless, very justly, that travellers should take a more northern route from Jaffa to Jerusalem than the usual route. Apart from the difficulties of the usual road, there are few points of interest after leaving Ramleh; while a slight circuit northward would enable one to pass near to Lydda, Gimso, Lower and Upper Bethhoron, and Gibeon, and see Ramah and Gibeah close at hand on the left. The first view of Jerusalem from the west is tame and unsatisfactory. But the first view from the hill of Scopas on the north is very fine and commanding. All along the northern route there are noble prospects, Scriptural associations, and a comparatively easy road-way; while the southern route is equally hard and desolate, relieved only by two or three half-ruined villages, and a few fountains.

Dr. Robinson devotes two sections of his volume, one hundred pages, to the city of Jerusalem. In the first,

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he relates his new observations and impressions, and in the second, he discusses the questions of topography and antiquities, particularly on those points where his former opinions have been disputed. These chapters will be read with great interest. They mention the signs of progress in the Holy City, the establishment of schools, hospitals, Protestant churches, the circulation of money, the restoration of ruined houses, the increased activity in the streets, the number of foreign residents, the hotels, — the numerous marks of improvement according to the Saxon notion of improvement, which after an interval of fourteen years it was very pleasant to witness. But a few pages finish all that Dr. Robinson has to say about the present and future of Jerusalem. He enters at once upon the narrative of his antiquarian walks and measurements. Many of these are repeated from the measurements of the first visit, with very slight variations. The most important of the new investigations are those made in the Bazaar, where the fragments of columns which were discovered by Schultz in 1848 are examined and described.

The new explorations of Dr. Robinson, both within and around the city, seem to have been very thorough. He had but seven working days, and they were seven days of busy work. In one or two instances he found reason to correct some previous opinions. The length of the subterranean channel from the fountain to the pool of Siloam, according to his former measurement, he considers now to be too great. The suggestions in regard to the aqueducts are slightly modified. But in all important particulars, the second visit to Jerusalem only confirms the views of the first. We have not space here to give even a synopsis of the arguments by which Dr. Robinson meets the objections of his assailants. Four points he regards as virtually admitted: 1st, that the ancient Zion was the southwest hill of the city, and had its northern limit near the street leading eastward from the Jaffa Gate; 2d, that the present site of the mosque of Omar is the hill of Moriah, and the ancient site of the temple; 3d, that the ancient tower by the Jaffa Gate is the tower Hippicus, mentioned by Josephus; and 4th, that the ruins near the Damascus Gate belong to an ancient gate-way of the second Jewish wall.

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These fundamental admissions are of great value in the discussions which follow. The maxim which he uses in these discussions is, that "the best way to preach down error is to preach the truth." Nine subjects are briefly considered: 1st, the position of Mount Akra, and the course of the Tyropœon; 2d, the position of Mount Bezetha; 3d, the place of "the Gate Gennath," from which the second wall started; 4th, the course of the second wall; 5th, the southern portion of the Haram Area; 6th, the extent of the fortress Antonia; 7th, the "waters" of Jerusalem; 8th, the sepulchres in the vicinity; and 9th, "the Holy Sepulchre." On the *first three* of these topics there is little dispute, and not much room for argument. The *fourth* is important only as it is connected with the *last*. Dr. Robinson's view on that point would probably not have been questioned, if the wall according to his marking had not included the site of the present church, and so taken away the genuineness of the shrine. The *fifth* point is interesting from its connection with the ancient fragment of an arch which bears the name of "Robinson's Bridge," which he supposed to be a fragment of the bridge from the temple to Mount Zion. The *sixth* point, which is the most elaborately argued, has been contested most sharply by several writers, among others Mr. Catherwood. On the *seventh* point, some new information has come to light since the publication of the former volumes, and the discoveries of Mr. Wolcott and Dr. Barclay are related. Under the *eighth* head Dr. Robinson repeats his reasons for believing the monument called the "Tombs of the Kings" to be the mausoleum of Helena, queen of Adiabene. An excellent diagram is also furnished of the curious cavern on Mount Olivet, called "the Tombs of the Prophets," which Dr. Robinson decides to be a misnomer. Lastly, he subjoins new evidence to that previously given, that the site of "the Holy Sepulchre" is not the site of Calvary, or the burial-place of Jesus.

Dr. Robinson's arguments on all these points seem to us to be equally candid and unanswerable. Only confirmed prejudice can refuse to admit their force. We are aware that American engineers have contended against his outline of the second wall, as contrary to the rules of military construction; but we have to remem-

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ber that the science of engineering now is a different thing from the method of engineering eighteen centuries ago. The position of the second wall, if decided according to the modern science of warfare, would leave outside of the city more than half of the area of Mount Akra. Against the numerous proofs of Robinson's theory, this consideration is of no weight.

Fully to consider the question of "the Holy Sepulchre" would require a separate article. To Protestants it is rather a question of curiosity than of real moment. It is perhaps to be regretted, that, in proving a negative so well, Dr. Robinson has not at least suggested a positive opinion, — offered some conjecture as to the real site of Calvary and the new tomb of Joseph more definite than the remark that they may have been upon "some of the roads leading to Joppa or Damascus." But it is contrary to the scientific purpose of his work to venture theories unless he has good arguments to sustain them. It is probable that in the forthcoming work of Dr. Barclay, whose long residence in Jerusalem, and whose careful examination of its localities entitle him to a respectful hearing, a new theory of the place of Calvary will be proposed. It is as certain as anything about the Holy Land can be, that the existing tradition is not true. It dates no farther back than the fourth century; all the topography is against it; history does not favor it more than it favors many other traditions now admitted to be false; and the archæological authority for it, when closely examined, is seen to have no force.

The parallel case of the spot of Stephen's martyrdom shows the uncertainty of ecclesiastical traditiqn. For more than a thousand years the scene of that event was held to be just outside of the present Damascus gate. There stood the great church which the Empress Eudocia, in the middle of the fifth century, erected, and thither the feet of pilgrims were turned from one generation to another. Yet now, as for three hundred years past, the place of Stephen's death is assigned to the *eastern side* of the city, and the gate which opens towards the Mount of Olives bears that martyr's name. No monk, Greek or Latin, will admit that any other place has ever been fixed for that event. Dr. Williams, whose principle it is *to believe in all tradition*, remarks,

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in the first edition of his book, the "*unhappy*" and "*provoking*" circumstance of this change in the shrine of St. Stephen. Dr. Robinson, more wisely, makes this an additional reason for his thesis, "that all ecclesiastical tradition respecting the ancient places in and around Jerusalem, and throughout Palestine, is of *no value*, except so far as it is supported by circumstances known from the Scriptures, or from other contemporary testimony." The only exception that we should add would be *the Jewish tradition*, to which we attach more weight than to any monkish legend. Every recent visitor to Jerusalem has had his attention called to the three great mounds of ashes just northwest from the Damascus Gate. The conjecture which was started in Germany a few years ago, that these mounds were the ashes of the sacrifices in the Jewish temple, has received some confirmation from a chemical analysis by Liebig, which has decided them to be of *animal* origin, and from the discovery of small pieces of bone among them. Dr. Robinson regards them as merely ashes from the soap-works of the city. He offers, however, no proof, but only the *probability*, that before the building of the third wall the ashes would not have been carried so far away. This is one of the few cases where his decision seems to us to be hasty and unsatisfactory.

During his stay at Jerusalem, Dr. Robinson made two excursions. The first, an excursion of some six or seven hours over the hills southwest of the city, was made for the purpose of identifying the supposed site of Bether, the scene of the final defeat of the Jews by the Romans, which Dr. Edersheim in his recent history so graphically describes. The investigation was not favorable to the genuineness of the reputed place. Neither the situation nor the ruins seemed to correspond to the accounts in the Talmud of the size and extent of the city. The chief arguments for it are the similarity of the name, Bittir, and the distance from Jerusalem; but these are deemed inconclusive. On the other hand, Dr. Robinson starts the inquiry whether *Bethel* may not have been the real place. The change of name is in only a single letter, and the site is in other respects very suitable.

The other excursion, to Halhul and Hebron, occupied two days. The principal scientific result of the journey

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was in the identification of the sites of Bethzur and Bethzacharia. The Moslems of Judæa were found to be as surly and inhospitable as on the previous visit, in spite of the civilizing influences which American and German missionaries have introduced in their neighborhood. Dr. Robinson's hope of the probable success of American agriculture among the Jews of Palestine is not sanguine. The experiment in the neighborhood of Bethlehem most signally failed, though the company was numerous and zealous enough, and had the advantage of Mr. Meshullam's advice and money. Mr. Meshullam is noted as an ardent proselyte, a skilful agriculturist, and a most ingenious artist in mother-of-pearl ornaments. His vegetables, his breastpins, and his faith are equally remarkable. Unquestionably he is the most enlightened man in the region; but he has, with all his experiments, an eye to the main chance, and makes money where others fail. And in general it is true, that all cases of conversion among the Jews of Palestine have proved (to use Meshullam's word) "remunerative." His last experiment is that of planting *sea-island cotton* on the hill-side southwest of Bethlehem.

On the 10th of May, the party left Jerusalem on their northward journey. Their route to Nablous was a few miles to the east of that usually travelled, through a wild and almost unexplored region, inhabited by tribes of exceedingly bad fame. The mountains on this route are shunned, as the home of marauders and cutthroats. Quite other was the impression of our travellers. They found in this unvisited tract a good soil, a good culture, and a courteous people, — gardens of onions, fields of wheat, and groves of olive, — mandrakes, partridges, plenty of sheep and goats, and military officers taking the census, and taking bribes of course. The only important site determined was that of Acrabi, near Nablous, a city which Eusebius and Jerome mention. Two days from Nablous eastward brought them to the bank of the Jordan, through a country but little known, yet rich in Scriptural associations. Ænon and Salim, where John baptized, ought to be here, but they were not found. Tirzah, the city of a king of Canaan; Archelais, founded by a son of Herod; Thebes, where Abimelech had his skull broken by the stone which a woman threw; Suc-

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coth, to which Jacob journeyed with his family and flock, — were all seen, examined, and probably identified. The luxuriant vegetation of this region was like that of the plains of Galilee. Thorns and thistles were mingled with oats and daisies, and the fountain El Beida was like Zion in Isaiah's song, "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." An encampment beside a tribe of the people, who had come up to their harvest, illustrated at once the primitive habits and the kindly spirit of these misrepresented villagers. The courtesy of the people to their Frank visitors did not, nevertheless, prevent Dr. Robinson from noticing their intestine feuds and divisions, which are nowhere in Palestine more bitter than in the more fertile regions.

The most exciting, if not the most fatiguing, day of this second journey, was that which was given to an excursion across the Jordan and over the hills of Perea. The chief object of the excursion was to find and fix the site of the "long-lost and long-sought Pella," the most important in profane and ecclesiastical history of all the cities of the Decapolis. The successful accomplishment of this alone more than repaid the fatigue of a twelve hours' ride. But besides this, they were able to identify the site of Jabesh-Gilead, memorable in the wars of the Judges and of Saul. The crossing of the Jordan, at either ford, proved difficult, but not dangerous. The song of the nightingale was heard in the valley, and the oaks of Bashan were remarked upon the hills. The Arabs east of the Jordan are usually considered to be ferocious; but Dr. Robinson found them rather shy, and not at all disposed to make trouble.

A Sunday passed at Beisan, the site of the Bethshan of the Hebrews and the Scythopolis of the Greeks, gives occasion for an historical sketch of that city, and a description of the ruins around it, to contrast its present desolation with its former prosperity, and the Egyptian village of to-day with the ancient monasteries which continued there for ages. As at Jericho, so at Beisan, the palm-trees have disappeared, and there is no more of that sacred weaving which belonged to the old convent life of Palestine.

The eighth section of the volume covers eight days of travels from Beisan to Hasbeiya, at the foot of Mount

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Hermon. In these, several interesting questions are discussed, especially the question concerning the plain of Gennesaret, and the probable sites of Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida. A second examination enables Dr. Robinson more forcibly to reaffirm his former opinion concerning the first of these cities. In regard to Chorazin, the site of which he had before considered uncertain, he now decides that it was on that spot, at the northern extremity of the lake, where Capernaum had been located by common tradition. Bethsaida he fixes at a point about intermediate between the two other cities, where there are still massive Roman remains. In thus fixing the sites of Chorazin and Bethsaida, he has altered the opinion which he before expressed, that they were probably on the shore of the lake, *south* of Capernaum.

No part of the Holy Land offers at once so remarkable a succession of striking scenery, and so fruitful a field for historical conjecture, as the region which encloses the sources of the Jordan. Black volcanic rocks over against the eternal snows of lofty Hermon, — reedy marshes, in which wild beasts lurk, and over which wild-fowl hover, — thickets of oleander, luxuriant as orange-groves, — pastures, dotted in the spring with the canvas tents of the Turkish soldiers, and grain-fields, bordered in the time of harvest by the black villages of the Arabs, — terraced crags, from which the vineyards hang, and long slopes which oak forests belt and darken, — great fountains, bursting instant from the rock into powerful rivers, — caverns, which equally invite and repel scrutiny, — ruins of ancient cities on the frequent mounds, which carry one back to the days of the Amorites and Hivites, — huge castles, which rival and surpass the famous fortresses of Europe, — the mingling of many races, Bedouins and Metawileh and Druses and Maronites and Jews and Protestants, each with costume and customs and worship separate from the other, — the sublime, the beautiful, the grotesque, — crowded Scriptural and historic associations, with a redundant and teeming fulness of real and present life, — all make a day's ride in that region memorable in a traveller's experience. Dr. Robinson's style seems to take on a new vivacity as he describes this charming and suggestive tract of Pales-

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tine. He stops to notice the eagle soaring above the gorges, — the magnificent red oak, "the branches of which were full of bird's-nests," — the old fig-trees and the stumps of palm, — the bees upon the "ever-flowering" plain, — mills almost buried under the creeping vines and the masses of foliage, — "conies" coming out from their holes in the rock, — fish "crowding" the waters, and hairless buffaloes; so that his description is exciting as that of a sentimental tourist. The account of that four days' excursion from Hasbeiya to Banias and the Lake Phiala is a succession of pictures.

The Lake Phiala, until recently, has been almost unknown to travellers. It is in many respects curious, — in its position, its surroundings, the nature of its formation, and the stories attached to it. It lies in the mountains about two hours east of Banias, the ancient Cæsarea Philippi. Its basin is an extinct crater, of an oval form, about two hundred feet below the surrounding tract, and about a mile in width. Seen at a distance, its waters seem bright and clear, but are found, on approaching, to be impure and slimy. The wild ducks remind one of Maryland rivers, but frogs and leeches do most abound in the waters. The leeches are gathered "by men wading in and letting the leeches fasten themselves upon their legs." The lake is "the paradise of frogs," which Dr. Robinson saw drawn up by myriads, as in battle array, along the margin. From his visit to this lake he is able emphatically to negative the popular legend that its waters feed the great fountain at Banias, and so supply the Jordan. Not only is the different color of the stream decisive, but the supply of such a fountain would draw the lake dry in a single day.

Banias and the neighboring castle have been often described, and Dr. Robinson does not attempt to give more than a condensed account of their history and present condition. He fixes, like most recent investigators, at "Tell el Kady," the central fountain of the Jordan, the site of the Hebrew city Dan, which was once fixed at Banias. At Kulat Bastra, a place at the foot of Mount Hermon, he found a riddle in the ruins, which he was not able to solve. They are not Jewish or Christian or Moslem remains, and are too numerous to have belonged to a Druse place of worship. He conjectures that this

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may have been one of the "high places" consecrated by the Phœnicians to the worship of their Baalim. The account of the several fountains of the Jordan is exceedingly interesting. No peculiarity of these remarkable fountains seems to have been left unnoticed. Four streams unite above the lake Huleh to form the sacred river. The longest is that which begins at the fountain of Hasbeiya, and breaks into cascades along the gorges for many miles before it unites with the rest. The strongest is that which bursts out at Tell el Kady, a river at its very beginning. The most beautiful is that which comes westward from Banias, — the only limpid stream of the group. The most perplexing to travellers is that which traverses the plain from the western hills, and forbids an easy crossing. The united waters of these four sources give to the Jordan nearly all its volume. For some time after meeting, the waters do not mingle, but can be distinguished along the banks by their different color.

Hasbeiya is a town almost unrivalled for beauty of situation, prominent in the history of the mountain tribes of Syria, — noted long as the chief seat of Druse worship, and becoming attractive now as a station of the American Protestant Mission. Its population is numbered by thousands. Its houses, though infested by swallows, are comparatively clean and comfortable. It has the pretence of splendor in the Emir's palace, and it has the tradition of sanctity in the deserted Khulweh. On the weekly "fair" day there is brisk traffic, and at the time of the vintage all hands are busy in preparing the "Dibs," or sirup, which is the substitute for wine. Luxuriant fields of white-clover instance the fertility of the soil, and the bitumen pits which have been worked for ages are a perennial source of wealth. It is the half-way station on the road from Beirut to Damascus.

At Hasbeiya, Dr. Robinson parted with Dr. Smith, and took in exchange as a companion the Rev. Mr. Robson, and for a part of the way the Rev. Dr. Thomson of Sidon. Three weeks were spent in a journey to Damascus, along the western slope of Antilibanus to Baalbek and Riblah, and through the Lebanon from Kalat el Hasn, by way of the Cedars, to Beirut. The routes followed were different from those usually taken, toil-

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some, and not free from danger. But though reports of robbers were along the way, and the summer heats were at their height, and the road was several times lost, the party escaped without accident or serious inconvenience. The observations of Dr. Robinson in this part of his journey are exceedingly valuable, confirming, as they do, some of the opinions of Mr. Porter in his recent work on Damascus, and correcting some of the errors of Churchill in his work on the Lebanon. The sketch of Damascus is an enthusiastic episode, proving that even the sober investigator could not resist the fascinations of that strange Oriental city. The account of Baalbek is the best, on the whole, that we have ever read, — the most likely to give an accurate idea of those extraordinary remains. The diagram of the temples is a great aid in understanding their size and arrangement. The "Cedars," and the region around them, are described in a masterly manner. In the conflicting accounts concerning their numbers, Dr. Robinson does not undertake to give any reckoning of his own. He confesses to a disappointment in their appearance. They are not to the eye what such famous and venerable trees ought to be, and are moreover defaced by the mutilations to which they are constantly subject. Not only is their wood used for the manufacture of articles of sale, but the passion for cutting names has left its mark upon their trunks. This passion is not peculiar to Americans. It is of wide and long authority. The Greeks of the time of Pericles have so immortalized themselves in the tombs of Egypt, and the French have left this sign wherever their arms have been carried.

Dr. Robinson's estimate of the height of the Lebanon is somewhat less than the common estimate. Its loftiest peak, according to his reckoning, is 9,310 feet. Of the wild beauty of its landscapes, its gorges and glens and cascades, its hanging villages, castle-crowned rocks, and flying bridges over the chasms, — of its industry and worship, its rural and convent life, the loveliness of its homes, and the music of its morning bells, — he gives a view not too highly colored. In all the externals of prosperity, in the signs of contentment, comfort, piety, and freedom, the mountaineers of Syria will compare favorably with the men of any mountain region, — with

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the dwellers in the lower Apennines or in the upper Alps. Dr. Robinson found in the villages of the Maronites many things to remind him of the rural life of New England.

In the present, as in the former edition of the Biblical Researches, the bearings of all important points by compass are given in notes at the bottom of the page, so that a skilful draughtsman could almost construct a map from these notes. At the close of the volume, also, we have a tabular view of the places, directions, and distances of each day's journey, and after these an Index of Arabic names and words, an Index of Geography and Antiquities, and a third Index of passages of Scripture illustrated. Nothing that can assist the reader, or help to illustrate the subject, seems to have been omitted. It is needless to say, that such a work is indispensable to all who would understand the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land. It is, however, as we learn from the Preface, only preparatory to a thorough systematic work on "the Physical and Historical Geography of the Holy Land." We trust that no obstacle may hinder one so furnished for that task from completing what is sure to be one of the master works of American scholarship.

A new series of maps accompanies the new edition of the Researches. They are more accurate than the former maps, and are valuable in themselves, apart from the volumes which they illustrate. We have had occasion to test them on the spot, and can vouch for their entire truthfulness. No man should attempt to travel in Palestine without Kiepert's map constantly in his hand. It is worth more than the knowledge of any dragoman. We may say, however, that those who wish to have a correct idea of Jerusalem and its environs should procure the recently published map of Dr. J. T. Barclay, which is perfect in its accuracy.

The volume which we have imperfectly noticed fulfils the hope expressed in the Preface of the former work. May the present hope be as fairly successful, and the next fifteen years show as large a fruit of study and thought as that which has made the author of the "Biblical Researches" the highest authority in the English tongue, when the subject is the land of the Saviour!

C. H. B.

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Art. II. — COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY OF HEATHEN RELIGIONS.*

The books whose titles are given below indicate a change of view in regard to the religions of heathen nations.

According to the old way of regarding the religions of the world, they were divided into two classes, the true and the false. Judaism and Christianity were the true religions; all the other religions of the world were false. In the true religions there was nothing false; in the false religions, nothing true. Wherever in false religions there was any trace of truth, it was so darkened and perverted as to be little better than error. The belief in one God had degenerated into polytheism, spiritual worship had sunk into idolatry, the belief in immortality and retribution had become feeble and inefficient. As the doctrines of heathenism were thus corrupt, so its worship was superstitious and formal. Unmeaning ceremonies took the place of gratitude, reverence, and prayer. The influence, therefore, of these religions tended to make men worse, and not better, producing sensuality, cruelty, and universal degradation. Such religions as these could not be believed to come from God, nor even from the better part of the nature of man. They are therefore supposed to have been the invention of priestcraft, and a deliberate imposition on the people. This is the dark picture of heathen religions which we have all been taught in our childhood, and which is set up as a gloomy background to give relief and prominence to revelation. A supernatural revelation had become necessary, so it was argued, because the religions of the world were so utterly corrupt and corrupting. This is the view taken by such apologists as Leland, Whitby, and Warburton; by such historians as Mosheim, and the writers of ecclesiastical history generally; and, indeed, by Christian authors in every department

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* 1. *Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages.* By L. Maria Child. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1856. 3 vols. 12mo.

2. *The Heathen Religion in its Popular and Symbolical Development.* By Rev. Joseph B. Gross. Boston. 1856. 12mo.

3. *The Religions of the World, in their Relation to Christianity.* By F. D. Maurice. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1854. 16mo.

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of theology. James Foster, for example, has a sermon "On the Advantages of a Revelation," in which he declares that at the time of Christ's coming "just notions of God were, in general, erased from the minds of men. His worship was debased and polluted, and scarce any traces could be discerned of the genuine and immutable religion of nature. A degenerate and barbarous superstition obstructed and clouded even the sense of morality and the social virtues." John Locke, also, in his "Essay on the Reasonableness of Christianity," says, that, when Christ came, "men had given themselves up into the hands of their priests, to fill their heads with false notions of the Deity, and their worship with foolish rites, as they pleased; and what dread or craft once began, devotion soon made sacred, and religion immutable." "In this state of darkness, and ignorance of the true God, vice and superstition held the world. In the crowd of wrong notions and invented rites, the world had almost lost the sight of the one only true God." Locke also thinks that the heathen religions gave no knowledge of morality. "All men, indeed, under pain of displeasing the gods, were to frequent the temples; every one went to their sacrifices and services; but the priests made it not their business to teach them virtue." Quotations of this sort might be indefinitely multiplied. A few writers like Cudworth and the Platonists endeavored to put in a good word for the Greek philosophers; but the religions of the nations were abandoned to unmitigated reprobation. The account which Mosheim gives of them is worth noticing, from its sweeping character.

"All the nations of the world, except the Jews, were," he says, "plunged in the grossest superstition. Some nations, indeed, went beyond others in impiety and absurdity, but all stood charged with irrationality and gross stupidity in matters of religion. The greater part of the gods of all nations were ancient heroes, famous for their achievements and their worthy deeds, such as kings, generals, and founders of cities. To these some added the more splendid and useful objects in the natural world; as the sun, moon, and stars; and some were not ashamed to pay divine honors to mountains, rivers, trees, &c. The worship of these deities consisted in ceremonies, sacrifices, and prayers. The ceremonies were for the most part absurd and ridiculous; and throughout debasing, obscene, and cruel. The prayers were

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truly insipid and void of piety, both in their form and matter. The priests who presided over this whole worship basely abused their authority to impose on the people. The whole pagan system had not the least efficacy to produce and cherish virtuous emotions in the soul, because the gods and goddesses were patterns of vice, the priests bad men, and the doctrines false."

Such is the opinion of Dr. Mosheim concerning the religions of the world at the time of Christ's coming.

It is somewhat curious that the writers of the last century, who lay the greatest stress on Natural Religion, think no better of Gentile religions than do the Christian writers. They, too, supposed that the religions of heathen nations are the work of priestcraft. For Natural Religion, with them, does not mean the actual religion which nature teaches to mankind, but rather the opinions which an educated understanding accepts as reasonable. Gentile religions, no less than Christianity and Judaism, are quite too positive, living, and real for this class of thinkers. By Natural Religion they mean merely a cool speculation, and not an earnest worship or a devotion of life.

The opinion of the eighteenth century, then, concerning Gentile religions, may be thus summed up. They are, —

In their source, the work of human fraud;

In their essence, superstitions;

In their doctrines, false;

In their moral tendency, injurious;

In their result, continually degenerating into greater falsehood and worse evil.

Now, when we look at this theory of the heathen world, there is much about it quite unsatisfactory. Let us consider it.

To ascribe the vast phenomena of religion, in all their variety and complexity, to man as their author, and to suppose the whole a mere work of human will, is not a satisfactory solution of these phenomena. That priests, working on human ignorance and fear, should be able to build up such a great mass of opinion, sentiment, and act, is like supposing a cathedral to be built on a quicksand.

How happens it, if the people are so ignorant, that the priests are so wise? If the people are so credulous,

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why are not the priests credulous also? Among so many nations, and through so many centuries, why has no priest betrayed the secret of the imposition? Apply a similar theory to other human pursuits, and how easily we discover its absurdity. Let one argue that all the systems of *government* in the world — Absolutism, the Patriarchal system, Aristocracy, Limited Monarchy — are utterly useless and evil, and are the mere inventions of rulers for their own benefit. Let one argue that every system of *law* (except our own) is wholly false and useless, and was the invention of lawyers for their own advantage. Argue in the same way about *medicine*, about *fashion*, about anything which men have believed and practised in all time. We should reply, that these cannot be based upon pure ignorance or error. Ignorance and error, illusion and imposition, may no doubt be mixed with them all; but they must rest also on a foundation of truth and utility, or they could not prevail so widely and so long. It is only reasonable to say the same thing of heathen religions. They contain error and imposition; but unless they also contain something true and good, they could not have kept their place. To think otherwise is disrespectful to human nature. We say, therefore, that the foundation of these religions is not priestcraft, but some permanent need of the human soul. They are founded, not on man's will, but on man's nature. Their source is not pure fraud, but the feeling of dependence, the sense of accountability, the need of worship, and the instinct which makes us recognize the presence of the spiritual in the midst of material things.

Nor can it be believed by one who believes in Providence, that God has left himself without a witness in the world in ancient times except among the Hebrews, and in modern times except among the Christians. This narrow creed excludes God from communion with the great majority of human beings. It teaches that he has forgotten to be gracious except in the land of Palestine, that he only makes himself known to Abraham and his descendants, and leaves the rest of mankind orphaned. Is this the Being without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, — the Being who never puts an insect into the air, or a polype into the water, without providing it with some appropriate food, so that it may live and grow?

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Does he leave men, made with religious appetencies of reverence, conscience, hope, with no corresponding nutriment of truth? This view tends to atheism; for if the presence of adaptation everywhere is the legitimate proof of the being of God, the absence of these adaptations in so large and important a sphere of existence tends in so far to overthrow that evidence.

This view, also, which we are opposing, contradicts that law of progress which alone gives unity and meaning to history. It teaches, instead of progress, degeneracy and failure. The world is a mistake, a badly made machine, which has to be stopped and mended. The real God of the world is Satan, and from nine tenths of the world he has expelled its Creator. We cannot sing the psalm, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"; for disorder and confusion reign. But everywhere else we see progress, not recession. Geology shows us higher forms of life succeeding to the lower. Botany shows us the lichens and mosses preparing a soil for higher forms of vegetation. Civil history shows the savage state giving way to the semi-civilized, and that to the civilized. Everywhere else the lower form prepares for the next and higher which succeeds it. If heathen religions are preparations for Christ, then we can see a progress, and an order, and understand why Christ's coming was delayed, and why he came when he did. But otherwise, the law of the world is disorder; that is, *not* law, but caprice and accident; that is, *no* God present in it, for God is Order. Disorder and atheism are the rule, order and the presence of God the exception.

Nor do the facts which we observe in the religions of the world confirm the popular view. In their essence they are not superstitions, but religions. Their doctrines as a whole convey truth rather than falsehood. Their moral tendency, in the main, is good rather than evil. And instead of degenerating towards that which is worse, their movement is upward toward something better.

The Apostle Paul was commissioned to preach to the Gentiles. His view, therefore, of Gentile religions we may suppose to be the Gospel view. On this point, certainly, he is the highest authority. Which view of the heathen religions, then, does *he* adopt?

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We find him at Athens, face to face with all that was most imposing in the religion of Greece. He saw the city filled with idols, majestic forms, the perfection of artistic grace and beauty. Was his spirit then moved only with indignation against this worship, and had he no sympathy with the spiritual needs which it expressed? It does not seem so. He recognized piety in their souls. "I see that you are in all things very pious." He recognized that their worship passed beyond the idol to the true God, "whom ye ignorantly worship." He professed it his purpose, not to revolutionize their worship, but to reform it. He does not proceed like the backwoodsman, who fells the forest and takes out the stumps that he may plant a wholly different crop; but like the nurseryman, who grafts a native stock with a better sort of fruit. They were already ignorantly worshipping the true God. All that the Apostle purposed to do was to enlighten that ignorance by showing them who that true God was, and what was his character. In his subsequent remarks, therefore, he does not *teach* them that there is one Supreme Being, but he *assumes* it as something already believed. He assumes him to be the Creator of all things; to be omnipotent, — "the Lord of heaven and earth"; spiritual, — "dwelleth not in temples made with hands"; absolute, — "not needing anything," but the source of all things. He says all this, as not expecting any opposition or contradiction; he reserves his criticisms for the end of his discourse. He then states quite clearly, that the different nations of the world have a common origin, belong to one family, and have been providentially placed in space and time, that each might seek the Lord in its own way. He recognized in them a power of seeking and finding God, the God close at hand, and in whom we live; and he quotes one of their own poets, accepting his statement of God's fatherly character. Now it is quite common for those who deny all truth in heathenism to admire this speech of Paul as a masterpiece of ingenuity and eloquence. But I think he would hardly have made this speech unless he believed it to be true; and those who praise his eloquence at the expense of his veracity pay him a poor compliment. Did Paul tell the Athenians that they were worshipping the true God, *when they were not*, for

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the sake of rhetorical effect? Did he commit such a piece of insincerity? If so, let us cease henceforth to find fault with the Jesuits.

Paul believed what he said. He believed that the heathens as well as the Jews worshipped the true God, but also believed that they worshipped him ignorantly. He connected Christianity with polytheism where the two religions touched, that is, on their pantheistic side.

Paul had afterward occasion to write to the Romans, and in that letter he openly takes the same ground. He says (chap i. 19) that the Gentiles had a knowledge of God, and that they saw him in his works, having a knowledge of his eternal attributes. They are blamed, not for ignorance, but for disobedience. Paul therefore finds, with us, essential truth, and not essential error, in heathenism.

The books before us have the merit of belonging to the new school of opinion which we have now indicated. They all regard the religions of the heathen world with an eye which seeks truth in them, and admits the possibility of good. They bring forward some points on the good side of heathenism. Mrs. Child's book is especially valuable, and in a high degree creditable to her love of truth, her generous spirit, and her faithful industry. It does not, however, fulfil the promise of its title. It does not show, scarcely even attempts to show, "the *Progress* of Religious Ideas." It does not attempt a genetic unfolding of religion, but gives only a popular description of the contents of each system in its complete state. It is therefore not so much a history as a geography of heathenism. But though thus vitiated for higher uses by the want of a philosophic clew, it is useful as a book of reference, and would be more so were it not for two defects, — first, the imperfection of her sources of information; and secondly, the absence of a careful criticism in distinguishing between the good and bad sources. A writer on this subject who is unable to go to the original fountain in the ancient and Oriental languages, must depend on the profound and thorough labors of modern Continental scholars. But it does not appear from her list of books that she has examined a single German writer. Nor does this list contain the names of the leading French Orientalists, nor even that

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of the great Englishman, Colebrooke. As she gives no references, it is impossible to verify her statements. But in examining the doctrines of religions which extend through thousands of years, and over wide regions, it is of the first importance to know the origin of every statement. This Mrs. Child does not give us; and hence, for any sincere study of the subject, we are obliged to say that her books are rather suggestive than instructive. They may stimulate to inquiry, and suggest thought, but cannot be relied upon as conclusive in any single statement.

The object intended by Mr. Maurice in his book on the "Religions of the World," he states thus:—

"I propose to examine the great religious systems which present themselves to us in the history of the world, not going into their details, far less searching for their absurdities; but inquiring what is their main characteristical principle. If we find, as the objectors say, good in each of them, we shall desire to know what this good is, and under what conditions it may be preserved and made effectual."

These questions occupy him during the first four Lectures of the book. The last four inquire into the relations of these religions with Christianity. The book is generous and penetrating. It is generous in presupposing something true and good in the religions of the world; and it is penetrating in pointing out what that good thing is. If it is not always clear, nor always satisfactory, this is the natural result to be expected in so bold and large an enterprise. Like the rest of the books of Mr. Maurice, its logic often fades away in rhetoric, and the struggle for a large comprehension ends in something dim and indistinct. The book is very suggestive, and opens the way for other thinkers and writers.

Mr. Gross has written a book on the Heathen Religion, in which he attempts also to vindicate the religion of the heathen from misrepresentations. He treats it according to its popular development and according to its symbolical development, and endeavors to show the meaning of every form of worship.

These works are the heralds of a new order; works which shall proceed on the assumption that the religions of the world are not the work of human will, but of human nature, and that they therefore constitute, collec-

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tively, natural religion. Natural religion is by no means that system of opinion which the intellect of Locke or Paley finds reasonable in England, and in the eighteenth century after Christ. But natural religion is that system which human nature, in the unconscious working of all its powers, finds satisfactory in all parts of the world, and in all periods of history. That which human nature thinks, feels, and does in relation to Deity is natural religion. We do not assume at the outset that it is all true, nor that it is all false; we presume that it contains truth mixed with error, and we examine it in the twofold light of reason and revelation, to see how much truth and how much error it contains.

Pursuing our investigations from this point of departure, we say, Natural religion is the religion which nature has actually taught to mankind; not the religion which we imagine nature ought to teach. This natural religion we discover to be by no means a simple system, but a very complex system. It is the sum of a great variety of parts, and these parts differing very essentially from each other. The law of this variety we presently discover to be that of race; and we thus learn the significance of the term Gentile Religions, or, to use the Greek equivalent, Ethnic Religions. The religions of the world are, strictly speaking, ethnic religions, or religions of races. They are strictly confined within the limits of races, and follow their fortunes. An ethnic religion we therefore define to be a religion which is limited by the same law which limits a race, and which manifests neither the desire nor the power of passing beyond these boundaries. Thus Brahminism has never attempted to extend itself, except over the native races of Hindostan. The system of Zoroaster has always belonged to the tribes of Iran. The system of Confucius is confined to the native races of China. Egypt and Scandinavia, Greece and Rome, had each their national religion, which was determined by the character of the races who assimilated in these national unities. These are all ethnic religions.

But beside these ethnic religions, there are also those which we may call Catholic Religions. These refuse to be confined by the boundaries of race, and aim at universality. They assume themselves to be fitted to be

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the religion of mankind. Three such religions we discover in our survey of human history, — the Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan. Each of these has manifested a truly catholic tendency, has been able to spread itself over a variety of races, and has aimed at universal dominion. The Jewish and Mohammedan religions ultimately failed, from reasons not difficult to discover. The Jewish religion sought to make proselytes from all quarters, but aimed at making them Jews in all respects. In its bigotry it attempted to obliterate the distinctions of race, and therefore only succeeded in preparing a soil for Christianity. The system of Mohammed was more tolerant. If nations would accept its simple creed of "One God, and Mohammed as his prophet," it asked no more. But it enforced this belief upon the will, without convincing the intellect or persuading the heart, and could therefore produce only a superficial reception even of its narrow creed. But Christianity, while, like Judaism, it made proselytes by conviction and attraction, like Islamism was tolerant of national variety. By the mental and moral force of one man, the Apostle Paul, it established its principle of conquest, preaching its gospel to every creature, yet letting every man hear it in his own tongue wherein he was born. Thus it reconciled unity with variety, and thus its churches were presently established among Jews and Greeks and Romans, among the races of Asia, Africa, and Europe, weaving together by strange and hidden ties the various races of mankind into a mysterious unity. A religion which has been able to make a home at the same time among Jews, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, Kelts, Persians, and Africans, has a good claim to the name of Catholic.

The Buddhist religion of Eastern Asia seems to belong neither to the ethnic nor to the catholic religions. It occupies apparently an intermediate position. It shows no tendency to make proselytes except in certain regions, and therefore cannot be called Catholic. Yet, originating and long remaining in India, it has passed from India into countries inhabited by the Mongol races, and so seems not to be ethnic. It may however appear that this is only an apparent exception to the law that natural religion is always distinguished by its ethnic tendency, and supernatural religion by its catholic, since

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Buddhism has only succeeded in keeping permanent hold of the nations of Mongol origin.*

Assuming, therefore, that these ethnic religions constitute together the natural religion of mankind, and are not mere blind superstitions; that they contain truth, though mingled with error; that their tendency is to give the primary education of the human race; and that each therefore has its providential meaning and purpose, — we are led to look on them with a much more careful interest. We study them now in order to learn what is the essential character of each system, its truth and error, its good and evil tendency, and its historical relations to the other religions. The results of this study constitute what we name the Comparative Theology of Ethnic and Catholic Religions.

Comparative theology, therefore, stands related to any special theology as comparative anatomy to any special anatomy, or comparative geography to any special geography. It belongs to that new order of sciences which has arisen in our day, the object of which is to consider the various departments of nature as a whole. This study of things in their relations to each other could only come late, and after they had been studied separately. But when the time has arrived for these comparative studies, what majestic and beautiful laws do they not reveal! The simple melodies of our childish love are replaced by the grand harmonies of maturer years. The world of nature, which we have known before only as an unmeaning though beautiful variety of facts and laws, is globed into a perfect order, an entire cosmos. History — before a mere succession of unrelated events, a mere stream of sand falling through the hour-glass of time — is now seen to be a growth, in which we have root, stalk, and fruit, — first the blade, next the ear,

* The distinguished ethnologist, R. G. Latham, in a little book called "Man and his Migrations," has the following passage, which confirms the ethnic character of Buddhism: —

"The great area of the monosyllabic tongues means, *geographically*, China, Thibet, the Transgangetic Peninsula, and the Sub-Himalayan parts of Northern India, such as Nepal, Sikkim, Assam, the Garo country, and other similar localities.

"*Politically*, it means the Chinese, Nepalese, Burmese, and Siamese empires, along with several British-Indian and independent tribes.

"*The chief religion is Buddhism;* the physical conformation unequivocally *Mongolian.*" — *Norton's Railroad Library*, No. I. p. 199.

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afterward the full corn in the ear. Past, present, and future are thus seen to be beginning, middle, and end. Separate events are no longer casual, they do not fall, like unconnected grains of sand, by a law of gravity; they rise, each to its own place, like the particles in a plant, by a law of growth. The world is at last found to have a soul, and history is also found to have a soul; and when this is seen by science, science becomes vital, it also has a soul. Vital science becomes religious, for the soul of nature and of history is seen to be God. Science having grown vital confutes atheism, for atheism consists in looking at the facts of nature, and omitting to see their soul.

This view, which does justice to heathenism, will do justice also to Christianity. Recognizing the truths in heathenism, it can demonstrate that they are all partial and incomplete, that a universal religion is also needed to fulfil and harmonize them, and that this universal religion can be nothing but Christianity. The religion of Jesus, of which Judaism is the root, and Islam a Judaizing sect, is shown by this new science to be the only possible religion for the human race. Every ethnic religion is a preparation for it; and Christianity, supplying the deficiencies of each, brings it into harmony with the rest. A life rather than a creed, it has the power of admitting into itself every good thing out of every creed. It has within itself a spiritualism as profound as that of the Vedas, and more vital; it recognizes, like Buddhism, the progress of the soul through the laws of nature; like the system of Confucius, it sees a divine order in the relations of human life; like Zoroaster, it places man between good and evil, and tells him to choose between them; with the Egyptian, it can recognize something divine even in the lowest forms of animal existence; with the Greek, it can reverence the ideals of human nature; with the Roman, hear the voice of God in the voice of the nation; and, lastly, with the Scandinavian, find the true worship of God in the stern conflicts of human life. Thus is the genius of the Gospel catholic enough to receive all ethnic creeds into itself; but it could not do this unless it had something to impart in which they are all deficient. This something, which is the catholic principle in Christian-

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ity, is the knowledge of God as Father, and so of man as brother. No ethnic religion has this knowledge; it is the life-principle in Christianity, — perfect life, because perfect love. Our new science is therefore a confutation of all Deism, just as it was a confutation of all Atheism.

Observe also what will be the practical results of this view. How changed will be the aspect of missions! Protestant missions have been hitherto conducted in a contemptuous ignorance of the condition of the soul which was to be enlightened. "He is a poor, benighted heathen, — give him light," — has been the whole prescription. This "light" has been presented in the form of sermons, setting forth the missionary's creed, like those which he would have preached in Glasgow or Andover. But though Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, those who need Christ may differ very widely. Water is the same yesterday and to-day, but that which needs water differs. A house on fire, a thirsty man, and a parched field, all need water, and need the same water; but they need that it should be administered in somewhat different methods. Because water is the same yesterday and to-day, you would not offer it in a tumbler to the parched field, or let it flow in a little rivulet to the burning house, or pump it into the mouth of the thirsty man with a fire-engine. Something like this, however, has been the method adopted by missionaries in dispensing the water of life. The Turk and the Hindoo has been to them all as one. They have known little difference between a Jew, an atheist, and an idolater, and their only method of proceeding has been to preach to each of them a strong Calvinistic sermon. It is not to be wondered at that the effect thus far has been small. Jesuit missionaries, wiser in their generation, have carefully studied the habits and opinions of each particular people, and conformed themselves thereto in outward appearance. And so they have often gained a great apparent success. But as there was no heart in their conformity, so there was no depth in the conversions they effected. We read with astonishment of whole nations in Asia converted to Christianity and making a unanimous profession of it, and in a few years relapsing with equal unanimity to their previous

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heathenism. The explanation is, that this Jesuit Christianity was only a dress which they had been persuaded to put on, and which they threw off again as easily.

Different from the hitherto Jesuit and Protestant methods would be the form of missionary action resulting from the new view of heathenism. The missionary in a heathen country will say, "Amid all this error there is a grain of God's truth, amid all this evil there is a seed of God's good." This belief will be seen in all his intercourse with the heathen, and will disarm their hostility. They will see that the object to be accomplished is not the overthrow of their system, but its improvement and purification.

Comparative theology will probably clear up many other problems otherwise inexplicable. Perhaps this will best appear by means of an illustration. And we will take as an illustration the trinities of heathen religion.

When, in the study of an ethnic theology, Brahminism, for example, we come upon a sort of trinity or triad, it somewhat perplexes us to account for it. Why this number three more than any other number? But as soon as we compare the triads of the different religions we begin to get light. The different forms of the triad arrange themselves chronologically. We find the triad, indeed, in all the religions, but in very different degrees of development. Thus, while all the religions were at first monotheisms, we find the religion of Zoroaster had spent its motive power when it reached the condition of a duad, and Brahminism when it reached the triad. The religion of Egypt went beyond the triad to its mystic circle of the ogdoad. The movement in Greece continued till it gave them twelve Gods of the first order. This brings us to the following conclusions.

1. The oldest religion was a monotheism. All tradition proves this. The oldest books teach it. The books of Moses, the oldest Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, the Chinese Kings, and the oldest Egyptian monuments, all indicate monotheism as the primitive religion of man. This we might expect, for it is the simplest and most natural belief. The first act of reflection leads to unity. We are in the habit of talking about monotheism as

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though it were a great and difficult attainment of the human mind; but this is hastily assumed. If monotheism means the belief in one Supreme God, then there is no polytheism which has ever set it aside, for polytheism merely adds a host of inferior gods. But simple monotheism precedes, in the order of time and in the order of reflection, this complex monotheism. For when man begins to contemplate nature, he beholds at once adaptations. All things are bound together into one whole. The simplest plant is adapted to earth, water, air, and light. They were made for it, and it for them. And the plant again is adapted to the horse who eats it, and the horse to the man who rides on him, and man's eye to the sun whose ray comes through millions of miles of air to enable him to see the horse. So the first act of reflection shows all things bound together by a harmonious system of laws into one great working order. The idea of one Deity at the centre of all things arises therefore very easily and spontaneously, and monotheism is the first religion.

2. But though the first view of nature shows adaptations tending to a universal harmony, the second view of nature shows us something quite different from this. We are compelled to notice antagonism, discord, conflict. There is pain as well as pleasure, evil as well as good, darkness as well as light, barren wastes as well as fertile plains, poisonous plants as well as fruits and grain, noxious reptiles and beasts as well as domestic animals, death as well as life. Can these contradictions proceed from one source? is the natural inquiry. No! there must be TWO, a good God and an evil God. Hence Dualism, a period in the development of the human mind shown to us in the religion of Zoroaster, which marks the second great epoch of human history. The progress of the religious intellect was arrested at this point of its development in Persia, during long centuries, and this whole theory is completely worked out in the Zendavesta.

These ancient books are full of conflict. They represent the struggle between Ormuzd, the God of light, and Ahriman, the God of darkness. They contain clear indications of the previous monotheism. They allude constantly to the Supreme Being, Zerane Akerane, or Time without Bounds, who, however, has retired into

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the background from the field of conflict. Indications of the approaching triad are not wanting, though confined mostly to the later books, which speak of Mitra, the mediator.

3. For reflection could not stop, nor the human mind be satisfied, with this dual theory. The world is not such a scene of conflict as such a theory supposes. If the realm of nature were thus divided between two hostile powers, it would be a scene of perpetual tumult and disorder. This could only terminate with the triumph of the one and the overthrow of the other. We do not live in the tumult of such a terrible conflict. The discords and the pain are everywhere restrained and subdued, and never go beyond a certain point. Hence reflection found it necessary to assume the existence of a third power, who should continually restore the balance between the other two, and preserve the universe from going to wreck in their mighty conflict. This third being is the mediator, preserver, or restorer, and makes the third person in every heathen triad. When this personage has arrived on the stage, we have reached the third period in the development of ethnic religions. It is a higher stage than that of the duad or the simple ethnic monad. It shows an advance both in observation and in reflection. This stage of thought is most fully seen in Brahminism, in which, of the three gods, Brahma the Creator, Shiva the Destroyer, and Veeshnoo the Preserver, the last has the decided pre-eminence, while the dim unity of Para-Brahm is still to be traced behind them all.

Through all the ethnic religions we are able to observe the same character of thought, though less clearly.

In Egypt we have Osiris, Typhon, and Horus, as Creator, Destroyer, and Preserver.

In Persian theology we have Ormuzd, Ahriman, and Mitra, as Creator, Destroyer, and Preserver.

In the Scandinavian theology we have Odin, Loke, and Baldur, as Creator, Destroyer, and Preserver.

Buddhism has also a triad, but approaching much more nearly the Christian Trinity than these. If our sources of information can be relied on, it consists of Buddha (God in himself), Dharma (God in his law), and Sanggha (God in the assembly of believers, or body

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of priesthood). But if we consider that "the law works death," and that the Church of believers is the principle of preservation in the world, we can see how even this triad harmonizes with the others.

We know, moreover, that Plato and the Platonists taught a triad of deities, or God in three forms, thus: God in himself, or the Absolute, the substance of all things; God in thought, the former of all things; God in action, the sustainer of all things.

This trinity of Plato arose in somewhat the same way. We may suppose that he argued thus:—

"I see in the world a certain profound unity; (or, as the New Platonist says, in all things is a triad, over which a monad rules).

"This unity must arise from the fact that all things which are, both good and evil, have the ground of their being, and the reason of their existence, in God.

"I see also in the world contradiction, some friction, some resistance, the law failing to act itself out, living things dwarfed and maimed of their proportions. The reason of this must be in the Many, in the varieties which conflict together. The ground of opposition is diversity or difference. If things were all alike, there would be no opposition, but also no movement, and no life.

"Thus, if in *the being* of God is the principle of unity, in *the thought* of God is the principle of variety, which is the source of conflict.

"But though these varieties are in opposition and antagonism, they do not ultimate in mutual destruction. I see in the world not merely unity and variety, but, as the result of this, PROGRESS. The reason of this progress must be found in the life of God, flowing constantly into the universe. So, while the unity of the world comes from the being of God, and the variety of the world from the thought of God, the life of the world comes from the activity of God."

With this illustration of Comparative Theology, we close our exposition of this subject.

J. F. C.

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Art. III. — RHODE ISLAND BIOGRAPHY.*

While we own the force of the old complaint, as applied to mere book-making, that "of making many books there is no end," we still say, with all our heart, of such books as this the more the better. We cannot well have too many of these lives, written *con amore*, of the good, busy, bright, genial spirits that have passed from among us.

We owe Mr. Stone warm thanks for a charming volume. It richly fulfils the expectations which our knowledge of the subject, man, and times, and of the author's genial treatment of such themes before, had created.

Little Rhode Island, though small among our tribes, has sent forth her full quota of captains and counsellors; and now the honored name of John Howland is, in this simple and edifying biography, added to her historical gallery, — a man who deserves abundantly to be better known than he has yet been beyond the limits of his own town and State, — one of those worthy scions of the old Pilgrim stock, stout-hearted, clear-headed, and honest-minded, who, having helped in the dark, stormy days of the Revolution to plant the tree of Liberty, came home to foster and guard the young plants that its broad roots sent up all over the land, and to be still good soldiers, and at last veterans, in the service of Christ.

John Howland was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1757, and died in Providence, in 1854. In his reply to an invitation to join in celebrating the landing of the Pilgrims, written in 1845, he speaks of himself as "one of the survivors of the fifth generation of the fathers who arrived in that far-famed ship; there being only three between me and my ancestor, John Howland, who landed on the rock." And nobly did he, in his long and well-filled life of ninety-seven years, sustain, and in some respects advance, the credit of his Puritan ancestry; for he preserved the firmness, courage, and *grit* of the old Puritan character, without its faults of occasional

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* *The Life and Recollections of* John Howland, *late President of the Rhode Island Historical Society.* By Edwin M. Stone. Providence: George H. Whitney. 1857. 12mo. pp. 348.

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narrowness and harshness, and joined to liberty liberality. He was a worthy follower of John Robinson.

Mr. Howland's early years showed the love of truth, the accuracy, honesty, and independence, that characterized his latest days, and made his life a fulfilment of the poet's wish, that his days on earth might be

"Bound each to each by natural piety."

A year or two of his Newport life passed under the ministry of the famous Dr. Hopkins, whose first sermon after ordination he heard. His account of it (affording a good specimen of his pleasant way of telling things) may be new to some of our readers. He says:—

"My seat was in the boys' gallery. The Doctor took for his text Acts x. 29, 'Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for; I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me?' This question I supposed to be addressed to the deacons, who sat in their seat in front of the pulpit, and I expected every moment to see one of them rise and reply. But to my surprise neither of them stirred. The Doctor repeated the text, 'I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me?' Surely, thought I, they will answer now, and I rose on tiptoe and leaned over the gallery to see which of them would answer. But both of them kept quiet in their seats. What stupid men, I thought; why don't Deacon ——— get up and tell him the reason they sent for him? Neither of them took any notice of the question, and so he went on to assign the reasons that should govern a society when they settled a minister. Dr. Hopkins was more eminent for learning than interesting as a preacher. His manner was dull, and his voice unmusical. He would sometimes, in his sermon, go on in a low tone, as though he was conversing with one or two persons, then he would seem to remember that a congregation was before him, and suddenly raise his voice to its highest pitch. Those who liked oratory, and did not care much about sentiment, were not pleased with him. He was an excellent man, though not an attractive preacher. He was kind, sympathetic, and benevolent. He was attentive to his people, and took much notice of children. I always thought his life was a contradiction of his creed." — p. 20.

Another incident gives a vivid glimpse of "old times." Speaking of a strange minister who came to Newport as a revivalist, from Connecticut, Mr. Howland says:—

"While at Newport he held a children's meeting at the house

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of Madam Osborn, who was a sort of lady abbess of the place. This meeting I attended, but when I arrived I found the room so crowded that I could not get inside the door. A great many women were present, of which I complained to my mother as an intrusion." — p. 22.

Human nature, it seems, was just as odd and perverse a century ago as it is now. Let a service be held for the special benefit of a particular sex or age, and people of another sex or age are sure to be there. Sermons to young men will be crowded with young women and old men who do not like to feel themselves old. So the child Howland was kept out from the childrens' meeting by "a great many women."

At the age of thirteen young Howland removed to Providence, where he lived the rest of his useful and honored days. At a period when men's heads were busy with the most momentous thoughts and cares, he entered into the shop of a hair-dresser, and, as many of his class have done before and since, while his hands were occupied with the outside of the head, his mind took note of what went on within; in the words of the biography, "the sharp-eared and all-grasping boy, while attending to his duties, was receiving instruction from the most mature minds." It was while waiting upon General Gates at his quarters that he overheard a conversation between that officer and Samuel Adams, involving the former in the celebrated cabal against Washington.

With the opening of the Revolution, the biography is continued from Mr. Howland's Reminiscences, one of the most interesting documents of the kind in relation to that period which we have ever seen, full of glimpses of men and events, since become classic amongst us, that in their vividness tell more than pages of set description. The experience in Washington's army in the Jerseys during the dark winter of '76, in which Mr. Howland was a soldier and sufferer, is related with a minute and thrilling fidelity. We give a specimen or two. Referring to the 31st of December, 1776, the day on which the term of enlistment of our troops expired, he writes:—

"This was the time that tried both soul and body. We were standing on frozen ground, covered with snow. The hope of

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the Commander-in-chief was sustained by the character of these half-frozen, half-starved men, that he could persuade them to volunteer for another month. He made the attempt, and it succeeded. He directed General Mifflin to address our brigade. Seated on a noble-looking horse, and himself clothed in an overcoat made up of a large rose blanket, and a large fur cap on his head, the General made a powerful harangue, persuading us to remain a month or six weeks longer in service.....

"At the close of his speech, the General required all who agreed to remain to poise their firelocks. The poising commenced by some of each platoon, and was followed by the whole line." — pp. 70 – 71.

In his account of the retreat of the American army into and through Princeton, Mr. Howland says: —

"The bridge was narrow, and our platoons in passing it were crowded into a dense and solid mass, in the rear of which the enemy were making their best efforts. The noble horse of General Washington stood with his breast pressed close against the end of the west rail of the bridge, and the firm, composed, and majestic countenance of the General inspired confidence and assurance in a moment so important and critical. In this passage across the bridge, it was my fortune to be next the west rail, and, arriving at the end of the bridge rail, I was pressed against the shoulder of the General's horse, and in contact with the General's boot. The horse stood as firm as the rider, and seemed to understand that he was not to quit his post and station.....

"Night closed upon us, and the weather, which had been mild and pleasant through the day, became intensely cold. On one hour, yes, on forty minutes, commencing at the moment when the British troops first saw the bridge and creek before them, depended the all-important, the all-absorbing question, whether we should be independent States, or conquered rebels! Had the army of Cornwallis within that space have crossed the bridge, or forded the creek, unless a miracle intervened, there would have been an end of the American army. If any fervent mind should doubt this, it must be from his not knowing the state of our few half-starved, half-frozen, feeble, worn-out men, with old fowling-pieces for muskets, and half of them without bayonets, and the States so disheartened, discouraged, or poor, that they sent no reinforcements, no recruits to supply the places of this handful of men, who but the day before had volunteered to remain with their venerated and beloved commander for thirty days more." — pp. 73 – 75.

These reminiscences are full of curious glimpses of a great variety of men who subsequently gained a good

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or bad eminence. We see "Nathaniel Greene, with his musket on his shoulder, in the ranks as a private," whom the writer "distinguished by the motion of his shoulders in the march, as one of his legs was shorter than the other"; "old Father Gano's" father preaching to the army from a pulpit made of piled-up drums, with a strong voice, in a windy day, and *succeeding* very well, though, in general, "chaplains were not much cared for in the army"; General Prescott, "a small, feeble old man," to dress whose head Mr. Howland was sent for the morning after "bold Barton's" abduction of him from his house in Rhode Island; and General Arnold in his red coat, reading his morning novel regularly under the same tonsorial hands.

To show the exactness of Mr. Howland's memory, and what a pattern witness he must have been in a court of justice, we quote the following: —

"Very early one morning, as I was passing towards the market-house, there were but two men to be seen in the street, Doctor Ephraim Bowen and Mr. John Jenckes, who were two of the earliest risers in the town. They were standing together in the middle of the street. As I was passing in the rear of them, General Gates opened the chamber window of his head-quarters on the east side of the street, with his old velvet night-cap on, and said, 'Good morning, gentlemen.' They both answered, 'Good morning, General! good morning, General!' The General said, "We have good news!' 'Ah, what is it?' they both inquired. The General said, with a strong voice, 'Talbot has taken the King George.' 'Has he?'" — p. 44.

Mr. Howland returned home from being a common soldier to be a leader of the *bone and sinew*, the *middling interest*, in the bloodless strifes of peace. We find him ever foremost to take up the good word and the good work, whether it was a savings bank or a free-school system to be established, a peace society or a temperance society to be organized, as president of the Historical Society, or as deacon of the church, to honor the past or to help the future, he is *always ready*. His cheerfulness, activity, and method enabled him to accomplish a wonderful amount of work. When his native State, "first to strike for liberty, last to come into union," finally yielded, on May 29, 1790, there was a festival at Providence.

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"Just before the guests sat down to the table, the Colonel came to Mr. Howland, and requested him to write thirteen toasts for the occasion, as none had been prepared. To this he demurred, and referred his commander to the 'gentlemen of education' present, as better qualified to perform such service. But refusal was vain. 'You have always written toasts for public celebrations,' said the Colonel; 'you must do it now, and there is no time to be lost.' Supplied with writing materials, he obeyed. The house was thronged, and a seat at a table could not be had. His alternative was the stairs. Seating himself there, amid the noise and pressure of the crowd, he began to write, and, before the tables were filled by the company, had produced the following,* which were responded to by hearty cheers, and published in the account of the proceedings of the day: —

"1. The President of the United States.
"2. The Senate and Representatives of the United States.
"3. The Governor and company.
"4. The Rhode Island Convention that completed the union of America.
"5. May the Union last till years shall cease to roll.
"6. Peace at home and reputation abroad.
"7. May the groans of the distressed be heard no more.
"8. May America for ever honor the men who have led her to her present happy situation.
"9. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.
"10. The encouragers of useful arts.
"11. The abolition of party.
"12. May the good of the whole be the great object.
"13. May private virtue be the road to public honor." — pp. 164, 165.

In Mr. Howland humor and good-humor were, as they legitimately always should be, finely combined. His quaint and quiet playfulness of spirit sheds a charm over the life of this hard worker, from the time when the gossips of his master's family were surprised, at the "spring-cleaning," to find in, the boy's handwriting, a fair record of months of their scandal, to the time when the old man records how the bitter dispute on the paper

* "Like all who are willing to work, he had work enough put upon him; and an amusing instance has been told of his readiness and tact, when, on some occasion, the business committee [of the Mechanics' Association] having failed to prepare a report which they were bound to make, half indignant and half in sport, he took up a blank sheet, and read off the report with such ease and emphasis, that all present either supposed it to be written, or were ashamed that they had not done it themselves." — *Dr. Hall's Discourse.*

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money law "was decided by Judge Thompson's white-faced cow in her session at Tockwotten." We quote an instance or two.

"Every clergyman, as he read the New Testament, was a bishop, equal in authority, and accountable only to his own flock and to the Great Head of the Church. Firm in these opinions, he was, as we have seen, tolerant of the opinions of others, and if he ever expressed himself with emphasis, it was to rebuke a pretentious spirit. To one of this character, not familiar with the modes of other denominations, and to whom he was describing an installation he had just previously attended, he said: 'Eleven bishops were on the council. Bishop ——— read the hymn, Bishop ——— preached the sermon, Bishop ——— offered the prayer of installation, and Bishop ——— pronounced the benediction.' 'I did not know you had bishops in your church,' remarked his surprised auditor. 'O,' responded Mr. Howland, with an expression of humor, 'we have none but bishops for overseers of our congregations." — pp. 320, 321.

Again: —

"On the 18th September, 1828, Mr. Howland, by invitation, was present at the bi-centennial anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Salem. The occasion was honored by the attendance of an unusual number of eminent men from neighboring and distant places, and attracted an immense multitude to hear the oration. The services were held in the North Church. The oration, by Hon. Joseph Story, was 'a profound and eloquent discussion of the topics appropriate to the day.' The exercises at the church were followed by a sumptuous dinner, at which the venerable Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke presided, assisted by Judge Story, Hon. William Reed, Willard Peele, Pickering Dodge, and Gideon Barstow, Esqrs. Among the distinguished guests were Hon. Daniel Webster, Hon. Edward Everett, Governor Levi Lincoln, Lieutenant-Governor Thomas L. Winthrop, Hon. Alden Bradford, President of the Pilgrim Society, Judge Davis, Hon. Timothy Pickering, Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee, and Hon. Leverett Saltonstall. On account of the advanced age and infirmities of Dr. Holyoke, Judge Story discharged the active duties of the chair, and with accustomed tact and grace 'called up' gentlemen who addressed the company. To a sentiment complimentary to the Senators of Massachusetts in Congress, Mr. Webster responded at length, in a speech of great power and beauty. He 'was peculiarly happy in giving an uncontrolled flow of his own patriotic feelings, associated familiarly as they were with the early history, civil and religious, of New England.' Two hours thus passed, when

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Judge Story, turning towards Mr. Howland, said, 'I am happy to observe that we are honored with the presence of a gentleman from Rhode Island. Doubtless we shall hear something from him relating to Roger Williams.' The call connected with the subject assigned him was not free from embarrassment. The name of Roger Williams united with it occurrences in regard to which a native of Rhode Island might naturally be supposed to entertain ideas differing from the popular sentiment of Massachusetts. To omit all reference to the prominent features of his character would seem indifferent to his memory, and to speak of him on the very spot where he had given offence by his plain dealing with cherished opinions and customs, and before the descendants of a people from whose displeasure he fled, without falling into similar condemnation, was not an easy task. But Mr. Howland's ready invention came to his aid. In well-chosen words he offered a sentiment true in its allegiance to the founder of Rhode Island, harmonizing with the spirit of the occasion, and playfully suggestive. On rising to respond, he said, 'I am sensible, sir, that it is not the usual order on public occasions to offer a toast which has been anticipated or presented by another gentleman before him, but as the gentleman alluded to is a citizen of Salem, and I am from a different town and another State, I presume it will not be improper to offer this: —

"'The ancient town of Salem, where Roger Williams first advocated the freedom of conscience in religious concerns.'

"Judge Story quickly perceived the point of the sentiment, and by his half-amused, intelligent expression evinced his appreciation of a sentence that had revealed to the company a great deal relating to Roger Williams." — p. 230.

But perhaps the most important circumstance in Mr. Howland's life — important in its influence upon the times in which he lived, and the distant future — was the establishment of free schools in his native State. Several attempts, prior to 1800, had been made to effect this object, but without success.

"Mr. Howland had been an attentive observer of this course of things, and as he saw the inadequacy of the means of education, and reflected upon the privation of his early days, he felt himself stirred to make an additional effort in behalf of a cause so vital to the welfare of the rising and succeeding generations. He noticed that the plan of free schools, supported by a general tax, met with the strongest opposition from the class they were intended to benefit. Upon the hint this fact supplied, he predicated his future action. He resolved on attempting to arrest this hostility by creating, if possible, a correct public sentiment, and by

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overlaying it with what is sometimes technically denominated a 'middling interest' influence. The first of these measures was effected by free conversation with his townsmen, and by appeals through the press. The second was accomplished by securing the united and active co-operation of the Mechanics' Association. At this juncture, the skill he had acquired in composition proved a valuable help." — p. 137.

The diligence with which he labored in the good cause was characteristic, and the story of his success we should be glad to transcribe, did our limits permit. Says his biographer: —

"The names of Hopkins, Bowen, Brown, Jones, Burrill, Jackson, Nightingale, and Jenckes, of Hitchcock, Gano, Maxcy, Bridgham, Ives, Rhodes, Smith, and Barnes, with many others of like spirit, will ever be held in grateful remembrance for the interest they early exhibited in the sacred cause of education. Without the sympathy and co-operation of such minds, little could have been accomplished. But to the mind that, from its own fertile resources, originated plans, combined influences, organized popular sentiment, and by its indomitable energy carried forward to ultimate triumph this great enterprise, a distinct acknowledgment is due. And, 'if hereafter,' to use the words of one often quoted in this volume, 'it shall be asked who was the father of the free-school system in Rhode Island, and any *one* shall be thought worthy of the honor, who will it be?'

For twenty years Mr. Howland, as a member of the school committee, discharged the duties of his office with scrupulous fidelity, and retired only when the demands upon his time as town treasurer, and treasurer of the Savings Institution, suggested the necessity of release from some of his public responsibilities. But though withdrawn from active participation in the management of the schools, he was ever observant of their progress." — p. 149.

But we must close our extended quotations with one more, which will interest even those whom it may not instruct, — Mr. Howland's reference to the Unitarian movement in Boston in 1812. He writes: —

"Although I am habitually of a grave countenance, it makes me smile as I remember what the elder Nicholas Brown used to say, that, 'when great men miss it, they miss it a great deal.' The charge is, that the clergy of Boston agreed to conceal their sentiments respecting the Trinity. I do not believe they ever agreed to any such thing, and there is no account that they ever had a meeting for that purpose. It appears by Mr. Parkman's

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letter, that they at that time did not know each other's sentiments on that question. They preached the Gospel as they found it in the Bible. Congregations, after their first establishment, commonly imbibe the sentiments and doctrines of their ministers; and as the ministers, from the days of Dr. Mayhew, had one after another ceased to preach Calvinism, the people ceased to hold those doctrines, till, in 1812, it appears that a large majority of the people and clergy, without scarcely knowing that their sentiments were different from what their grandfathers had held, found themselves to be anti-Calvinists. As to the accusation of their being guilty of not preaching the doctrine of the Trinity, it is doubtless true. But the same charge is true of all the Orthodox clergy in this country, and without any design of concealment in either. I am now seventy-three years of age, and was brought up and attended worship with my Orthodox parents, and, except when repeating the Assembly's Catechism on Sunday evenings, never heard of there being three persons in the Godhead. I have heard Whitfield and Bellamy, and Dr. Stiles, and Buell, and Vinall, and Dr. Samuel Hopkins, and President Manning, and Dr. Stillman, and President Dwight, and many others of the old school, of greater or lesser note, yet I do not recollect hearing a sermon from any or either of them in favor of the Trinity, although they were all strictly Orthodox. The truth is, it was an article of faith written in creeds or printed in catechisms, and there it rested. At the end of a prayer, it was usual to make it a sort of doxology. It was not the custom in any of the churches, as it is at present, for the congregation to rise and hear the doxology sung, at the close of service. This is a modern custom. The subject of the Trinity was not debated or discussed, till a periodical in Boston, called the Panoplist, charged the Boston clergy with denying or not preaching it. The Orthodox before that time were as silent as the others. They both preached what they honestly thought the Scriptures taught, and the Orthodox are as justly chargeable with concealment as the Unitarians. The doctrine was considered a *mystery*, and the majority of each congregation could neither be said to believe or deny it, till it was brought into discussion; and then, on examining the Bible, the belief of Unitarianism became the necessary result. When the discussion reached this town, several old members of the First Congregational Church asked: 'What is this question? Is it any new doctrine?' They were answered, that the question was, whether Christ was God or the Son of God. They replied, with some degree of surprise: 'Can that be a question? I always believed he was the Son of God, and not God himself. That can be no new doctrine.' And they found that they had always

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been Unitarians, though, from being unacquainted with the term, they had not known it; and this is now the case with thousands."

We have written and quoted enough, not indeed to show our full idea and appreciation of the character and merits of the subject, but to show that the author has rendered us a valuable service.

The Life of John Howland proves, (what we will not refrain from saying the author's also does,) that a true antiquarian interest in the past does not conflict with the most ardent devotion to the present and the future. May this Life, also, help us "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."

C. T. B.

Art. IV. — INDIAN TRIBES OF NEW ENGLAND.*

We resume and conclude our account of the Penobscots. In our last number we spoke of their early wars with other tribes, of their population, of their chiefs, of their religion, and the missionaries among them. We also specified, as among the general causes of frequent ruptures with the English, their geographical position, the character of the whites around them, the frauds of private traders and at the government truck-houses, the excessive use of rum, the introduction of fire-arms, and the aggressions upon their lands. First in order now, therefore, is a brief mention of the specific or immediate causes of the six wars in which they were involved with the government of Massachusetts.

The *first* war was of three years' duration. Madockawando, who was the head chief, desired to avoid it. The wife and child of the proud, able, and subtle sachem of the Anasagunticooks were upset in the Saco, merely to test the idle saying that "a papoose would swim as naturally as a puppy"; and though the frantic mother

* *Annual Reports of the Select Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America.* Presented November 7, 1850, and November 6, 1851. Boston: John Wilson & Son.

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recovered her babe, it died upon her bosom, and the father, maddened with the wrong, entered upon a crusade to excite the tribes in Maine to lend their aid in avenging it. Madockawando refused.

Soon some of his own people were seized and sold into slavery: the act afforded just cause of war on his part, but he was inclined to overlook the offence, grave as it was, and would have done so could he have obtained concessions in a conference on the Kennebec, in which the subject of the wrongs of his people was discussed. "Where shall we buy powder and shot," he asked, "for our winter's hunting? Shall we leave the English and apply to the French, or let our Indians die? We have waited long to hear you tell us, and now we want yes or no." This direct "talk" brought matters to an issue. The English "preach-men," or commissioners, were madmen, and refused to concede the point, and negotiations were broken off. It was then, soured and disappointed, and after the followers of Philip related the story of *his* wrongs, and of his fall, that Madockawando determined to sound the war-whoop. That he was right in his demand for ammunition, and that a concession by the commissioners would have prevented hostilities, is proved in this, that when, a year after, a treaty was concluded at Boston, it contained a stipulation that the Penobscots might purchase powder and shot of government agents. The peace, however, was hardly more than a truce: each party suspected, and recriminated upon the other; and in the renewal of bloodshed, the frontier settlements of Maine became scenes of slaughter and conflagration. We are the more particular in stating the origin of this war, because we insist that the Penobscots were not in fault. We of course — and whatever others have done, or may do — place them on an equality with the English, and claim that the principles of international law, and the simple rules of right between man and man, are to be applied to uncivilized as well as civilized people.

The principal immediate cause of the *second*, or "King William's War," was the sacking of the Baron Castine's establishment by Andros, Governor of Massachusetts, who — a man without scruple always — turned both robber and pirate, and personally led in the

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enterprise. The pretence was, that, on the running of a boundary line, the eastern bank of the Penobscot River was English territory, and that the French noble refused to recognize the act and to acknowledge himself a subject of England. The survey was *ex parte* and unauthorized, and could bind nobody, for we need not say that colonial and other boundaries are invariably determined by joint national commissioners. Yet the outrage had its advocates. As we reason, Madockawando, who was still at the head of affairs, might as well have gone to Hull, or Ipswich, and plundered the inhabitants there, and justified himself on the ground that Massachusetts had no jurisdiction, because on the map of the renowned John Smith those places are laid down — strangely enough — easterly of the Isles of Shoals, and therefore within the limits of New Hampshire.

The immediate causes of the *third*, or "Queen Anne's War," were the renewal of hostile relations between France and England, the robbery of the fortress and house of the younger Castine, and the fierce passions excited in the Indians by the excessive use of rum. These ten years of strife were ruinous to Maine. Though there was less of malice and of cruelty on the part of the natives than in either of the preceding wars, many of the interior settlements were destroyed, and the seacoast for a hundred miles was desolated and depopulated.

The leading disputes which produced the *fourth* war were two. One related to territory; and after this had existed some time, the Governor of Massachusetts met chiefs of *all* the Eastern tribes in a conference, at which it was claimed by him, and denied by the Indians, that the lands east of the Kennebec had been relinquished. The Governor refused to concede the point, and the chiefs abruptly withdrew, and embarked in their canoes, but were induced to return. Terms were finally arranged, for the tribes were in no condition to enter upon war. But the period of amity was brief. Other parleys or "talks" followed between the Indians and the commanders of the forts, in which the former declared that they "had fought three times for their lands, and could fight again." This state of things continued four years, during which time there had always been a

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strong peace party among the natives. Most unfortunately at this juncture, Rasle, the Jesuit missionary to the Norridgewocks, and other French personages, interfered, and changed the aspect of affairs. Unfortunately, too, the Massachusetts House of Representatives, with inexcusable rashness, and in opposition to the judgment of the Governor, determined to obtain the person of Rasle at all hazards, and raised a body of troops to accomplish that purpose, and to carry desolation to the Norridgewocks; while, to add to the intensity of the excitement, the younger Castine, (as stated in our notice of him,) on suspicion that he was in the Jesuit's confidence, and favored French interests generally, was made prisoner, and sent to Boston, where the House, still in an angry mood, would have tried him for his alleged offences. But the honor of the government was saved by the pertinacity of the lawyers, who said, and truly, that he could not be held to answer in Suffolk County for acts committed in the region of his own home in Maine. Yet Castine was detained for months, which outrage, with the allegation that "you Englishmen have taken the lands which the great God has given our fathers and us," and the ill-advised proceedings already mentioned, produced a rupture. The Anasagunticooks opened the war, and the Penobscots, nothing loath, followed. Omitting as before all details of battles, we barely remark, that, as relates to the latter tribe, they suffered all the hardships incident to hostilities, to poverty, disease, and famine.

For the *fifth* war the Penobscots are responsible; and it would seem that the young warriors were in the ascendency. At the earliest appearance of uneasiness, Massachusetts, as never before, was unwearied in endeavors to arrest their disaffection; and so, too, when one of the tribe was found slain by unknown hands, the government adopted every proper measure to redress the injury. But England and France were again in arms, and, encouraged by the French colonial authorities, and refusing to side with the English, as by treaty they were bound to do, they finally withdrew their trade at the truck-houses, held frequent conference with the tribes in Canada, and otherwise demeaned themselves in a manner which drew from Massachusetts a procla-

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mation that amicable relations were at an end. The nature of the warfare which followed differed, however, from any that had preceded. There was little laying waste of English settlements, little of general and indiscriminate slaughter. The torch and tomahawk were used principally to gratify malice against particular persons or families; and though dwellings were plundered to relieve their necessities and to gratify their love of trinkets and finery, and captives and scalps taken for the sake of the bounty paid by the French, they are to be commended for acts of humanity never before evinced towards their foes.

The causes of the *sixth* and last war were complicated. The government did much to avoid a rupture. At one time commissioners conferred with the chiefs at the fort on the St. George's; and having, as they supposed, restored harmony, they fired salutes, made feasts and presents, and departed. But in another year new disaffection required new "talks" and new gifts. Still later there was a third conference, when the Indians excused themselves by casting blame on a Jesuit, who, they said, had advised them to defend their territories. At this time a hostile disposition was so manifest, that the settlers watched their every movement with fearful anxiety, strengthened their dwellings, and collected to build log garrison-houses. In this state of things, and in 1755, James Cargill, of Newcastle or Bristol, Maine, who had been a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and who was a colonel in the militia, and then on recruiting service, must needs conduct his recruits into the country owned by the tribe, and, on discovery of a party of hunters, shoot down and scalp twelve of them. The victims, it was believed, were all Penobscots, as Cargill knew, though another account is that he took no pains to ascertain whether they were friends or foes, or whether they belonged to one tribe or another. The next exploit of this miscreant and his party was the murder of the Indian woman, Margaret Moxa, without the slightest provocation, and in mere wantonness. She was known as a very angel of mercy in the whole region around, and was at that moment on a mission of peace and good-will to the garrison on the St. George's. The faithful creature asked in dying tones that her in-

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fant might be taken to the fort. Incredible as it may seem, this poor boon was denied, and the child was butchered before her eyes. Margaret was the namesake of two beautiful young girls, who mourned for her as for a sister. The government sent kind messages to the chiefs, and presents and words of condolence to the immediate sufferers. Cargill was arrested, tried, and acquitted. "No white man," at that time, wrote a careful pen, "would have been executed for murdering Indians." Entitled by law to a bounty for the scalps of his victims, he claimed and received a sum equal to two thousand dollars from the public treasury. Were not these facts well authenticated, we should not dare to state them. The warriors could be restrained no longer. They met in council, and related their wrongs. The speech of the principal speaker has been preserved, and, as we conclude, much as it was delivered. "Sound the war-whoop. Strike through the false-hearted white man. .... The spirits of our murdered brothers call to us for revenge..... Sister widows cry, — orphans too..... Our Heavenly Father, pity our mourners. Avenge ill-treated Indians..... Did ever Englishmen come to Indian's wigwam faint, and go away hungry? Never. Where shall Indians go? Here were we born. Here our fathers died..... Here, too, we will live. This land, this river, is ours..... Arise. Join Frenchmen. Fight Englishmen. They shall die." These extracts are sufficient. We may imagine that the placable and peaceable Orono, — who was then but a chief of secondary rank, — true to his nature, uttered: "Aun-tah! aun-tah! Num-e-se-comele-ent. Melunk-senah, spum-keag aio, one-lea-neh neo-nah noa-chee num-e-se-comele-ent tah-hah-la-we-u-keap-ma-che-ke-cheek. A-que-he saw-got woo-saw-me saw-got neo-nah." * And so, too, we may imagine the wailings in the wigwam, for we know that the Indian mothers had often said they were "weary of bearing children to be slain in war."

Meantime, the government had determined on extremities. The House of Representatives urged immediate proclamation of hostilities, but the Council refused

* No! No! We forgive. Our Father in heaven! give us the power to forgive all wrong-doers. Lead us not to evil things, because of evil things to us.

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assent. The House insisted, and addressed the Governor, who replied, that, unless the dissenting branch concurred, nothing could be done. The Council yielded. In the events that followed, the Penobscots acquitted themselves poorly, almost ignominiously. Their French allies soon neglected, and finally abandoned them. The losses in battle, the losses by small-pox, and the wasting of strength and life by intemperance and by famine, completed their catalogue of woes. Gladly accepting at last terms of accommodation, they concluded peace in the Council-chamber, Boston, and "without restrictions or limitations" acknowledged themselves "subjects to the crown of Great Britain." From 1675 to 1760 were eighty-five years, of which thirty-six were of war.*

Our writers delight to depict the horrors of the Indian's warfare. We are told that, with stealthy steps, and at midnight, he emerges from his lairs in the forest, and, uttering his fearful "Ho! ho! ho!" † makes his slumbering victims to perish by his tomahawk or his torch. We are told that his pathway is to be traced by the blaze of the dwellings which he fires; by blackened ruins, and half-consumed bones; by the shrieks of mothers, and the wail of infants; by the groans of the maimed, the butchered, and the dying. Be it all so, and what then? In morals, in humanity, are the brand, the club, the hatchet, and the knife, in the hands of a gaunt, half-famished "savage," more cruel, more destructive instruments than the cannon, the bomb, and the rocket, directed by the skill of the trained, the scientific, the well-fed, well-sheltered, and well-clothed Gaul and Anglo-Saxon? Philip, and Madockawando his contemporary, Brandt of the Revolutionary era, and Tecumseh of our own century, are held up as "hellish monsters," as "damnable wretches," for they were "savages"; but were they Englishmen and Frenchmen, and now alive, and returned from the Crimea, they would be "Christian" earls and dukes, and the world's wonder, and brave gen-

* The 1st, from 1675 to 1678.
" 2d, " 1688 " 1699.
" 3d, " 1703 " 1713.
" 4th, " 1722 " 1725.
" 5th, " 1745 " 1749.
" 6th, " 1755 " 1760.

† The yell, of which we hear so much.

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tlemen, and accomplished military leaders. And so, too, it is everywhere written that the "savage" takes scalps; but who cares to record in his behalf, that for this he has good "Christian" warrant; that Massachusetts, in one of the wars against the Penobscots, offered a bounty of fifteen pounds for every scalp taken from a male Indian of twelve years of age and upwards, and of eight pounds for every captive woman and child. Nay, that, in a later war against the same tribe, the bounty for the scalp of a female or a child was fifty pounds, and for the male scalp one hundred pounds, to persons in the public service, and more than double that sum to volunteer scalpers who drew no pay nor rations.

Again, we are shocked with the woes, as related in "Narratives," of those of our own race, who, Indian captives, were retained by their captors, or sold to the French. But is it not true, on the other hand, that more red men were sent to Boston in a single year, to be shipped and bargained into foreign slavery, than were retained or carried to Canada by all the tribes in Maine during the six wars and the thirty-six years of war we have just noticed? Still again: our writers pause to comment, that, when one "savage" nation was aggrieved, another, that had no part in the difficulty, took sides with their kinsmen, as alternately did the Penobscots, the Anasagunticooks, and the Norridgewocks. With "Christians," this is quite right. It was thought noble, patriotic, in monarchical and Episcopal Virginia, without immediate and pressing wrongs of her own, to send her illustrious son to command the "warriors" of republican and Puritan Massachusetts; nor was it deemed specially blameworthy that France, to humble her ancient foe, aided us in achieving our freedom. Be these examples as they may, there was just now seen an alliance with Mahometan Turkey — harems and all — which, as has been bitterly said, "pronounced every wife and mother in England and France no better than a concubine"; and which, in its political objects, is entitled to far deeper condemnation than any combination or conspiracy to be found in the whole of Indian history. It is possible, then, that on the subjects of scalps, of captives, and of alliances, the "Christians" can be put upon their defence, as well as the "savages"; and in general war-

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fare, what deeds of the Indian are so dark and damning, from first to last, as those perpetrated by our race against the Pequods, when villages were set on fire, and hundreds of women and children were burned and slain at a time, that, as one of the actors blasphemes, "God's name might have the glory"!

The earliest English voyager to the Eastern waters, both cheat and thief, exacted forty beaver-skins for trinkets which cost but a crown, and stole and carried home four of the natives; and thus laid the foundation for their hatred to his countrymen, which the Puritans did much to increase and perpetuate. That the Indians east of the Piscataqua remained at peace for fifty years, and that their first outbreak was at the period when Massachusetts purchased Maine of Gorges's heir, are significant facts. The experience of Roger Williams the Baptist in Rhode Island, of Lord Baltimore the Catholic in Maryland, of Penn the Quaker in Pennsylvania, and of Oglethorpe the Episcopalian in Georgia, are also of importance, to show that it was in the power of the Puritans of Massachusetts to have preserved more amicable relations with the tribes within *their* jurisdiction than ever existed; and we deliberately express the opinion that, had William Dummer* been at the head of affairs from 1675 to 1760, not one of the six wars with the Indians of Maine would have occurred. We delight to do honor to this just magistrate, and to say that, munificent as were his charities in life, and liberal as were his bequests to purposes of mercy and religion at his death, he left no better memorials than his treaty with the Penobscots in 1726, and his general course of righteousness towards them and other "savages" with whom he had official intercourse. It was the misfortune of Massachusetts, under the second charter,

* For the sake of brevity, we have spoken of William Dummer as *Governor:* he was but *Lieutenant*-Governor by commission. When, in 1723, Shute abandoned the executive chair, and Massachusetts, in hot haste, Dummer succeeded to the head of affairs, and administered the government until 1728, and the arrival of Burnet, son of the celebrated bishop of that name. So, from the death of Burnet to the coming of Belcher, Dummer was again acting chief magistrate. Shute bequeathed him a quarrel with the popular branch, and an Indian war. He retired in 1730, and died at Boston in 1761. Among the published sermons of the elder Dr. Byles, is one on the occasion of his decease.

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to be governed by men who were appointed by the crown. Some of the Governors were gentlemen of character and ability; but others lacked capacity or integrity to preserve quiet in the little town of Hull. Yet in justice we may excuse several in this, that, while the Indian tribes were distant, the officials who possessed the executive ear, and the people generally, treated the story of the red men's wrongs as either exaggerated or fabulous, and, in the spirit of Dr. Johnson when our fathers were in rebellion, thought they were "a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

Still, and to be just, it should be stated that there were "some nice people," as Cotton Mather calls them, who "had their scruples about the justice" of the measures pursued in his day, of whom he mentions "one Tom Maule," a Quaker of Salem, who "hath exposed unto the public a volume of nonsensical blasphemies and heresies, wherein he sets himself to defend the Indians in their bloody villanies, and revile the country for defending itself against them"; and, adds the minister of the North Church, "the fittest way to answer him would be to send him to Boston woods." In subsequent generations, there is ample evidence of "Tom Maules," and others of generous hearts and able pens, who, in various ways, endeavored to move the public heart in behalf of the sons of the forest.

The military career of the Penobscots terminated in 1760, for the story of their participation in the Revolution is a mere myth. The facts are these, and we relate them the more minutely because of the errors of tradition and of written statement. It is true that the Congress of Massachusetts, and of the continent, evinced solicitude to secure their services, but equally true that failure was well-nigh total. On the 15th of May, 1775, a letter was reported to the former body, addressed to the Penobscots, in which, after a narration of the reasons for an appeal to arms, it is said: "We want to know what you, our good brothers, want from us of clothing, or warlike stores, and we will supply you as fast as we can. We will do all for you we can, and fight to save you any time, and hope that none of your men, or the Indians in Canada, will join our enemies." This communication

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further stated, that some of the Stockbridges had already enlisted as soldiers, that each one had received a blanket and a ribbon, that every Penobscot on being enrolled would receive the same, and that Captain John Lane "will show you his orders for raising one company of your men to join with us in the war with your and our enemies." This letter was accepted, authenticated, and transmitted. It appears from Lane's journal, that, on the 22d, James Sullivan delivered the necessary papers with orders from Congress; that he consulted General Preble at Portland, and thence proceeded to perform his mission. Lane also records, that he stopped at Fort Pownall, where he procured an interpreter; that he met some of the chiefs on the 2d of June, and made known his business; that there was a second "talk" on the following day, when it was agreed to hold another conference on Sunday, the 4th, and to come to a definite understanding. The chiefs were too wary to commit themselves in this way, and to an agent of Congress, and preferred, as Indians always do, to treat with principals;* while besides, as will be seen, conditions were to be complied with on the part of the Whig leaders as an equivalent.

Hence, Lane enlisted no men; but he says that the chiefs agreed to send "an ambassador," with three young men to attend him, and Andrew Gilman to act as his interpreter. The "ambassador" was of course Orono, the head chief, and his attendants were Poreis, Jo Peare, and Messhall. The party were at Fort Pownall on the 9th of June, where Lane wrote Joseph Warren that he "could not have thought that they had been so hearty in the cause, or so ready to assist us if occasion requires." On the 14th, Orono conferred with his old friend Preble, at Portland; but he was still cautious in

* This is a marked trait in Indian character. The chiefs of the Eastern tribes were never satisfied, unless they could conclude terms with the Governor in person, either at Boston or Portland. After Massachusetts became a commonwealth, the sachems, upon the merest pretence, must needs go and see the "Gubbernur." Since the separation, the frequent visits to the capital of Maine, as the writer has occasion to know, have been annoying in the extreme. In olden time, the proud Philip furnishes an illustration not to be omitted here. "Your Governor," said he to a commissioner of Massachusetts, "is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the king, my brother. When he comes, I am ready."

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making pledges, since the latter, in a letter to Warren, remarks, "He reserves what he has chiefly to say till he comes to the Congress"; yet he probably stated his terms of adhesion, for we find in another communication the expression of a hope that his "expectations would be answered"; for, as a consequence, "a foundation would be laid for securing to our interest the whole tribe." On the 19th, immediately after the passage of a resolve to fill the vacancy in the army occasioned by the fall of Warren, the papers of Lane were read in Congress, and referred to a committee; while on the same day another committee was appointed to confer with Orono and his suite, and to provide proper entertainment for them during their stay at Watertown. Intense excitement prevailed, for the memorable event of two days previous agitated every bosom.* But the second committee, prompt in the performance of their duty, reported on the 21st the result of their interview with the chiefs. Orono, they stated, had spoken thus: "The representation I now make, and the engagements I enter into, are in behalf of the whole tribe I represent. My heart is good, honest, and upright in all I say. The English are a people old and strong; but we are children and weak. We have a large tract of land, which we have a right to call our own, and have possessed, accordingly, for many years. These lands have been encroached upon by the English, who have for miles on end cut much of our good timber. We ask that you would interpose, and prevent such encroachments for the future; and we will assist you with all our power in the common defence of our country; and we hope, if the Almighty be on our side, the enemy will not be able to deprive us of our lands. We request that Captain Lane be our agent, to settle all matters relative to the above difficulties respecting our lands. We desire a commissary may be sent among us, of whom we may purchase goods. We desire provisions, and powder, which we will buy at a reasonable rate. We have been much imposed upon by your traders, and desire such evils may be by you prevented."†

The Congress, after some preliminary remarks, prom-

* The battle of Bunker's Hill.

† We have changed the pronouns, the tense of some of the verbs, and omitted a few unimportant words.

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ised satisfaction in the matter of felling the pines, by forbidding any "person or persons whatsoever from trespassing or making waste upon any of their territories," beginning at the head of the tide on Penobscot River, extending six miles on each side of said river, now claimed by our brethren, the Indians of the Penobscot tribe, as they would avoid the highest displeasure of this Congress."

Thanks for the "generous offers of friendship and assistance in our present war," with assurance that, as soon as the duties consequent upon the battle on Bunker's Hill would allow, a proper commissary, with the articles they needed, should be sent, and that measures should be adopted to prevent fraudulent traffic with them, followed; while the request that Lane should be their agent was complied with, and power given him to report to Congress "any molestations or depredations" which they might thereafter sustain, to the end that "such redress as their circumstances might require" should be afforded. A present of two yards of blue cloth, a piece of ribbon, and a pair of shoes to each of the chiefs, and the payment of their expenses, concluded the mission, and Orono returned to his people. The services of Lane were rewarded by a commission as captain, with authority to raise a company; and Gilman, receiving the appointment of an "honorary" lieutenant, was directed to watch the movements of the Eastern tribes, and promote a friendly disposition to the Whig cause among them.

Such were the principal incidents of the first year of the war. The chiefs could not have been satisfied. They had never consented to the grants of their land by Massachusetts under the colonial government on the river below the head of the tide; nor had they ever limited their territory on its banks, above or below, to six miles in breadth. The promise to protect them, if performed, did not therefore meet the case.

Washington, in July, 1776, wrote the Congress of Massachusetts from New York, that he had been authorized "to call to our aid as many of the St. John's, Nova Scotia, and Penobscot Indians as he might judge necessary." He remarked further, that he considered "this service of great importance, particularly if the enemy should attempt an impression into the interior parts of

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the country." And he asked that body to engage immediately, on the best terms they could, "five or six hundred men of these tribes, and to have them marched with all possible expedition to join the army" at New York. As they had professed a strong inclination to take part in the contest, he thought it probable they would engage for less pay and on better terms than the continental troops; but if not, they would be allowed the same. He wished that they might be enlisted for two or three years, unless sooner discharged by him, and he enjoined that, if possible, every man should bring his firelock. This earnest request of the illustrious Commander-in-chief was followed the same month by a letter from James Bowdoin, who heartily concurred in the proposed measure, and urged its adoption. An attempt was at once made to comply. We have before us a letter from Thomas Fletcher, dated on the Penobscot River in August, 1776, addressed to the Council of Massachusetts, in which he communicates his disappointment. "The Indians met him," he says, at "the Falls,"* in eighteen canoes, when he read to them his instructions, and Washington's request that they would enlist in the army. They replied, substantially, as he relates, that none of their young men could be spared, for they might be wanted to defend themselves against the English, who might induce the French and the bad Indians in Canada to invade and destroy them. Upon this information, the matter seemed so hopeless for the Whigs, that Fletcher was directed to pay over to the receiver-general the funds intrusted to him as a recruiting agent to the tribe. A month later, Jedediah Preble junior and Jeremiah Colburn stated to the Council, that the Penobscots evinced a disposition so hostile, that they could not be relied on, and that, indeed, a small force should be sent to prevent them from joining the enemy. Immediately on this intelligence, a resolve was passed authorizing the employment of a guard under command of Gilman, and of the enlistment of ten Indians as a part of it, the corps to be placed on "the same establishment with the men raised for the defence of the sea-coast." Gilman was soon transferred to the main army, and the

* Their present village, we suppose.

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guard was placed under the orders of Colonel Josiah Brewer. In October, 1776, Washington was officially informed that seven of the Penobscots had enlisted in the continental line for the term of one year; that they were then at Watertown, on their way to New York; that they were destitute of clothing, and had been supplied to the value of some twenty pounds, which should be deducted from their pay. Here ends all evidence that the warriors of this tribe were in the Revolution, unless we include the service which a few rendered as guides to the seamen of Saltonstall's fleet in their journey through the wilderness to Kennebec, after the disastrous attempt on the enemy's post at Castine; and unless we include, too, the scouts sent by Orono to the Whigs with information of the movements of British ships and troops in Maine, whenever occasion offered. Yet it was meritorious that, though the British took possession of the country east of the Penobscot River, and established a garrison at its mouth which they maintained until the peace, the people of whom we speak, notwithstanding their partial alienation, continued neutral; and that individuals of their number remained faithful to the side which they originally espoused. That Orono bore a letter from the leading Whig in Maine, and the first commander of the Massachusetts army, to the great martyr of the 17th of June; that Sullivan, Bowdoin, and Brooks, afterwards in turn Governors of the Commonwealth, and Lincoln, who at the close of the contest received the sword of Cornwallis, and Church, as able as either, but an apostate of unhappy fate, and that Washington himself was solicitous for the adhesion and military aid of the Penobscots, prove that they still possessed strength, and were thought of importance in the struggle. The reasons for the failure of a measure countenanced by persons so distinguished can only be conjectured; but it may not be wide of the truth, perhaps, to conclude that Orono and his associate chiefs were offended because his overture to Congress, at Watertown, in 1775, was not met as frankly as it was made; and that the conditions as to trespassers on their pine lands, unsatisfactory as they were, in the pressure of the business which devolved on the Whig rulers, were but partially observed, if not wholly neglected. And this

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view derives support from the fact that, as we have seen, the stipulations relative to the truck-house were not fulfilled in the sense intended by the parties, which omission of duty on the part of the Whigs was of the last consequence to the Indians, as depriving them of blankets and cloths for dress, and of guns and ammunition to secure their daily food.

At the Revolution, the ungranted lands of Maine held by the British crown, as well as large tracts held by Loyalists, or Tories, became vested in Massachusetts; and at the close of the struggle, the attention of gentlemen of that State, and of adventurers elsewhere, was directed to them as a sure means to increase or acquire fortunes. The documents of the time show indeed, that, for ten or fifteen years after the peace, the mania for "Eastern lands" was quite as intense as that which prevailed within a very recent period. The pine forests and the mill-sites of the Penobscots were of great value, and were wanted by the "operators" of the day. Accordingly, in 1784, commissioners were appointed by Massachusetts to negotiate a cession. The result was the purchase in 1786, *for three hundred and fifty blankets, two hundred pounds of powder, and a quantity of shot and flints*, of the country on the Penobscot River to the Piscataquis stream on the one bank, and to the Metawamkeag on the other, save the islands between the falls at Oldtown and the mouths of these tributaries. This, as far as we have been able to discover, was the first actual cession, and these paltry presents was the first pretended equivalent. But the country *below* Bangor, on both banks of the river and bay, had passed from their possession. On the westerly side, the grant known in later times as the "Waldo Patent" embraced the whole. While easterly, the colonial government had seized and appropriated every acre of the mainland, and all the islands, two of inconsiderable size only excepted. Thus the Penobscots had lost a large part of their domain before the new masters whom they had offered to serve set *their* covetous eyes on the territory *above* the head of tide-waters. There remained to the Indians, then, after the bargain in 1786 was concluded, two islands near the sea, the islands just mentioned, and the tract above the Piscataquis and Metawamkeag, and northerly from them

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without defined limits; and these were guaranteed in quiet possession, as the chief supposed, for ever.* But the government of Massachusetts understood the matter differently, and difficulties soon arose between the contracting parties, which, increasing, until 1796, were adjusted, as then appeared, by a new treaty. In this second convention, the Penobscots ceded the mainland on both sides of the river for a distance of thirty miles, commencing at a designated rock in Eddington; but retained the river islands, and the territory above the thirty-mile line so drawn, northerly and indefinitely. The consideration for the cession was, *one hundred and fifty yards of blue woollens, four hundred pounds of shot, one hundred pounds of powder, one hundred bushels of corn, thirteen bushels of salt, thirty-six hats, and a barrel of rum*, in hand, with an annuity of *three hundred bushels of corn, fifty pounds of powder, two hundred pounds of shot, and seventy-five yards of blue cloth.*† This tract was surveyed into nine townships, and offered to purchasers in quarter-townships at a price the acre which, if received, placed in the treasury upwards of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars! Such was the dealing of Christians with these helpless Indians in the year 1796.

In 1818, owing to various causes, the Penobscots had become poor; and well do we remember their distresses, and the sympathy of individuals in behalf of their women and children. In the poverty of the tribe, sales of pine timber were made by their chiefs, on the lands which they reserved in the last treaty, much to the displeasure of Massachusetts, on the ground that the fee was in the State, and that the mere right to occupy, to fish, and to hunt was all that could be enjoyed by the Indians, unless, indeed, they might embrace an agricultural life, of which there could have been no hope; for then the keenest Anglo-Saxon eye saw nothing in Maine east of the Kennebec but pine-trees, and water-power to saw them into marketable shapes.

In this posture of affairs, a commission was created to

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* The words of the treaty are, that all the lands on the Penobscot River above the two streams named in the tract "should lie as hunting-grounds for the Indians, and *should not be laid out or settled by the State, or engrossed by individuals.*"

† This annuity is about equal to $ 600.

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open a third negotiation. Early in 1819, a convention was ratified by which the Commonwealth obtained the whole of the remaining country, excepting four townships of mainland, six miles square, and the islands, so often mentioned, in the Penobscot River. We have not room to record the various articles which were to be delivered to the chiefs annually as payment for this cession; but we state with pleasure that the quantities of food, cloth, and ammunition were considerably more than in 1796, and that provision was made for the repair of the Indian church, and for the employment of a teacher in husbandry; while, beside, the women and maidens were presented with several hundred yards of calico and ribbon. In fine, there is a spirit of liberality in this treaty which was manifested on no former occasion. But yet, Massachusetts has little reason to plume herself on her course towards the Penobscots while they were under her guardianship. The Indian domain, though worth a million at the periods of cession, and several millions now, cost her at most less than thirty-five thousand dollars, as she herself estimated, when, at the separation, an arrangement was suggested by which Maine was to assume the payment of the annuities stipulated in the treaties to which we have referred. Maine, on becoming an independent State, in 1820, assumed the control of Indian affairs within her borders; and, in 1833, appointed commissioners to dispose of the four townships reserved by the Penobscots in the convention of 1819. The purchase-money, amounting to some fifty-five thousand dollars, was invested under the direction of the State, and remains entire. The interest of this fund is divided annually in equal shares; and in addition, the annuities under the treaties with Massachusetts are continued, and cannot be withheld, if good faith be observed, while the Penobscots shall exist as a nation. These two sources of income, with the islands, constitute now the only public or common property of the tribe. The islands, to rely upon our own count in 1852, are twenty-seven or eight in number. Some are low, small, and of little value; but others are beautiful in surface and situation, and sufficient in size and in richness of soil for the support of one or more families.

The place of the Penobscots' abode may next claim

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our attention. Tradition, and even written history, do but confuse the inquirer. Many fragmentary incidents tend to the opinion, that two centuries ago they lived on the sea-shore in the vicinity of Castine; while, on the other hand, it is affirmed that their principal home has ever been on the river above Bangor. Previous to the fourth war, they had a village which was defended by a fort some seventy yards long and fifty wide, with a stockade fourteen feet high, and which, from the description of the islands near it, was probably on Oldtown island, their present seat. The whole, including a chapel sixty feet by thirty, well and even handsomely finished, and the friar's house, were burned in 1723 by Westbrooke, who, after Massachusetts had proclaimed the Eastern tribes to be traitors and robbers, led a force to the river for the double purpose of destruction and of obtaining the bounty on Indian scalps. In the last his followers were disappointed, as the village had been entirely deserted for months. Two years later a second village, which also contained a chapel, and was built within the limits of Bangor, three miles above the mouth of the Kenduskeag stream, was laid in ashes by Heath, who came across the country from the Kennebec at the head of a company panting to use the firebrand and the scalping-knife; but these, too, found only vacant wigwams. It is supposed that after Heath's exploit the tribe returned to Oldtown, and have never since permanently occupied any other place. This town is twelve miles northerly of Bangor, and immediately above the Falls. The island contains about three hundred acres; the soil is good, but we dissent from those who call it beautiful either in surface or situation. At present, much of it is overrun with coarse grass and weeds. Were streets to be laid out through the village, and roads elsewhere, — were some of the buildings to be removed into line, and were the burying-ground, church, and council-house to be kept in order, — and these improvements can all be easily made, — Oldtown would become somewhat inviting to strangers of taste. Below — and so near that the eye embraces both the Indians and the operations of the lumberers at a glance — below the island are several saw-mills, one of which, the property of General Samuel Veazie, is about four hun-

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dred feet long, and yields the princely sum of twenty-five thousand dollars annual rent. This gentleman informed us that he had become proprietor of the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, and that the bridge which here crosses the Penobscot cost him quite sixty thousand dollars. Immense quantities of lumber, of all shapes and for all purposes, are manufactured by these mills, and sent to the great mart below for shipment. The rafting to descend the river; the machinery for hauling logs into the mills; the rapidity with which gang-saws, up and down single saws, and circular saws, make timber, planks, boards, shingles, pickets, clapboards, and laths; the roar of the falls; the blows of the choppers; the harsh sounds of the saws; the skill, dexterity, and daring of the river-drivers, stationed at the foot of the sluice, in clearing the "jams" of logs which, in their plungings and whirlings and crossings, pile up in wondrous confusion, and oftentimes in huge masses; the red shirts and Kossuth hats, with streaming ribbons, of the workmen; — all these fix the attention of the visitor, albeit he has gazed and admired for years. The friend who accompanied us in our last visit (1855), a graduate of Harvard, and a novice in woodcraft, was spellbound with the scene; nor was it until nightfall, and the last train of cars, that he would consent to end his wanderings, his questionings, and his musings. But he had his revenge for the interruption, since he talked of little else than the wondrous doings with pines and spruces, in stream, in mill, and in sluice, the journey long; and constantly accused us of hurrying him off and of preventing "one ramble more."

Every past generation depended upon the forest and the fishery for support. But since game has become distant, the hardy and adventurous are the only hunters; and in the decrease of the salmon, the shad, and the alewife, the Penobscots have been compelled to adopt several of the employments of their Anglo-Saxon brethren. Thus, some are attempting to become seamen, some work in the woods as lumberers, and engage in the perils of river-driving, and receive ample wages; others have lands set off in severalty upon their own islands, which they cultivate with some skill; still others seek day-labor among the whites; while another

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class are mere idle, dissolute drones, and roam the country or paddle to the sea-shore, a pest, as they ever have been, to the neighborhood in which they set up their camps. Yet in the matter of industry the change for the better has been beyond the hope of the most sanguine; and this has produced a corresponding increase of property and comfort. In our boyhood we always gambolled with the Indian boy in the wigwam, a structure of poles and bark, without doors or windows, or floor or chimney, and furnished with a few skins and blankets, a pot and kettle, and mayhap with bark and wooden dishes, with everything in and around to offend the eye and the nostril. But now not a single wigwam remains on the principal island; every family inhabits the "white man's house," many sleep on the "white man's bed," and possess the most useful of the "white man's things," or furniture, while some live in dwellings of tasteful appearance, of convenient apartments, and well-considered arrangements. Nay, more, and better than all, there is a general cleanliness which once no one thought possible. The best house we saw (in 1855) is owned by Joseph Poris, whose wife is Molly Sockbasen, a Passamaquoddy. It is of two stories, stands upon a sort of terrace not destitute of shrubbery, is well painted, and has blinds. Molly received our little party very graciously. We soon discovered that she was far gone in her "white sisters' ways," for when asked by her husband in her own vernacular to allow us to look about her domicile, she replied in tolerable English, that really not a place was in order, — everything was in confusion, — she had been so busy, — she did not expect gentlemen, — and so on, according to the rule by womankind in such cases made and provided; but though she has not arrived at *all* the mysteries of the dusting-cloth, we found her parlor-carpet clean, her centre-table and chairs in approved position, her sheets white, and beds neatly spread, her prints suspended on the walls something as she had elsewhere seen, her dishes arranged in showy piles and rows, and her stoves and cooking utensils of proper and uniform hue. We observed, also, that the principal rooms were painted and papered, and that Poris, mindful of the smoke, the talk, and the dance, had finished a hall in

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the second story quite sufficient to accommodate all his friends, who, of course, belong to the "upper class." We told Molly at parting that her name should appear in print, both because her housekeeping deserved the mention, and because, as our page would be preserved, some writer ages hence might be glad to use it to mark the progress or decline in civilization of her husband's people.

In dress, too, the change has been well-nigh universal in both sexes. The three-cornered cloth cap, the loose sort of garment which covered the person to the knees and was kept closed in front by a girdle or a belt, the blanket in clumsy folds about the loins, the leggin, and moccason, have given place substantially to articles worn by our own race. Some of the males, on occasion, are as well and as fashionably clad as can be wished; and the females, though still wearing the hat, appear in frocks of ample gathers, tucks, and flounces, and in neatly fitted hose and shoes.

As relates to temperance, well-informed persons express the opinion that there has been no marked improvement. We are assured that nearly half of the adult males use intoxicating liquors, that many are guilty of the most beastly excesses, and that some spend everything they can earn to gratify their appetite. But this account does not meet the case. We recall the time when drunken Indians were the terror of all the river towns, when children were chased in the road, and driven from home and from the school-room. We have stood by our own mother with her little flock clinging to her knees, pale, motionless, and horror-stricken, when, with a drawn knife, the red maniac yelled out, as he staggered to reach the group, "Lum, lum! — me speak lum! — you no stamina?"* and more than once was our parental fireside invaded by a Penobscot in this wise, and by the inebriate, who, too helpless to attempt harm, fell dead drunk upon the floor, and coiled himself up as no one but an Indian can do, to sleep off his debauch, while all others, tearful and sleepless, watched the night long for manifestations of consciousness, and the terrible outbreaks of ferocity which always marked the first

* Rum! I want rum! don't you understand?

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hours of returning sobriety. No such scenes, as we are advised, have occurred recently, and hence we infer that intemperance is on the decline, or at least that its victims conduct themselves with more propriety than formerly. We hear of freaks of fun by the inebriates of the present generation, rather than of threats of violence to the defenceless, as in the past. Thus we are told of one who, dressed sometimes in a military uniform, and sometimes in the apparel of the fantastic, paraded the streets of Bangor, with a troop of idlers at his heels; and of a father and son, who, both confirmed vagrants, drunkards, and fiddlers, and cross-eyed, and barefooted, and the wags of the tribe, always attracted crowds, and excited the laugh and the shout.

The only serious attempt to educate the Penobscots is of recent date. Some of them, strangely enough, strongly opposed the measure when first suggested, and for years. Those, however, to whom we have spoken, cast the blame on their religious teacher, who feared as a certain result, they aver, apostasy from the Catholic faith. It is believed that all opposition has ceased, and that the parents and children have generally become interested. Maine makes an appropriation every year, which, originally two hundred dollars, has been gradually increased, until it is now nearly twice that sum. A male teacher has been employed in winter, and a female in summer. The school-room is low, dilapidated, badly ventilated, and inconvenient in arrangement, but is furnished with a blackboard and timepiece, and, we were informed, with maps and a globe. We have seen several maps executed by Indian children which evinced some proficiency, and have listened to accounts of very great progress in several other branches of study. Yet we incline to think that few are more than ordinary writers, readers, and spellers. The first school was of course established at Oldtown; as the children upon the islands above were deprived of its advantages, a second, kept in a private dwelling on an isle opposite Lincoln, was lately organized, and may become permanent either there or at some convenient point. The average attendance at both is from fifty-five to sixty, the largest number being at the lower school. The inauspicious circumstance is, that, in the dispersion of the

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children from the Falls to Metawamkeag, a distance of more than forty miles, disagreements will arise as to the apportionment of the school-money at different places, and that, in the jealousies and alienations almost sure to follow, teaching everywhere will be suspended, and the endeavor to educate the young fail. Yet, as wise men are aware of this, and will sedulously guard against it, and will try, as sound discretion shall warrant, to increase the allowance of the State to an amount to support several teachers, we may hope that *this*, the *last* experiment which can ever be made in New England to elevate the red man, will succeed, and succeed beyond all cavil or dispute.

We must not omit the Indian maidens. Some are both pretty and witty. Molly Molasses, who is yet alive, is among the *past* beauties; her picture, by Hardy, delighted herself and others, and is considered a faithful delineation of the charms which in her youth attracted admiration. In 1852, while on board the steamer which plies on the upper Penobscot, we saw a girl of great personal loveliness, who was neatly attired in silk, who conversed with her fellow-passengers with modest propriety, and who, when off the island which contains her home, took leave of them with ease and grace. We passed in the street, the same year, a maiden clad in fine orange-colored stuff, who seemed to invite attention to her full, pretty face, the lofty toss of her head, and the pride of her slow and measured step. In 1855 we were less fortunate; as, missing sight of all of noticeable beauty, we appeased as well as we could the curiosity of two young gentlemen of our party, by obtaining the assurance of our Indian factotum, that one celebrated belle was up-river with her father, and another was down-stream on a visit. These examples will serve our purpose.

We have now accomplished our task as fully as our limits will allow. It has been our endeavor to deal with the subject as the student of history is ever bound to do; but if our readers think that we have been partial to the poor natives, we beg them to remember that

> "Justice, though she 's painted blind,
> Is to the weaker side inclined."

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We cling to the hope, we confess, that the Penobscots will become, in a measure at least, a civilized people. We know — and may hereafter state in detail in these pages — that every past effort to make the red man "all one white man" has failed, disastrously failed. We know that to propagate the Christian faith among the savages of the undiscovered world which Columbus sought to find was his dream by day and by night; and that, the deed accomplished, this world was given away by the head of the Catholic Church to the powers that would undertake the holy work. We know that in the earliest charter which passed the great seal of Protestant England, which covered the half of the inhabitable part of our country, the bringing of the "infidel savages" to a knowledge of the truth is stated as a primary object which moved the royal mind thereto; that the sentiment is repeated in the charter which next followed, and is everywhere repeated in the narratives of voyagers, and in the letters and the tracts of the time; that it is set out in the first charter to Massachusetts, and that the governor under it was required in his official oath to swear to use his best efforts to draw the natives to the knowledge of the true God. We know that in the later charters in other sections, the same great design is specially recognized; and that after repeated failures it was again renewed in the founding of Georgia, — the last of the thirteen colonies, — where, with the Wesleys for the heralds of salvation, success was deemed sure. Nor do we need to be reminded of the labors in this behalf of the Apostle Eliot and his son, of the five Mayhews, of the great Jonathan Edwards,* of the two Sergeants, the two Brainerds, and the two Cottons, of Bourne, Bryant, Forbes, Hawley, Frisbie, Badger, and Peabody, and a long roll of other worthy men, who, embracing every possible variety of talent, and every form of persuasive power, were alike in the single result of discomfiture; nor are we ignorant that the painstaking Moravian and the self-denying Methodist accomplished as little as the Congregationalist and the Baptist. The record of the Jesuit and of the Franciscan we have all by heart, and

* It was while he was a missionary to the Housatonics or Stockbridges, that he wrote his "Essay on the Will," — considered one of the greatest efforts of the human mind.

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we exhaust it, except in individual cases, in the mention of instructions which touched neither the head nor the heart, which taught the swinging of censers, the chant of *aves*, the sign of the cross, and the abstaining from eating beavers' tails in Lent. We know that the Indian father said in ages past, "My boy, he read book, and be rogue like white man," and that he says so yet; that there was once an Indian school connected with old Harvard, which had but a single graduate; that the well-considered plan of Wheelock was abandoned in despair, and that the continued and devoted labors of Kirkland, alike abortive as relates to the native youth, resulted in founding Dartmouth and Hamilton Colleges for the education of Anglo-Saxons. And so, too, we know that in our own day the experiment of conversion and of teaching has been renewed, and that beyond the Mississippi missions and schools have been established on a design far more comprehensive than ever before; and as we read the annual reports of the missionaries and instructors, we own that we are in doubt whether even this grand scheme, though undertaken under national auspices, will not in the end terminate like all that have preceded it; but yet, and while we abandon the Passamaquoddys, we cling to the Penobscots in hope. The circumstances are all favorable, and, as we would fain believe, *more* favorable than have existed, or do exist, elsewhere. And first, the history of the tribe, from the earliest knowledge of it, shows conclusively that it possesses more than ordinary strength of character, and more than ordinary recuperative power. In the second place, it has steadily increased in numbers during the last half-century, which is a fact of very noticeable significance, if we but recall that all over the country the red man has disappeared, or is rapidly disappearing. So, again, without effort on the part of the whites, the Penobscots, of their own motion, and by their own inherent energy, have made already considerable, nay, respectable progress in civilization. And lastly, their geographical position — unfortunate in olden times, but fortunate now — is an important element of success, because, living upon and owning islands only, their boundaries are as certain as the laws of the running stream which surrounds their homes, and territorial disputes are therefore at an

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end; because they utter their "Qua neecher,"* to men who are engaged in their own pursuits, to men with whom they constantly and unavoidably mingle on board of steamers, in the forest, and upon the farm, and who, themselves increasing in property and refinement, and treating their red brothers and sisters as neighbors and friends, allow full play to the influence of unrestrained intercourse. The continuance of the Penobscots upon their islands we regard as the hinge on which their destiny will turn; and we earnestly counsel their head men, never, under any circumstances, to part with one of them. These, or a part only, alienated, dispersion and destruction are as certain as individual death. And we ask the gentlemen of Maine, of position, who feel an interest in and give direction to their affairs, that they prevent the division and distribution of the fund derived from the sale of the four townships, a measure which, as is well known, a part of the tribe has desired for years. That fund, if kept entire for a generation, may be of infinite service. Unless civilization shall be arrested, a church, a council-house, and school-houses, of durable materials and of architectural beauty, will become necessary.

At parting, a word to the young men and maidens. We entreat that you be punctual at school, and assiduous in study; that you cultivate the virtues of temperance, of industry, of truthfulness, and of personal cleanliness. Abandon at once and for ever the barbarous sort of English of your fathers, — such as *sartin* for certain, *make-um* for make, *stamina* for understand, and the like. Use, too, the pronouns properly, and away with *me* for *I;* and in the genders, no longer call a woman *he.* Converse in the English tongue only, and utter nothing that you would fear to repeat at the altar, or in presence of your "white sisters." Test what you learn by writing an account of your isles, by letters to your young friends who are dispersed upon them; and let the first scholar of attainments write the life of the ever blessed Cheverus, as a text-book for your schools. Let the young men before marriage have a lot of land set off in severalty, and possess the means to build and

* How do you do, my brother?

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decently furnish a house; and let the maiden, ere she pronounces her vows as a wife, be known and praised for her qualities as a housekeeper. Let neither sex persist longer in the Indian manner of sitting and disposing of the legs, that the crooked limb and ungraceful walk may disappear. Dress as well as you can afford to do, and, indeed, *some* extravagance in finery may be excused, since, in the end, your taste will be improved, and habits of neatness be promoted. In fine, do everything possible to ameliorate your general condition, and to form individual character by the standard of culture and of education. Many good men and women have your highest and best interests at heart, and will never abandon you if you but second their desire to have you become gentle, polite, and virtuous.

This sketch of your history, imperfect as it is, has caused the writer no little research and weary toil. Though some of his own race may read it, it is designed principally for you, and but for you it would not have been written. The initials below are those of a "preachman's papoose," * who once could call most of your fathers by name, and who was the pet of your mothers. In his youth his parental home was the constant resort of both, and save when the awful "fire-water" had done its awful work, there was always peace and kindly offices. The deeds of love and sympathy only have been cherished, and grateful for these to himself, and to the dear ones now departed, he here discharges, for the benefit of the children, his obligations to the parents.

L. S.

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* Minister's child.

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Art. V. — THE GRINNELL EXPEDITIONS.*

The two expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, undertaken through the liberality of Henry Grinnell of New York, who bore a large proportion of the expenses of both expeditions, were unprecedented in several respects. They were the result of the private zeal of a citizen of the United States, assisting in the search for lost officers of the British navy; the first expedition was frozen up in the open sea, and drifted nine weary months in the very heart of an ice-field, carried against their will to make new discoveries of land in the north, and again brought out into the open waters of Baffin's Bay; the second expedition penetrated farther north than civilized men had ever gone on American land, and suffered under longer darkness and more intense natural cold than had ever been experienced.

But we must remember that, in these regions where our countrymen have made two such successful voyages of discovery, the English government have for centuries been pushing the boundaries of geographical knowledge, and scarce one of their expeditions by land and by sea but would have furnished materials for a thrilling narrative, in the hands of so lively and faithful an historian as Dr. Kane. The earliest Arctic voyages were attempts to pass to China and India by the way of the northern coasts of Europe. Baffled for centuries in the efforts to penetrate those icy seas, navigators next attempted, in the sixteenth century, northwestern explorations; and the result, as it is well known, was the discovery of the coasts of Labrador, and of Baffin's and Hudson's Bays. But the ardor of discovery died away in the seventeenth century, or at least slumbered for a long time, scarcely showing itself until revived in 1817 by the reports of whalemen that the Arctic seas were unusually free from ice. These led to new voyages, both to the north of England, directly towards the

* *The U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. A Personal Narrative by* Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854. 8vo. pp. 552.

Arctic Explorations: the Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54, '55 By Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1856. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 464, 467.

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Pole, and to the regions of Baffin's Bay. In 1819 Parry made his most fortunate and successful voyage to Melville Island. His wonderful success stimulated his countrymen to new efforts, which it is not to our purpose to enumerate. In 1845 Sir John Franklin was intrusted with the command of an expedition, of whose doings, and of whose fate, we are yet in partial and painful ignorance. Sir John had been for years familiar with Arctic life, his first visit to the icy seas having been in 1818 as a captain under Commodore Buchan. He had afterward led the party which performed the terrible overland journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River, when all were reduced to eating burnt leather, and scraping lichens from the rocks for food, and an Iroquois hunter attached to the party secretly murdered and ate one of the feeble stragglers. In conjunction with Sir John Richardson, he had explored the shores of Arctic America. His character eminently fitted him for such service, joining, as he did, to the courage, perseverance, enthusiasm, and prudence of a true hero, the gentler qualities of kindness and considerate forethought for others, which would bind his men to him by the strongest ties, and also be a greater safeguard among the Esquimaux than any weapons.

His instructions bear date May 5, 1845. He is directed to proceed with despatch to Davis's Strait, and enter Lancaster Sound with as little delay as possible; then to push westward without loss of time in the latitude of 74° 15′ to a cape discovered by Parry, in about 98° west longitude; from that point to use "every effort to endeavor to penetrate to the southward and westward towards Behring's Straits." In case this is not practicable, he is told to try a passage farther north; and, should he be so fortunate as to accomplish a passage through Behring's Straits, to proceed to the Sandwich Islands to refit the ships and refresh the crews. He is instructed to take magnetical observations, and to understand that, although the effecting of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific is the main object of the expedition, yet the ascertaining of the position of the points of land they pass, and facts of geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoölogy, is not to be wholly neglected. He was provided with bottles and copper cylinders, in which he

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was frequently to enclose memoranda of his position, and commit them to the sea.

The expedition, consisting of two ships and one hundred and thirty-eight men, started May 25, and arrived prosperously at the mouth of Wellington Channel — at least so appearances indicate — before winter; but the latest direct communication with them was by a whaleship in July. They were fitted for a three year's absence. In January, 1848, the British government sent a brig to Behring's Straits to search for the missing ships, and make incidental observations of a scientific character; and in March they sent Sir John Richardson with a land party, by way of Lake Superior and the Coppermine River, for similar purposes. The preparation for these researches was begun in 1847. In the spring of 1848 rewards were offered, both by the government and by Lady Jane Franklin, the noble wife of the navigator, to any whaler who should make any extraordinary exertions to discover traces of him. In May of the same year two ships were sent to follow in the same track, through Lancaster Sound. Neither of these expeditions resulted in any discovery of consequence. In 1849 Dr. Rae, from Sir John Richardson's party, and Commander Pullen from the Behring's Straits expedition, searched the northern shores of the continent and the nearest islands. Dr. Rae renewed these explorations for several successive years, and afterward, in 1854, in a similar tour, learned the sad fate of some of Sir John Franklin's party, who starved to death near the mouth of the Great Fish River.

On the 15th of January, 1850, orders were addressed to Captain Collinson to take two vessels and renew the search through Behring's Straits. One of these vessels, under McClure, succeeded in finding a Northwest Passage, but it was closed with ice; and after passing three winters there, McClure and his crew were forced to abandon the vessel in the ice, and return home by way of Lancaster Sound, in one of the vessels of Belcher's squadron. In 1850 six vessels from England under Captain Austin, and two from the United States under Lieutenant De Haven, penetrated Lancaster Sound as far as the entrance to Wellington Channel, and found there conclusive proof that Franklin wintered there in 1845–6.

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The next summer the British expeditions searched to the west and southwest of this spot, and found no further trace of the missing party. In April, 1852, Captain Sir E. Belcher was intrusted with five ships, to endeavor to pass up Wellington Channel, and also towards Melville Island. Four of these vessels, after passing two winters in the ice, were abandoned in 1854, and the party escaped to England, part in the remaining vessel, part in two other ships which came out in 1854 to search for the searchers. One vessel thus abandoned, the Resolute, passed a third winter in the ice, and then drifted out into Baffin's Bay. Picked up by an American whaler, she was purchased by our government and restored to England. We rejoice at this for a double reason; it will give us at least one pleasant association with Mr. Pierce's administration; and the sight of the rescued Resolute may convince some of the sceptical Lords of the Admiralty of the reality of De Haven's long drift and involuntary discovery of Grinnell Land.

Two private expeditions were also fitted out in 1852 by Lady Franklin, one under William Kennedy, who made valuable explorations south of Franklin's winter quarters, the other under Captain Inglefield, who added largely to our knowledge of the northern shores of Baffin's Bay. In November, 1852, Dr. Kane was appointed to take charge of another expedition, partly private, partly national, like that in which he had before been engaged. With one brig and seventeen companions he passed into the opening at the head of Baffin's Bay, remained in harbor there frozen fast from the 5th of September, 1853, to the 20th of May, 1855, when they left the brig and proceeded to the south, on the ice, dragging boats on sledges, and finally escaping by water and reaching Upernavik in safety, — save that two men perished the first winter, and a third died from injuries on the ice during the retreat. The health of the others was doubtless somewhat impaired. During this sojourn in the Arctic region they mapped the shores of Smith's Sound for nearly three hundred miles farther north than it had been heretofore known, and discovered that it led into an open sea, free from ice, to the north.

We have given this bird's-eye view of the operations

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in Arctic America during the eight years which intervened between the departure of Sir John Franklin for the Northwest Passage and the departure of the second Grinnell expedition in search of him, in order to guard the reader of these pages against the error of making the two expeditions in which Dr. Kane has borne his part stand too high in his estimate of Arctic daring and exploits. As we read his narrative, we feel it impossible for any other men to have endured such hardships and lived; we are inclined to imagine them all heroes; and in justice to the long list of those who have endured Arctic winters, must take pains to remind ourselves that others have passed through similar hardships without finding so able an historian as Dr. Kane.

Lieutenant De Haven, the commander of the first expedition, had seen Antarctic ice, knew the power of a Polar winter, and was fully able to appreciate the instructions given him by the Secretary of the Navy, not uselessly to hazard his ships, not to spend the winter at the North, and especially not to spend more than one winter there. He was directed to search for Sir John in the neighborhood of Wellington Channel and Cape Walker, and, if unable by reason of ice to reach those spots, to explore Jones's and Smith's Sounds. He reached the ground of search on the 25th of August, 1850, and at the end of three weeks was frozen up in the mid-sea at the southern end of Wellington Channel. Here begins the unique part of their adventures, a drifting cruise of nearly nine months in the heart of a great icefield, carrying them nearly a thousand miles without their being able to resist in any degree the movement. Of these nine months Lieutenant De Haven himself gives us only a brief official report; but his accomplished surgeon, Dr. Kane, having kept a journal for the gratification of his family friends, compiled from it an interesting volume, in which we have a complete narrative of the movements of that unprecedented winter's journey. For the first fortnight the vessels were carried to the north about sixty miles, and De Haven was thus enabled to survey the sides of Wellington Channel to nearly its northern termination. A new and large mass of land to the north of the Channel was discovered, to which De Haven gave the name of

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Grinnell Land. The English, having the next year rediscovered this tract, named it Prince Albert's Land, and when they found it had already been discovered and named Grinnell Land, they, without any warrant whatever, transferred this name of Grinnell Land to an island which De Haven never saw with certainty, and perhaps never was within sight of! What is more extraordinary is that several English maps and authors say that the Grinnell Land was discovered by British officers on Albert's birthday, August 26, 1850, while the logs and journals of those very officers show that on that day they were a hundred miles and more distant from the land, and that it was a foggy day! Early in October the American vessels were carried southward again by the drifting ice, and from that time until June they moved irregularly to the south and east until they came into the open waters of Davis's Straits.

The history of this unparalleled drift is of great value, as proving the mobility of the ice-fields of some of those sea-channels, even in the midst of their most rigorous winter. A strong breeze seemed to be always able to set the whole ice of the region in motion. The constant rise and fall of the tides prevents the adhesion of the floes to the land, and also, by the aid of islands, grounded bergs, and similar means, cracks them, more or less, twice a day. Sea ice, therefore, even in the Arctic winter, must consist of floating fields, rather than of a single solid expanse. When a strong gale bears upon these fields, it causes them to bear against each other with prodigious horizontal pressure, and the slightest deflection from the level by the weight of snow-drifts, or the uplifting of the shores as the tide falls, will cause this horizontal force to be resolved into a power of upheaval that bends and crushes the ice, and produces cracks and openings sometimes of great extent. When once this process commences, and allows the impact of mass against mass, it produces the still greater effects arising from blows being added to pressure. We cannot wonder, therefore, that while to the English ships, ice-locked and land-locked near the shore during that winter, the ice in Wellington Channel appeared fast and immovable, to the Americans in the midst of the Channel it proved itself a most unsafe and movable harbor.

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The second Grinnell expedition left New York in the brig Advance, on the 30th of May, 1853. It consisted, as we have said, of eighteen men, to whom were added at Upernavik an Esquimaux hunter and a Danish interpreter, making twenty men all told. Of these, two died from the hardships of the first spring journey, one died from injuries during the retreat, and the Esquimaux hunter lost his heart among the huts of Etah, and remained there to assume the cares of a family; the rest were brought safely to New York by Lieutenant Hartstene.

We had thought the narrative of the first Grinnell expedition interesting, but the two volumes concerning the second cruise are painfully so. The personal attachment to Dr. Kane, which the first volume had already given us, and which seemed now like an old friendship, and the respectful and affectionate mode in which he speaks of his fellow-adventurers, lead us to an intense sympathy with him and with them in all their trials and exposures. This sympathy is rendered deeper on remembering that this expedition is not simply one of adventure and exploration, but one of kindness and Christian charity, — an attempt to rescue civilized men from the desolation of those regions, or convey to their friends the certain information that their sufferings are over. A third and still more powerful reason why we feel so warmly interested in Dr. Kane's narrative is found in the events themselves, consisting as they do, in so large a part, of the most heroic efforts made by a few of the brave twenty in behalf of their comrades when nearly perishing, through sickness or exposure. The best men among them never stopped to consider their own safety, much less their own comfort, when any of the party were suffering and needed aid. Almost superhuman exertions were continually made in behalf of the sick and disabled members of the party.

There was much hardship and danger incurred in getting the Advance into winter quarters. Smith's Sound, opening out of the extreme northern end of Baffin's Bay, had been chosen as the scene of their explorations. But on entering this water, the first time that it had ever been penetrated by the white man's ship, Dr. Kane found the ice so strong and impenetrable

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that he was able to proceed but a few miles, by hugging closely the Greenland shore, and frequently dragging the brig along, by hand, through narrow openings between the floating ice and that attached to shore. Whoever has approached Boston from the country at low tide in severe winter weather must have been struck with the thick casing of ice that encircles every pile of the numerous bridges, and sometimes lines the face of the wharves. Every pile is converted into a huge dipped candle, the timber for wick, the ice for tallow, — dipped, not by bringing the wick down to the tallow, but by bringing the tallow or sea-water up about the wick. These candles, dipped every tide, become in long-continued cold weather of immense size. A similar phenomenon is observed in all our Northern brooks which dash among rocks. When the thermometer remains for some days very low, and the whole brook is brought nearly to the freezing-point, the cold rocks become invested near the water's edge, and even below the water's edge, with a coating of ice, whose thickness is proportioned to the intensity and duration of the frost. In Baffin's Bay the cliffs along the sea are thus invested with ice during the winter; and in Smith's Sound the investiture is permanent, forming a highway of ice along the foot of the cliffs, on which many of Dr. Kane's journeys were performed. It was between this "ice-foot" and the floating ice that the Advance was urged into her final winter quarters, where that part of her that the Esquimaux cannot carry off will doubtless remain for ages. This ice-belt varied in dimensions with the season, and during the severer weather of the winter was seven or eight rods in thickness horizontally, and about thirty feet in height; the rise and fall of the tide being nearly two thirds that amount.

Having selected their winter quarters, and with great labor brought their ship into them, they began double preparations for passing the winter in a higher northern latitude than any previous expedition, 78° 37′, and for making extensive journeys northward in the spring. Parties traversed the coast of Greenland as far north as 79° 12′, and concealed depots of provisions at various points. This was the beginning of their Arctic labors. They had not then learned to drive their dogs well, and

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therefore dragged their provisions on sledges by hand. They frequently, when on the floes, came to cracks of several hundred feet in width, and were obliged to wait several hours for a turn of tide to close the crack, or else to break off a piece of ice to use for a ferry-boat and ferry themselves over. As the operations were continued until late in November the breezes were frequently twenty or thirty degrees below zero, and frost-bites grew to be common occurrences. The sun was full four months below the horizon, and about Christmas there was not even twilight at noonday. In February the thermometer sank to 68 below zero. The long-continued darkness and cold affected the men with very unpleasant spasmodic symptoms; and the dogs to the number of fifty-seven died with a similar affection. This great disaster forced Dr. Kane to alter his cherished plans of search, and the month of February was largely occupied in preparing new sledges, cooking-utensils, and sleeping-bags, for smaller parties.

At the vernal equinox they commenced anew their field operations. It is impossible for us, sitting before a grate of glowing anthracite, and only hearing the cold northwester whistle around our comfortable house, to judge correctly of the movements of an Arctic party, and criticise an Arctic commander; but, with this confession, we will venture to say that this was perhaps an error of judgment in Dr. Kane, to renew field operations so early in the spring. The success of the expeditions in the fall seems to have emboldened him too much, and the first expedition in the spring met with weather too severe for their health and their defences, the temperature being from ten to forty degrees below zero at the ship during their absence, and much lower by the thermometers of the party. The terrible result of this effort, — four men being left frozen and disabled at the distance of forty miles from the brig, with one brave Irishman to wait upon them, — the heroic and incredibly laborious exertions of a rescuing party headed by Dr. Kane, who went out and brought their sick comrades to the brig, walking through the snow eighty-one out of eighty-four consecutive hours, — the providential guidance of this rescuing party (their pilot becoming delirious), to find a single canvas tent upon a desert of

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icebergs and snowdrifts forty miles from the ship, — and the confidence and trust of the poor fellows in the tent, who "knew that Dr. Kane would come," — render this passage of the history inexpressibly touching; he who can read it, even for the twentieth time, and be unmoved, can have no appreciation of the qualities that invest man with true grandeur and human life with its highest dignity.

Two of those disabled by this terrible snow-storm at 59° below zero died of its effects, the other two recovered. But their sickness crippled the party and hindered for a long time every renewal of explorations. In April, 1854, they were visited by Esquimaux, genuine heathen, who had never before seen white men, but who had obtained a little steel and iron by intercourse with tribes dwelling farther south. Obtaining from them a few dogs, Dr. Kane was enabled to make journeys of exploration with incomparably less fatigue and less danger to health than before, — and the shores of the sea were surveyed as far north as the eighty-second parallel of latitude; Smith's Sound extending to that distance, with a width varying from thirty to seventy miles.

In July, 1854, as there was no prospect of the brig being liberated, and the health of some members of the expedition forbade any attempt to move them, Dr. Kane made a bold and hazardous attempt to communicate with the British vessels and procure help from Beechy Island, by dragging a boat thirty or forty miles southward over the ice, and then embarking in Baffin's Bay. After running great risks of being swamped in his little boat by a violent storm, he found an impenetrable barrier of ice in his way, returned to the brig, and prepared for a second winter. Part of the party, thinking it wiser to attempt a retreat southward, were allowed to go; but they found the retreat impossible, and returned to the ship, in midwinter, only through the aid of the Esquimaux, whose nearest permanent home was seventy miles from the brig. The winter was severe; even the Esquimaux suffered much from hunger and cold, accustomed though they were to Arctic hunting; and our countrymen had sometimes the satisfaction of aiding these natives, to whose friendly offices they had been so deeply indebted. Several times during the winter it

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seemed impossible to preserve the lives of the sick, owing to the difficulty of procuring fresh raw flesh, the only specific against the scurvy. To add to the terrors of their situation, in the early spring of 1855, two of the sailors attempted to desert to the Esquimaux, stealing the dog-team of their comrades, and leaving the whole party crippled beyond the possibility of escape. Dr. Kane very charitably attributes this wickedness to the demoralizing effects of continued debility and seemingly hopeless privation; but with great firmness, decision, and sagacity, he defeated the plan, and brought the deserters to duty.

As spring advanced, and supplies of fresh meat became more frequent, the health of the men improved. But fuel failed; they had already cut from the brig all the wood that could be spared without rendering her unfit for sea. Without waiting, therefore, for summer, they began in April, 1855, to remove their stores to a ruined Esquimaux hut, Anoatok, about thirty-five miles southwest of the brig. On the 15th of May they began the removal of the sick. By the middle of June all the disabled men, and some twelve hundred pounds of stores, were at Anoatok, the "wind-loved spot"; the main work being done by a dog-team, driven by Dr. Kane, and requiring fifteen or twenty of these seventy-mile journeys. On the 17th of May they started with three boats on sledges from the brig. The way was tedious, fifteen miles in the first eight days, and Dr. Kane had grave doubts of the ability of his men to hold out to the end. Raw flesh, absolutely necessary to the life of the sick, could be obtained only by continued dog-sledge journeys to the Esquimaux. As they passed farther down, the ice began to grow softer, and many accidents of course occurred through its breaking; and on the 9th of June, in one of these accidents, the carpenter, Ohlsen, received an internal injury which proved fatal on the 12th. On the 18th, they came to water, at the distance of eighty-one miles from the brig, which had cost them, however, over three hundred weary miles of travel. From this time to the 6th of August they alternately sailed and dragged their boats over ice, feasted on abundance of game, or nearly suffered starvation. One boat was used as fuel,

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and in two boats they reached Upernavik, eighty-three days after leaving the brig, and again were in communication with the civilized world. Thus had this more than Xenophon conducted a broken and disabled band of sixteen men (the Esquimaux Hans left them in April), sad with the recollections of nearly two years of unutterable hardships and sufferings, through five hundred miles of the enemy's country; an enemy of infinite power and unwearied energy, who scarce left them unharassed for a single hour. What wonder that Dr. Kane should attribute his deliverance to the repeated special interposition of Providence, granted in answer to their daily prayers?

The first question that irresistibly suggests itself, when we read the record of such hardship and such danger, is that of the moral right of men thus to expose themselves and others to the imminent risk of death, and to the certainty of terrible suffering. In regard to the expeditions which have gone in search of Sir John Franklin, there can of course be no hesitation in our reply. So long as there was any probability, we may say any possibility, of rescuing a party of civilized men from the loneliness and desolation of the frigid zone, it was undoubtedly justifiable to make the attempt at all hazards. Indeed, so long as the immediate families of the missing men were living in uncertainty of their fate, we cannot deny the right of men to expose themselves to great dangers, if any prospect presented itself of solving the dread mystery.

But the terrible contest with Polar frost had often been undertaken before Sir John Franklin's party was locked up in the frozen wilderness. On what principle can the immense expenditure of treasure, time, and power, in this contest, be justified to the Christian conscience? Only, we believe, on one ground can a good defence be established, and that is on the scientific ground. We can justify nothing which cannot be legitimated by showing it to spring from reverence to God, or charity towards men. What can be really justified is not only justifiable, but commendable. Whatever is not sin, is virtue; what is not forbidden, is commanded. It is evident that, when our Creator placed man on the earth, He intended us to make life a school,

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and that He filled nature with the tokens of his thought in order to develop ours. The pursuit of science is one of the great duties of human nature, and this duty rests on grounds altogether independent of the utility of science. That is to say, the pursuit of science is not commanded by the law of love to man, but by the law of love to God. Whatever it has pleased Him to make and place within our reach, it is our duty, as well as our happiness, to investigate, reverently and faithfully, — it would be irreverent towards Him to neglect the investigation.

So long, therefore, as there is a blank space in the charts and maps of the world, so long there will be an honorable place for geographical explorers, among the servants of God. They may serve him consciously or unconsciously, and be personally deserving of blame or of reward; but their work is one deserving of praise. And this work of geographical exploration, whether among the Andes or the Rocky Mountains, in the Arctic and Antarctic seas or in the interior of Africa, must be a work of some personal danger, and call for heroism and daring. Of course it is not right for a man to neglect precautions for his safety. It is not right to send a weak ship to the Arctic ices, nor a party provided only with ordinary sea-fare to winter in cold and darkness. But to send well-provisioned and well-guarded ships to the Arctic Circle, with volunteer crews, enthusiastic for geographical and scientific discovery, but prudent and cautious in incurring risks, is certainly a work to be commended. It is not a work of philanthropy, but it is a work of science, and thus indirectly of religion.

What was, however, the character of Sir John Franklin's last expedition? It was not a relief expedition sent to discover and rescue missing navigators, and could not therefore be justified on grounds of humanity. In Sir John's own mind, we have no doubt, it was a mission of geographical exploration and scientific inquiry. His personal views, and his personal character, ennobled it; and his associates doubtless partook in some degree of his noble enthusiasm. Judged by the officers and men who went out in the Erebus and Terror, those ships deserved a better fate than that of the dread oblivion which has swallowed them up. But judged by

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the official instructions given to Sir John by the Board of Admiralty, those ships ought to have failed to penetrate the icy barriers of the North. In their preamble they base the expedition on the expediency of a further attempt "for the accomplishment of a northwest passage by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." In the eighteenth section they again affirm that "the effecting of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific is the main object of this expedition," but that geographical and scientific observations are not to be wholly neglected. What is the meaning of this talk of a Northwest Passage? Why should not the Admiralty have been content with learning how the land and water have actually been placed, instead of thus assuming beforehand the existence of a water passage from Cape Walker to Behring's Straits? We have at length discovered that this passage exists, but are the Admiralty insane enough to suppose that it can ever have a commercial or military value? The only value of Franklin's voyage, had he succeeded in passing through Behring's Straits, would have been the enlargement of our geographical and scientific knowledge; and this would have been enough to justify the expedition. Why, then, should not the Admiralty have placed this glorious object of the extension of our knowledge in the foreground, and have bidden Sir John proceed to Lancaster Sound and push geographical researches in whatever direction the opening of the ice favored, only bidding him avoid risks as far as possible, and mark his way by conspicuous beacons in order that he might be traced if lost? Such an exploring expedition, whatever its success, would have shed glory not only on its officers, but on the country which sent it out. But this pertinacious attempt, irrespective of danger, to force a Northwest Passage, where it was certainly possible that none existed, whatever honor it may confer on the officers and men actually engaged in it, casts only the imputation of folly on the government which maintained it. The most charitable construction which we can put upon the language of the Board of Admiralty would be to suppose that the desire of enlarging our geographical knowledge was the real motive of their action, and that this pretence of finding a Northwest Passage was considered

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necessary to satisfy the materialistic John Bull, who desired at least a pretence of advancing commerce to make him acquiesce in such expensive contributions to science.

The next great question to which the mind naturally turns is the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. Up to the year 1850 no trace of him was found, and when at that time his winter quarters of 1845 – 46 were discovered, there was nothing there in the shape of record to indicate the direction in which he intended to go. For our own part, we cannot avoid the conviction that this is a mistake, and that there is a paper somewhere in the neighborhood of Beechy Island hitherto overlooked. It may seem presumptuous in a mere traveller of the study to utter such an opinion; but we cannot believe Sir John Franklin would have neglected so important a duty, and the ill-success of Lieutenant Hartstene in finding cairns left by Dr. Kane, and of Sir E. Belcher in finding those of his predecessors, is evidence enough of the danger of overlooking, in that region of ice and snow, monuments which were meant to be very conspicuous. But in whatever direction the lamented navigator moved from Beechy Island, we believe that all his party have perished, and that his ships are either destroyed, or else that they lie frozen in at their second winter quarters. As for the manner of their death, there are so many ways possible, that, but for Dr. Rae's later discoveries, it would be mere idle conjecture to fix upon any one. How often did Dr. Kane and his little band stare Death in the face! When they had made fast to a berg, and the face of its icy cliff peeled off and rattled down upon them; when at different times the ship caught fire; when the scurvy had brought them all upon the sick list, and the bitter winter drove game of all kinds out of reach, so that the visits of the Esquimaux alone saved them; when half of them were frostbitten in the wilderness of ice, and the other half were wandering blindly night and day, without cessation, searching for them, until the rescuing party needed rescue, and only a Providential guidance scarcely short of miraculous brought them back to the ship; — on these and on several other occasions, especially during their perilous return, the most natural and probable sequence of events might have led to the death of the whole

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party, without the probability of any knowledge of their fate ever reaching our ears.

Sir E. Belcher, the latest visitor at the ground of search, supposes that the ships were wrecked, that the crews divided into three parties, and went in different directions. Two of these parties are lost without leaving a trace behind; the third perished, and the Esquimaux gained possession of their effects, and sold part of them to Dr. Rae in 1854. But he does not believe Dr. Rae is right in fixing the scene of the disaster near the mouth of the Great Fish River, supposing the Esquimaux deceived him. For our part, we have full confidence in Dr. Rae's judgment and in his knowledge of Esquimaux character. We think it probable that the scurvy and hunger combined led to the loss of Sir John Franklin's band. He probably obeyed his instructions, ran west or southwest as far as the ice would permit, and, becoming there frozen fast, and yet held to his ships, as Dr. Kane was to the Advance, by the sickness of some of his crew, endeavored in vain to sustain himself by hunting parties; and when he was at last, by the crushing of his ships in the ice, forced to move southward, simply dragged himself and his fellow-sufferers down far enough for some of them to die within the range of the Esquimaux, and thus tell to the world the dread story that he had perished near the same terrible wilderness where he had suffered so much twenty-five years before. It is a sad proof of the weakness of man, that a party of one hundred and thirty-eight men, who were supposed to be well prepared for Arctic life, should thus perish of starvation, while for three or four successive summers of their life their countrymen were seeking them from three different quarters, all approaching near them, and some actually passing over the ground where some of their starving countrymen afterward crawled to die. They died while yet abundantly provided with powder and shot and furs, — starved simply from the scarcity of wild animals.

And yet life is possible in those most frozen regions. Nothing in Dr. Kane's narrative is more interesting than his account of the Esquimaux of Smith's Sound; and nothing leads you to a warmer feeling of attachment toward Dr. Kane himself, than his dealings with these

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rude specimens of humanity. This tribe is separated from the Esquimaux among whom the Danish missionaries have labored by the great glaciers of Melville Bay, and confined from northern migration by the great glacier of Humboldt. Their entire range is thus limited to a coast of about six hundred miles; but with their dog-teams they will sometimes traverse the whole length of it in four days. The number of souls in this tribe is only about one hundred and fifty, and they are all personally acquainted with each other. They are a good-natured and hospitable race, although they at times are guilty of murder and of infanticide. Living in a climate where the midsummer months average only three or four degrees above freezing, the winter months forty below zero, and the whole year averages scarcely above zero; where snow covers the ground nearly twelve months in the year, and the sun is out of sight for nearly four months; where there is not even drift-wood of which to make handles for their spears, (and their chief subsistence must be gained by spearing the walrus and the seal at their breathing-holes in the ice,) — it is evident that their life must be one of unremitting toil, scarce more than an alternation of the labors of spearing the walrus, hauling the unwieldy mass to shore and devouring the flesh in quantities, required by the temperature, but which must make the mere operation of eating it a labor. They rest at it, as if from labor, take a nap, and wake to resume their eating. Yet these men are men, and, when there is opportunity, display many of the finer traits of human nature. The friendship which they showed to our countrymen was of vital importance to the sick and weakened men. It is terrible, however, to contemplate the possibility of any of Sir John Franklin's party having been driven to live in the fashion of these men of Smith's Sound; kennelled in semi-ellipsoidal stone huts, covered with Arctic sods of andromeda and moss, eight feet by seven, and six feet high, with only one hole to creep in at, from under ground, and a hole in the roof to let out the smoke of the blubber lamp. In one of these burrows, fifteen feet by six, upon a raised platform of stone, seven feet by six, Dr. Kane found a family of half a dozen persons, entertaining half a dozen guests. The Doctor and his

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friend Metek increased the whole number to fourteen. They had come wearied with an eighty miles' journey, in a wind below zero, crawled on hands and knees through an underground passage of seventy-five feet in length, and suddenly found themselves "gasping the ammoniacal steam" of these "vigorous, amply fed, unwashed, unclothed" savages, in a temperature of 90°. "Such an amorphous mass of compounded humanity," adds Dr. Kane, "one could see nowhere else; men, women, children, with nothing but their native dirt to cover them, twined and dovetailed together like the worms in a fishing-basket. No hyperbole could exaggerate that which in serious earnest I give as the truth." "The kotluk of each matron was glowing with a flame sixteen inches long. A flipper quarter of walrus, which lay frozen on the floor of the netek, was cut into steaks, and the kolopsuts began to smoke with a burden of ten or fifteen pounds apiece. Metek, with a little amateur aid from some of the sleepers, emptied these without my assistance. I had the most cordial invitation to precede them, but I had seen enough of the culinary *régime* to render it impossible. I broke my fast on a handful of frozen liver-nuts that Bill brought me, and bursting out into a profuse perspiration, I stripped like the rest, threw my well-tired carcass across Mrs. Eider Duck's extremities, put her left-hand baby under my armpit, pillowed my head on Myouk's somewhat warm stomach, and thus, an honored guest, and in the place of honor, fell asleep."

The most interesting geographical question, at least that which is most interesting to the popular mind, suggested by Dr. Kane's expeditions, is that of the nature and functions of the glaciers. In countries which lie within the regions of perpetual snow, there can, of course, be no rivers of water. The deep beds of snow and ice, however, entirely preventing radiation from the earth, probably keep the rocks beneath near the freezing point, neither sensibly above nor below. Beneath these deepest beds, therefore, there is a gentle but uninterrupted thaw, which lubricates the rocks and renders the motions of the beds of snow (hardened, by partial thawing and freezing, and the pressure of superincumbent masses, into ice) possible. This motion takes

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place from two causes; from the weight of the masses leading them to slide down the declivities, and to settle among each other; and from expansion by freezing of the snow-water which fills the cracks of the ice-beds in the summer season. It thus happens that among high mountains, and in polar countries, the rivers are of ice, and yet have a real current towards the sea. But as this current is exceedingly slow, it is manifest that a given amount of surface and a given amount of falling snow or rain will make a vastly wider and deeper river of ice, or glacier, than it would, in a milder climate, of water. Thus it happens that the rivers of North Greenland, being all glaciers, all overflow their banks to a prodigious width and height, and nearly the whole interior of the country is one lake of ice (if the word lake is applicable to a surface not level), seeking outlets at every valley of the coast. These ice-torrents, although slower in their movement than streams of water, are vastly more powerful in the work of wearing away the rocks beneath, and they grind up immense quantities of gravel and sand and bear them seaward. From beneath their icy masses, in the summer season, rush turbid currents of water, which indicate, by the quantity of powdered rock which they bring out, how powerful the grinding process has been. Should the continent of Greenland by a gradual amelioration of climate become bare of ice, its rocky valleys would doubtless be found supplied with more or less of gravel, ground from the rocks themselves. We say by a gradual amelioration of climate, for too sudden a change would wash all the treasure to the sea. It is at the natural end of the glacier where the ice ends and the river begins that the greatest deposits take place, and it would only be by a gradual retrocession that these deposits would be spread over the country. Such we understand to have been the mode in which our own country was supplied with its valuable deposits of gravel, sand, and clay. Our hills about Boston bear on every summit the autographs of glaciers which once extended in vast sheets over the country, flowing from Monadnock and Wachusett, and from the Temple and Wilton hills, towards the southeast, with irresistible energy, wearing down the rocks and leaving the crushed and washed frag-

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ments in the shape of sand, clay, and gravel, for men's use in agriculture and the mechanic arts. The same beneficent Power which has made all other things work together for good to the sons of men, has thus, for ages before he placed them on the earth, prepared it for their abode. By what agency this frozen climate of that epoch was changed to the present, we know not. Nothing but moral reasons at present appear by which we can account for it. All the plan of creation presupposes man as the head of the series of aninfated beings; and the era of man's existence as the closing era of the geologic changes. The earth was made warmer again to prepare it for man's abode; but the frozen Arctic regions and the snow-covered Alps were left us as examples for scientific study.

The movement of a glacier is one of those complicated processes of downward motion which is best expressed by our English word *settling*. Against the theory of sliding, against the theory of flowing, and against the theory of expansion by alternate freezing and thawing, there may be brought insuperable objections, and against each have been brought also very weak objections. On the other hand, there are convincing proofs in favor of each theory, and we do not think an unprejudiced man can, after a careful examination, avoid agreeing with Agassiz, that the truth lies among the three systems; the slope of the valley, the plasticity of the ice, and the expansion of the water which runs into the cold mass in the first spring thawing, must each have their share of credit.

The semi-fluidity of glaciers, of which Dr. Kane makes so much account, and which Forbes thinks is the sole cause of the motion, is a well-known fact. It is greatest in thawing snow, and diminishes as the mass approaches more nearly to the character of ice. It does not entirely disappear even in the most solid ice. The ice of our ponds, and of clear icicles, is doubtless a more uniform solid than glacial ice. Yet we have bent both these species of ice, while from four to ten degrees below freezing, by simply continuing a pressure, nearly sufficient to fracture them, for several hours, or sometimes for several days. If the pressure is not great, it may be continued for week after week without effect.

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The movement of arched snow-drifts, and the curvature of ice in ponds in which the water has fallen, are familiar proofs that snow and ice, when at freezing point, are flexible.

But it would be wrong to infer, with Dr. Kane, that this flexibility of ice produces a viscid flow as the main movement of the glacier. If it were so, the glacier would have been comparatively worthless as an agent in preparing the earth as the abode of intelligent races. The grinding power of the glacier depends upon its being practically a solid body, moving as a solid over the bed of rock below. There are very strong analogies between the movement of the fissured ice in the lower part of the glacier and the softened snow-beds at its source, and between the motion of these snow-beds and that of softened pitch; but they are analogies, not identities. Pitch runs, but the snow and ice *settle.*

This is not the only instance in which Dr. Kane appears to prefer a false philosophy from Europe to a true philosophy taught at home, — Cambridge in England to Cambridge in New England. In taking observations upon the temperature of Smith's Sound, he used a number of thermometers, and found that, although they agreed very well in temperatures above —40°, yet in lower temperatures they differed very widely. In these cases, therefore, Dr. Kane very properly adopted the mean height of the thermometers as the true height. But unfortunately he gives his reasons for so doing, and those reasons are entirely fallacious. There had been in the (American) Astronomical Journal a critique by Airy, the Astronomer Royal of Cambridge, England, upon a paper by Professor Peirce, of Cambridge, New England, on rejecting doubtful observations, — and Dr. Kane announces that he adopts the views of Professor Airy; and that he uses all the thermometers, even those differing most from the mean, simply because "there was no reason *a priori* to consider the results which they gave as less probable than the others."

We suppose that this was not the real reason in Dr. Kane's mind, and that he deceived himself in setting it forward, not analyzing carefully the secret grounds of his judgment. For this reasoning of Professor Airy, though specious enough to be brought forward in de-

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fence of a judgment, is scarcely strong enough to influence a man of Dr. Kane's sense in forming a judgment. The real reason why Dr. Kane used the whole of the eleven thermometers in obtaining his lowest mean of —68°, instead of following his first impulse, to neglect the lowest, was probably the fact, which his records give us, that, on a closer examination, he found that these eleven temperatures were very evenly distributed between the lowest and the highest, from —80° to —56°. If he had found one thermometer at —80° while the other ten were all distributed between —60° and —56°, he would undoubtedly have followed his impulse and rejected the lowest. Common sense would have decided against Professor Airy's fallacy, without calling in the aid of Professor Peirce's beautiful and ingenious mathematical test of doubtful observations, founded principally on this point of the distribution of errors.

This fact of the great variation between thermometers similarly situated in a low temperature finds also its parallel in our New England experience. Even with the thermometer as high as ten below zero, we have frequently observed differences of six or seven degrees between thermometers within a few feet of each other. We have sometimes traced this difference to the thermometers themselves, and at other times to the situations. When the ground is covered with snow, the sky clear, and the air perfectly calm, the rapid radiation chills the surface of the snow, and the chilled air runs into the little hollows; and makes them much warmer than the surrounding eminences. We have found a thermometer in a slight depression of the snow, (a basin about fifty feet in diameter, and depressed two or three feet in the centre) fall to —15°, while on being placed on a block of snow a foot in height it stood at —8°. We repeated the observation several times, between the hours of five and half past five on a January evening. But at half past six, a slight breath of air came from the north, and the thermometer no longer varied, but stood at —8°, whether on the block or in the snow-basin.

The question might arise, whether this increased sensitiveness of the thermometer in low temperatures does not arise from the infinitesimal quantity of the remaining heat. If fifty below zero approaches the absolute zero,

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the pitch darkness, the perfect silence, of cold, insignificant changes of temperature should be as perceptible at Smith's Sound, as phosphorescence and echoes are by night.

If Dr. Kane is un-American in following error with Forbes and Airy, rather than truth with Agassiz and Peirce, he more than atones for it by the nationality of his nomenclature. We are usually a miserable set of nomenclators, and seldom improve on the Indian names which we displace, to make room for our abominations. Dr. Kane sins as grievously as any of us, and instead of preserving the Esquimaux names, or giving in all cases descriptive titles, or names commemorative of the explorers of Arctic regions, or names famous for their geographical or scientific lore, he fastens on the innocent bays and headlands of those northern coasts the names of a list of American politicians, ranging from the greatest to the smallest, — Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, George M. Dallas, Thomas H. Benton, Silas Wright, Lewis Cass, John Marshall, R. B. Taney, Franklin Pierce, and Fletcher Webster!! What possible excuse for such violation of taste and propriety? That Dr. Kane did not lack invention in nomenclature, the names Weary-Man's Rest, Godsend Ledge, and Providence Cliffs, show. Besides which, there were in many places Esquimaux names already given, and it would have been in good taste to preserve them as they were, and this would have saved the trouble of finding some lawyer or politician's name to displace them. What objection could there be to Cape Anoatok, Etah Bay, Aunatok Harbor, Appah Island, or Netelik, or Peteravik? We are sadly compelled to admit that Dr. Kane is ultra-American in this respect, and we do not believe that, with his fine appreciation of the ludicrous, he can look at his own chart without laughing to see in what awkward positions he has placed some of his countrymen.

But what is such a fault compared with the merits of the narrative, and the merit of the narrator? We almost feel ashamed of speaking of these errors and defects in a man for whom we have so strong and warm an admiration, kindled and maintained solely by these two narratives of the Grinnell Expeditions. It is the ungracious task of finding spots in the sun. No man

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can read these simple and modest narratives of heroism, of noble courage, of generous sympathy, of terrible hardships bravely borne, and appalling difficulties wisely overcome, without finding his heart glow with unwonted warmth, and his vision expand over new and wider fields of thought. The right and duty of geographical explorations; the climatic changes which, as Greenland slowly alters its level, have extended so much more widely the ice-beds of its valleys, and driven the Esquimaux farther south; the probable fate of this tribe of one hundred and forty souls, henceforth held in honor by every white man who hears the story of their fidelity; the applicability of the Gospel to a life whose details must of necessity differ so much from those of Southern climes; the scientific problems of an open Polar sea, of secular variations in climate, of the movement of the magnetic pole and seat of maximum cold, of the nature and functions of the glaciers, of the geologic agency of the ice-foot, of the changes in the crystalline structure of ice, by which the Polar seas are freed from ice, independently of direct solar heat; the similarity and difference in the vegetation of Arctic and Alpine regions;—these are some of the interesting fields of thought which Dr. Kane lays open to our view, while, at the same time, he draws our hearts towards him with that fine humor whose genial warmth kept not only himself, but his companions, alive through two of the coldest winters ever endured by mortals. No amount of fuel could have kept them up in that intense cold and darkness, and the life of the whole depended on the heroic strength of that man who kept all his own cares and anxieties hidden in his own heart, dividing his responsibility only with the Infinite Protector, while he cheered his men with words of encouragement and hope under circumstances which would have paralyzed an ordinary man with despair. There is not a man now living in whose personal suffering there is so wide-spread a sympathy as that felt for Dr. Kane, nor was there ever a more universal prayer that the influence of a milder climate might restore an invalid to health.*

* As this sheet goes to press, intelligence from Cuba makes it almost certain that Dr. Kane has already passed through death to life.

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A petition has recently been presented to the British government, asking for a new attempt to discover the remains of the Erebus and Terror, and perchance recover some of their records. It is supposed that a screw steamer might be sent as near as possible to the spot which the Esquimaux in 1849 indicated as the locality of the ships, and just south of which the company of thirty men died in 1850; then by sledge parties that locality should be thoroughly searched. The limited sphere of exploration would render this attempt less dangerous to life than former attempts have been; and the results, if Franklin's ships and records should be discovered, would be of value sufficient to authorize the risk. We trust it may be undertaken, and that on their return the history of the new party may be given in a volume as able and attractive as those of Dr. Kane.

T. H.

Art. VI. — REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY, D. D.

A distinguished lawyer of Boston, the Hon. P. W. Chandler, lecturing before a Lyceum in Roxbury on Tuesday evening, the 2d of December, 1856, gave an account of a midnight funeral which he, with several other American travellers, had witnessed in the old city of Bologna. "By early dawn," he said, "the travellers were again on their way to other cities and other events. But they never will forget this midnight scene in that strange old city, and the funeral service of the Church at that midnight hour." The lecturer then began to speak further of one of those travellers, but his voice failed him, and a morning paper a few days after published these touching and beautiful words, which he had written, but could not speak.

"And now, while the ink on the preceding page is scarcely dry, one of these travellers has passed forward on that great journey from which there is no return. This very day they have laid him in the tomb, and his mortal eye will never again open on scenes of beauty here; his ear is dull and insensible to the lamentations of those who remain. So gentle and yet so

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firm; so pure and yet so wise; so childlike in simplicity, and yet so powerful in manly strength, — when shall we look upon his like again! They took him from the midst of the books which he loved so well, and laid him down by the altar where he has ministered these many years; and there, in the crowd of those for whom he had broken the bread of life, — the children whom he had baptized, the young whom he had counselled so wisely and so well, the old whom he had led in the way of life, — we have just listened to the touching service of the English Church. No midnight silence, no lofty nave, no lighted candles, no chanting monks, but in that simple old gray church, in the full light of day, as was fitting to his character, amidst the tears of those who will mourn him so long, they laid his body gently away, and we shall see that earthly form no more.

'No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels guard the soft repose.'"

The same "traveller" was spoken of on Sunday in many churches, with the same emotions, and in similar terms of affectionate commendation and sorrow. One* spoke of himself as feeling "the earth grow dark, and the heavens brighter at his burial." "You will remember," he said, "the face whose mild grandeur impressed and drew every beholder. You will seem to hear the serious tenderness of his voice, that melted the heart it awed. You will not forget the manner, so gentle and so grave, it might be thought one of the old Puritans, leaving his austerity and keeping all his righteousness, had appeared in our generation." "A more sweet and sanctified spirit," said another, in another city,† "has not lived in these latter days." "Gone," said a third, in still another city,‡ "from the circle of friends by whom he was so fondly cherished, gone from the sphere of usefulness which he so nobly filled, gone at an age when manhood puts on its majestic strength, he speaks no more through his living lips. But that calm wisdom, that unpretending manliness, that chastened trust and fervor, which breathed through every sentence, and made even his simplest discourse a word of power, — all that remains. Death has not interrupted his influence, but carried it down into new and more sacred depths in a thousand hearts."

* Mr. Bartol of Boston.
† Mr. Weiss of New Bedford.
‡ Dr. Briggs of Salem.

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Thus it was felt to be no private grief, confined to a single home, or a single circle, or a single congregation. A portion of its sunlight had been taken out of many homes. Within a wide extent, the poor had lost a benefactor; the rich, a kind and faithful teacher; the young, a counsellor to whom they loved to look up; the old, a staff on whom they felt it a privilege to lean; and all had lost a friend who had made their lives better worth the living. Yet amid the darkness that brooded over many hearts there was still a light, and one of the most cheerful places which we were permitted to visit in those days of our bereavement was the home where the parting rays of his life seemed still to linger as a grateful benediction with those who had been dearest to him.

He whose death, so widely and so deeply mourned, has left in many hearts and homes a sense of loneliness which nothing but the hopes that his life inspired can ever fill, belonged to a profession which seldom allows any one to be widely conspicuous above his brethren. His walk was as that of one of the lowliest among the sons of men. No one could be more unpretending in his intercourse with others, and there are few whose lives have been more faithfully devoted to their own calling, within its appointed spheres of influence. But when God sends such a man into the world, it is for no narrow or private ends. His name and influence reach beyond his immediate associates, and belong to a wider field.

He was born, the 22d of March, 1807, in Wilton, N. H., a town of about one thousand inhabitants. His father, whose name he bore, was an industrious, upright, intelligent man, much respected by his townsmen, who sent him several times as their representative to the General Court. He died greatly lamented by his neighbors, in the early prime of life, when his son was about nine years old. His wife, the mother of Ephraim Peabody, whose maiden name was Rhoda Abbot, had very much the same temperament as her son, being gifted with exquisitely delicate nervous sensibilities, and an inward composure of spirit which seemed never to be disturbed. We have heard him say that he never knew her to show symptoms of impatience or of anger. There were in both the same affections and the same profound con-

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victions, while in both there was the same modest, unstudied reserve, in which as in a private sanctuary their dearest and holiest emotions were veiled. She died of a lingering and painful disease in 1851. When it was supposed that she was very near her end, her son was confined to his room by serious illness, and it was our privilege to visit her in his stead, and to be with her when the reserve of a lifetime first gave way at the near approach of death, and showed, amid her timid, shrinking sensibilities, how full of tenderness and gratitude and faith she was. The son was afterwards permitted to visit her, and spoke with thankfulness of the free and full communication which he then had with her, on subjects too delicate and sacred to be spoken of, except on the borders of another world.

The home of the child while his father lived was in a most retired spot, near the Souhegan rivulet, and overhung by the surrounding hills. The seclusion of the place, — not only separated from other dwellings by distance, but almost walled round by what must have seemed to him like mountains, — the pleasant meadow near by, the quiet rippling of the summer's stream, and the boldness of the neighboring scenery, then but half redeemed from the original wilderness, had undoubtedly their influence on his impressible and sensitive nature. "How often, when I was a boy," he said to a friend,* calling his attention to a summer cloud, "I have taken my book, and sat by the road-side under an old tree, — for the road in those days was secluded enough, — and, when I was tired of reading, thrown myself back on the grass, and watched just such a cloud as that, expecting, if I looked steadily enough, that I should see the faces of angels leaning over its pure edges." And then he went on to speak of early impressions and experiences, and, "in his peculiarly simple and graphic language," confidentially revealed that which indicated, in the words of his friend, "a boyhood as pure and as sweetly attuned to the spirit of Nature's God as that of the youthful shepherd of Bethlehem."

There could hardly be a more secluded spot "for a soul to be born and nestle in, and soar out of." A pine grove,

* Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D.

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beautiful to the eye especially in the winter, and with music always to the ear, was to be passed through on his way to the church. As he went up from the valley, wide ranges of mountains stretched out before him. The earliest record we have of his school days finds him on this "Meeting-house Hill." We have seen a certificate of good behavior given to the boy when he was eight years old, and bearing the name of the now honored pastor of the Twelfth Congregational Church in Boston, the Rev. Samuel Barrett, D. D. He was two or three winters under the instruction of the Rev. Warren Burton, the author of that very entertaining book, "The District School as it was." He remembers Ephraim Peabody at the age of ten, "as a boy with a large, dark, keen eye, and a very intellectual countenance, most intent on getting his lessons, and doing his best in school."

Two years later the same boy was again under his charge. He had in the mean time been at the Dummer Academy in Byfield, Mass., in the family of his uncle, the Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D., who was then at the head of that school. Dr. Abbot was first settled as a Christian minister in Coventry, Conn. After leaving Coventry he spent a few years as a teacher of youth in Byfield and Andover, and was settled in the ministry in Peterborough, N. H., where he was equally respected and beloved. He is now living in the ninety-third year of his age, in the serene and holy graces which are the appropriate fruits of a devout and well-spent life. Mr. Peabody always thought himself under lasting obligations to Dr. Abbot, and his two brothers, Deacon Ezra Abbot, an intelligent and prominent man in Wilton, and Samuel Abbot, Esq., a graduate of Harvard College, a lawyer, and a scientific man of great intellectual activity and enterprise. Mr. Peabody's father had been a lover of Shakespeare, and at the house of his uncles he would find the last number of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia on the table. The child could hardly have been thrown among men who would do more to quicken his moral nature, or to stimulate in him the desire for intellectual improvement, confirmed as their influence was by the more constant and important influence of his mother at home.

At the Byfield Academy he was so troubled with an

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affection of the eyes, brought on by over-tasking them, that he was obliged to return home and give up the study of books. He again, in the winter of 1819–20, attended Mr. Burton's school, "to learn what he might, by quick and occasional glances at the book, and by hearing the recitations of others." "His countenance," says Mr. Burton, "had now parted with the severe, concentrated, and simply intellectual look which he had before, and those large eyes," no longer "dry and hard with being fastened on a book," wandered round the room, "moist with the varying feelings that would be playing through the mind," while an expression of fun often ran over his face. "I have sometimes thought," says his teacher, "that his keen insight into character was not a little developed during those do-nothing but see-everything days." The extraordinary faculty that he had, of getting at the substance of a book by a few rapid snatches, may have also been partially acquired at that time.

The only punishment, we believe, that Peabody ever received, was at this school. It may perhaps not improperly be mentioned here, as illustrating his character, and as a novel expedient in school discipline. He sat in the back seat, and was in the habit of "whittling his way through the tedious time." One day, turning round, he began very slyly to carve out letters on the wall behind his seat. The master saw what he was doing, and, with the scholars, for a few moments watched him with a ludicrous interest, as he went on with his work, entirely unconscious that any one was looking on. He was then told to bring in a handful of wood for the fire, which was done, and a roaring fire quickly made. He was next directed to bring in a log of considerable size, and place it near the hearth. This also was done, when he was told, that, as he had evidently a genius for using edge-tools on wood, and as it was not proper to destroy the school-house, he might sit down by the log and exercise himself on that where it could do no harm. He sat down to the log with his knife. The exercises of the school were suspended, and there were noisy bursts of laughter. "Ephraim, now laughing himself, and now subsiding into serious earnest, his face covered with blushes, whittled away most industriously on

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his log." Soon his blushes were all melted together by the heat of the blazing fire, and he was told that he had better take off his coat. He went through it all with the most perfect good-nature. Indeed, he knew that from all those laughing faces "there flowed out only the kindest feelings towards him." "I never knew him," continues his teacher, "so far as I remember, to be out of temper in a single instance, whether as boy or man."

He was now to enter a school of quite a different character. He became a student in Phillips Exeter Academy, which for fifty years was under the charge of his mother's cousin, that rare model of the Christian gentleman and scholar, Benjamin Abbot, LL. D., whose blended dignity and mildness secured the lasting gratitude, affection, and respect of his pupils. Peabody entered Bowdoin College in 1823, where, without striving for college honors, he maintained a high rank. "His reputation," says a classmate, "was decidedly the first in his class, if not in college, as a man of general and extensive culture, and for intellectual power." His Commencement part was a poem. "His calm dignity of character," says the same gentleman, "and the general confidence in his uprightness and truthfulness, gained him the respect and honor of all classes and parties in the institution. . . . . On more than one of his classmates 'the daily beauty of his life' made impressions that will never be forgotten."

His own feeling was, that, while the College Faculty were ready to do him more than justice, he did not do justice to himself. He was sometimes tardy, and in one particular department he said that, for a short period of time, he every day got the lesson of the previous day. Even late in life, he could not speak of this without an expression of gratitude to the Professor for his indulgence towards him, and something like a blush, lest he might not have made quite the return for it which he ought, — an evidence this of the magnetic sensitiveness with which his moral nature was charged.

A little less than thirty years ago, the writer of this article, then a school-boy at Phillips Exeter Academy, was for a few weeks under Mr. Peabody's instruction. During his last college vacation, he had taken Dr. Abbot's place for a short time. He had then an athletic

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frame, which, in its careless attitudes and motions, seemed as if it contained a whole magazine of reserved and silent energies. In other respects, he had then the same qualities for which he was afterwards distinguished, — the same mild and equable affections, the same enthusiasm for intellectual improvement, the same simplicity and modesty which followed him to the end of life, the same largeness of nature, which in its combination of gentle and noble endowments made it an impossibility for him to do a small action, or to indulge any other than generous purposes and feelings.

In September, 1827, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, where he pursued his studies with the keen sensations of delight natural to a young man of strong and untried powers, ranging at large in the consciousness of intellectual and moral freedom, drawn on by a love of knowledge which amounted almost to a passion, and by the accompanying desire to prepare himself for a life of high and extended usefulness. He enjoyed the deliberate, impartial method of study recommended by the elder Ware, and so effectively set forth in his example. He delighted still more in Mr. Norton's instructions, in the vigorous grasp with which he laid hold on subjects, the extent and thoroughness of his learning, and the uncompromising energy with which he was in the habit of expressing his opinions. He was most of all impressed by the finer elements of his nature, by the depth and earnestness of his religious convictions, and the solemnity and tenderness of his devotions. Once in particular, we have heard him say, on the last evening of meeting the students before going to Europe, Mr. Norton asked them to unite with him in prayer, and then prayed with such impressive and affecting power, that a student, who from philosophical difficulties had not believed in the efficacy of prayer, said afterwards, that he never could doubt again, — that all his objections had been melted away by the fervor and evident reality of that prayer.

On leaving the Divinity School in 1830, Mr. Peabody spent the greater part of a year in Meadville, teaching in the family of Mr. Huidekoper, and preaching to a small congregation. We have been kindly permitted to make a few extracts from a private letter written by one who knew him at that time.

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"At this distance of time I have only the remembrance of his unconscious influence upon us all. Everybody loved him. Those who could appreciate his rich intellect enjoyed his society with a keen pleasure; the uneducated loved him for his appreciation of their wants, the poor and the sick for his sympathy with their sufferings, and all recognized in his sphere an atmosphere of truth and purity and Christian humility. Near us there lived a poor woman (the mother of many children), whose days passed on in a monotonous round of work, and whose lamp burned late into the night, showing her faithful toil while the rest of the neighborhood slept. I remember how often he used to stop at her door and talk with her about the things that lay closest about her heart, and how much good his interest did her, — what sunlight it cast upon her anxieties and cares.

"Mr. Peabody preached sometimes in the country to the neighboring farmers. I recall a Sunday afternoon in autumn when he stood under a group of trees in their autumn foliage, around him the farmers of the vicinity, who had been hard at work getting in an abundant harvest and now sat with hearts at rest to listen to the preacher of God. Some of the village congregation had come out too, and we listened, awe-struck, to a sermon from the text, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' You can understand how solemn and imposing the whole scene must have been."

Mr. Peabody was ordained to the ministry, in Cincinnati, on the 22d of May, 1831, over a young society, in the midst of a youthful and enterprising community. The Rev. James Walker, D. D., now President of Harvard University, and the Rev Dr. Parkman, went to Cincinnati to attend his ordination. He entered on his labors full of hope and intellectual activity, and with boundless aspirations after knowledge and usefulness. He always looked back to this period of his life with a peculiar interest. He was then for the first time, as a full-grown man, thrown into close relations with men and women of cultivated and noble natures. He felt there the quickening consciousness of his own yet undeveloped faculties. He was led into new fields of thought. There first he had a home of his own. There he was brought face to face with the stern and terrible realities of life. During his residence there, the cholera first visited this country, moving from place to place as suddenly, and carrying with it in its visitations

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dismay and destruction as widely and fearfully as an invading army. In its fatal and desolating attack on Cincinnati, carrying away as it did many of his personal friends, he had an opportunity to show how fearless and prompt and efficient he could be, as a pastor and friend, in that exposed and perilous situation, going from house to house, by day and by night, to comfort the bereaved and dying.

His labors in Cincinnati were constant and exhausting. Once, in the month of May, he wrote to a friend, that since the first of November he had written sixty sermons. Besides, everything had to be done. There were the common claims of social intercourse. There were associations among the young for intellectual improvement. The institutions and moral habitudes of a new city were to be formed. He edited, and sometimes almost filled with his own pen the pages of "The Western Messenger," a religious journal published in Cincinnati. His nearest ministerial exchange was at Louisville, five hundred miles off. Add to this the careless habits of one accustomed to robust health, and a climate in those cholera times more than usually debilitating to one brought up in the bracing sea and mountain air of New England, and we cannot wonder that his originally powerful constitution became enfeebled.

In August, 1835, he had a most serious attack of bleeding at the lungs, at the house of his friend, Dr. Putnam, in Roxbury. It occurred a few days before he was to deliver the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College. His friend read the poem which he had prepared. In October, his eldest, and at that time his only child, died in Watertown. Afflictions pressed thick and heavily upon them. The childless parents returned to the West. But it soon became evident that he must seek a milder climate. Leaving his young wife, whose eyes were in such a state that she could not even read the letters that he might send her, he went down the river in midwinter. The boat in which he went was frozen in near the mouth of the Ohio. Thinking that his hour had come, with solemn trust he wrote of his desolate situation, saying that where he had gone for life, the very air was filled with death. But after a while the imprisoned ship was re-

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leased. He went to Mobile, and returned to Cincinnati late in the following spring, materially improved. He removed for a time to Dayton, then a small town, where food and shelter could be procured at a low price. Here his eldest daughter was born. Their pecuniary resources were almost exhausted. In order to meet their necessary expenses they had sold, not only their furniture, but articles still more endeared to them by their associations with the friends from whom they had come as wedding gifts. They were boarding at a country tavern. At this time occurred an incident characteristic of him, which is told by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who was then settled in Louisville.

"Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, 'I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that is a good resolution; let us see what we have to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. *First*, we have a home, we will submit to that. *Second*, we have the comforts of life, we will submit to that. *Thirdly*, we have each other. *Fourthly*, we have a multitude of friends. *Fifthly*, we have God to take care of us.' 'Ah!' said she, 'pray stop, and I will say no more about submission.'"

At Dayton he preached occasionally in the Episcopal church, greatly to the delight of the people. But a reprimand from the bishop put an end to this.

With the coming on of cool weather, in 1836, it was found that he must go again to the South. He asked and obtained a dismission from his society in Cincinnati. The separation was a hard thing for him and for them.

It has been a great pleasure to hear him spoken of by those who knew him there in his short ministry of a little more than four years. We have seen one, who was then a stranger in the place, separated from her friends, unknown to those around her, obliged to support herself by her own labors, who found how kind and efficient a friend he could be in her time of need. We have seen one who, suddenly made the widowed mother of six fatherless children, felt in that time of her tribulation how precious were the Christian counsels, consolations, and sympathies which he gave. We have seen those who then looked to him as their pastor when the dawn of life was opening upon them, before they had

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known its burdens and sorrows. We have seen those who were then in the prime of their manhood, men of business and of cultivated intelligence, who delighted to listen to him in his public services, and to welcome him to their affluent and hospitable homes. And all have borne the same testimony to his gifts, accomplishments, and graces, to his singular simplicity, fidelity, and success as a minister of Christ. "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; the eye that saw him, it gave witness to him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him, and justice was as a robe and diadem." He threw himself into this, the first field of his labors, with all the hopefulness of his large and earnest nature, with all the wealth of his yet undeveloped faculties and affections, ready to do what he could in any direction for the happiness, improvement, and comfort of those whom he might meet.

Not many weeks before his death, while he was in Milton, languishing and wasting away under his comfortless disease, a friend from Cincinnati who then visited him told him of a colored man there, now, we believe, in a prosperous and respectable position, who attributed all his prosperity and success to the encouragement and instruction which Mr. Peabody had given to him — teaching him to read — when he was poor and friendless. It was characteristic of Mr. Peabody, that he had forgotten all about it, and could not be made to believe that it was true.

Mr. Peabody was now without a parish. We have seen how low at this time his funds were. But he was scrupulous about accepting pecuniary aid from others, unless under the most pressing necessity. An anecdote, which he told us at the time of Mr. Huidekoper's death as among the grateful recollections of his friend, may be told here as reflecting almost equal honor on himself. Some time during this period of inability to work, Mr. Huidekoper came to him, and, with words even more kind than the offer, spoke of what his liabilities and wants must be, and put into his hands a check for several hundred dollars. He objected to receiving such a sum; but seeing that it pained the good man to be

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refused, and being moreover convinced by his reasoning, as he did not know into what straits he might be thrown, he took the check, though with a secret resolution not to present it unless he should be obliged to do so. It was never used. But a long time after, he received a letter from Mr. Huidekoper, saying that there was an error in his bank account, which he could understand only on the supposition that this check had not been used. Mr. Peabody's fine countenance was never tinged with a more beautiful expression than in recounting some act of personal kindness like this.

He returned to Mobile in the autumn of 1836. A Unitarian society had been formed there, and were building a church. They requested him to preach for them during the winter. He sent for his wife, who with her child, but with no other friend or attendant, came to him by way of the Ohio and Mississippi, and reached him just in time to be present at the dedication of the church. His health was greatly improved. He threw off his disease, he used to say, like an old garment, in the pine woods of Alabama. Late in the spring of 1837, he sailed with his family for New York, and spent some part of the summer with his mother in Peterborough, where she and his uncle, Dr. Abiel Abbot, then resided. In the autumn he was engaged to supply the pulpit of the Federal Street Church in Boston, during a part of the absence of Dr. Gannett, who was then in Europe. Here, for the first time in New England, his remarkable gifts as a preacher were recognized and felt.

While preaching in Boston, he received a call to be settled, with the writer of this article, over the First Congregational Church and Society in New Bedford. On the 23d of May, 1838, they were set apart as associate pastors, by the same religious services. Both were in feeble health. For six years they were there together, most of the time in habits of daily, and almost hourly, intimacy. The survivor dares not trust himself to speak of their relation to one another, or to the people of their charge. The pastors had no plan for their improvement, no professional engagement, however slight, no wedding or funeral, or more private act of personal intercourse with the members of their society, no studies, hardly indeed a thought of any impor-

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tance, which they did not share in common. During those six years, we do not think that so much as a momentary misunderstanding ever threw its shadow over the pleasantness of their intercourse, or that either was ever met with a cold or averted look by any one of their people, who understood, as few societies could, the delicacy of the relation which their pastors held to them and to one another. In Mr. Peabody there was a largeness of soul, a quick and generous perception of what was due to the feelings and the weaknesses of another, a charity seeking not its own, an unpresuming, unexacting tenderness of affection, and, above all, a truthfulness of act and speech, which allowed of no concealment on his part, and left no room for suspicion or distrust. In a life singularly favored with the friendship of wise and good men, his friend must always look up with especial thankfulness to Almighty God, for those years of unreserved, unbroken, and unclouded intimacy with him,— an intimacy which afterwards underwent no change or diminution. In the last interview between the two, he spoke of it in terms too sacred to be repeated. The last word that his friend heard from his lips was in assent to the hope that this friendship, so long and so closely continued, was not to end here.

In the autumn of 1845, Mr. Peabody received and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the religious society worshipping in King's Chapel, Boston. It was a painful thing for him to leave the society to which he was so warmly attached, and which was so devotedly attached to him. But his infirm health needed the relief from exhausting mental labor which could be gained only by a change of place. He thought that in New Bedford he would not be able to work more than five years; but in Boston perhaps ten. His last sermon in Boston was on completing his tenth year. No altered feelings towards him were caused by his departure. They who regretted his decision, or who doubted the wisdom of the step which he had taken, never for a moment questioned the purity of his motives. Nor did their interest in him cease. When a slowly wasting mortal disease had laid its hand upon him, they waited with painful anxiety the news of its progress. The Sunday after his funeral, they who met in

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King's Chapel with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts were not more a congregation of mourners, than those whose minister he had ceased to be eleven years before. The silence with which they listened to the faithful portraiture of their friend was disturbed only by the sobbings which broke from them as they recalled the past, and remembered that they should look upon his face and hear his voice no more. At the close of the services, they could only express their "gratitude to God for the inestimable privilege they enjoyed, of listening to the wise and affectionate teachings, of witnessing the beneficent and blameless life, and of sharing in the priceless friendship, of one whose presence for many years was a light in all their homes, and whose disinterested goodness had endeared him to all their hearts."

He did a great amount of labor in Boston, and was much more careful of his health than he had been before. Finding that the act of writing, by confining him to the desk, was particularly injurious, he dictated his sermons to an amanuensis. He was thus led into more regular habits of study, devoting to it every day stated and regular hours. In 1853, he spent six months abroad, in poor health most of the time, but with a keen sense of enjoyment, especially in Italy. He returned invigorated, and seemed to himself as if he had taken a new lease of life. He engaged in his studies with new ardor, and probably never preached with more interest or power than during the winter after his return. In the spring of 1855 his strength was seriously impaired, and his disease assumed a most serious aspect. On the 30th of December, 1855, the last Sunday in the year, on the day which completed ten years of his ministry in Boston, he preached for the last time. As we read it now, the sermon which he then delivered partakes of a valedictory character, and comes to us with its gentle and holy admonitions as a kindly and solemn farewell to the calling which had been so dear to his heart. The following are the last words that he ever uttered from the pulpit.

"We know that in a few years we shall all be gone. The fever of life will be over; its transient successes and reverses will have melted out of thought, like bubbles on a stream; the snows of winter will fall on our graves, and nothing will remain but what we bear with us in the soul. And in that heavenly

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world which we at least hope to enter, one kind affection, a more settled principle of rectitude, a grateful heart, will be worth more than the prizes of the round world, — these are not counted in heaven. Then, while life is yours, and choice is yours, and there is time and room, establish in the soul some definite and fixed plan of living, which shall look forward to the immortal life, and upward to Christ and to God."

In February, 1856, he left home for St. Augustine in Florida. The journey was very exhausting, and though he recovered partially from its effects, he returned home in June with strength greatly impaired, and with no alleviation in the symptoms of the disease that was painfully wearing out his life. It was thought best that he should leave the noise and confinement of the city, and on the 20th of July he moved to a pleasant residence near the Blue Hill in Milton.

"A more attractive and salubrious place," says Dr. Robbins, "for the summer residence of such an invalid could not have been found, nor could New England furnish more charming scenery for the last fond, earthly gaze of a Christian poet's eye. . . . . A dry and healthful atmosphere circulated freely around him; a large and select library was within his reach; a lovely family served him with a devotion as unobtrusive as it was unbounded; thoughtful friends paid him timely visits, bringing flowers and fruits and news, and lingering to watch the interchanging expressions of child-like playfulness and saint-like seriousness, of gentle sympathy and august reserve, which, by turns, enlivened and deepened his pale and sunken countenance. How richly he enjoyed this summer and early autumn in Milton may be imagined. He spoke of his residence there with profound gratitude. It seemed to us as if Providence, whom he so meekly trusted, and nature, which he always loved so fondly, and human friendship, which he cherished so sacredly, were conspiring together to alleviate the pain and sadness of his decline, — gladly uniting their ministrations to beautify the closing scene of so pure and beautiful a life."

Mr. Peabody probably enjoyed as much in Milton as it was possible for him to enjoy anywhere. He always loved to have room and freedom. He could look out from his piazza to the Wachusett, and even to the New Hampshire mountains, near which his childhood had been spent. He spoke constantly of the beautiful prospects that opened before him wherever he went. It was touching to hear him speak of the kindnesses which he

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was receiving, alike from old friends and from those whom he had hardly known before. He was deeply affected by the delicate perception of his condition that was shown, and the considerate way in which kindnesses were conferred and attentions which he was too weak to receive were withheld. Sometimes, especially in the twilight of evening, we seemed to have our old friend back again. For half an hour, perhaps, his countenance would resume its old look, and his voice flow out in its old tones, and the thoughts and hopes of other days were revived. But he was laboring under a most comfortless and depressing disease. For months he had hardly known what it was to have one pleasant physical sensation. Yet he was slow to receive the idea that he could not recover. "If Providence," he said "could care for so poor a concern as I am, it would seem as if this exquisite Milton air, so dry and soft, and all the surroundings here, were just what are needed to restore me." As late as the 22d of August, he spoke of himself as "steadily improving." So deceptive was the disease to him, that about this time he wrote to his church-wardens, that he hoped to be able to supply his pulpit half the time in October.

After this it was thought best to inform him of his condition. In answer to some questions from him on the subject, he was told that his physician thought there was no probability of his being able to preach again. "This winter?" he said, turning towards his friend a solemn, inquiring look, as if he were unable to take in all that was meant by the words. He was told, that there was no prospect of his being able ever to preach again. There was a short pause. He then asked other questions respecting his disease. One, it is remembered, he put in the gentle, submissive tone of a little child. "How soon is it thought that it will terminate?" To this no definite reply could be given, whether it would be in a few months or a year or two. The conversation that followed was calm, thoughtful, and childlike. There was no struggle in his mind. He loved life, and everything about it had been pleasant to him. He more than once expressed his thankfulness that the whole truth had now been told him. He would "be glad to do a little more work." In reference to his sons,

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he spoke of his own fatherless boyhood. "My children — but if either of us must be taken, it is better that I should be the one." He would rather trust them to their mother's instincts and affections, than to his own prudence. He spoke of the provision which had been kindly made for the education of his sons. This was the only reference he made to his worldly affairs. Death was spoken of as only the mode of passing from the natural world to the spiritual world. It was in the deepening twilight of a beautiful summer's day, and no word fell from him which did not harmonize with the peaceful stillness of the place and the hour, and with that purer world which seemed to enfold him round.

After returning to Boston, on the 1st of October, the change was more rapid than had been anticipated. But he loved to see his friends once more, though he could only take them by the hand, and look upon them, and whisper to them his blessing. He was interested in passing events. He recalled the beautiful scenes which he had passed through in Europe. He made up his mind how he should vote, with a solemn sense of his accountability to God for that, his last act as a citizen. But when the day came, he was too weak to go out. The shadows of life were deepening around him. He set his house in order. He provided and gave directions so minutely for everything, that, when he had passed away, his family found that there was little for them to do but to carry out what he had planned. Among his last acts, he dictated messages of consolation to friends who had been tried by heavy sorrows.

The night after Thanksgiving was in his home a long and painful night of expectation and watching. He could not bear that his sister and daughters should witness his sufferings. He asked that they might be called, when he was supposed to be within fifteen minutes of the end. The last brief words of tenderness and of Christian counsel were given. He seemed to be reviewing his life, which he spoke of more than once as having been very happy. He spoke of his father, and of his love and reverence for the physician who had been so much more than a physician to him through his long illness. Then, after a few minutes of

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quiet, and apparent unconsciousness, at half past nine o'clock on Friday morning, the 28th of November, 1856, his earthly life was ended. He had gone to his rest.

His ministry on earth was over. How wisely, how faithfully and successfully, it had been accomplished, is attested by the ardent, loving attachment of those to whom he ministered, and the tearful benedictions which they pronounce on his memory, even more than by the words of sorrowful commendation which they publicly used.

Among the words thus adopted at a meeting of the Society worshipping in King's Chapel, to give expression to their feelings, are these: —

"We bow in humble submission to this mysterious Providence: we offer our grateful acknowledgments to the Divine Goodness for that he hath so long spared to us our friend, to be our guide, our instructor, and our companion. . . . . Our eyes overflow with sorrow when we recall the image of our departed friend: a presentment so noble; a deportment of such blended dignity and sweetness; a manner so genial, that his entrance into our dwellings seemed to shed light and warmth on all around him. . . . . We humbly and fervently pray that the example and instructions of our departed friend may not be thrown away, but may be productive of lasting good to us; that our hearts may be touched, our desires and our wishes purified; — and that our conduct for the remainder of our lives here may be improved; so that at the last we may come to the eternal joy which is promised to those who are pure in spirit."

The funeral was on Tuesday, the 2d of December. There was a prayer in his study, and public services in the church. On the following Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, whom he had asked, as one of his old and most intimate friends, to perform this office for him, stood in his place, and preached from a text and on topics which he had suggested. He had asked that then, as in the funeral services, there might be no reference to himself. But when told that this could not be, he reluctantly yielded, saying to his friend, "Do what you must, — what the necessity of the occasion demands, — but do it, I beseech you, with the utmost possible moderation and reserve: remember how I feel about it, — protect me as well as you can, — there

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are so many better and higher things to speak of than anything relating to me." He suggested for his text the first verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians, as expressing his feelings towards his people.

"Tell them," he said, "from me, that as I love them, I desire nothing for them in comparison with this, that they be individually, decisively, consistently Christian, in mind and life. Tell them I say it from within the shadow of the grave, and in view of the eternal world. Tell them — as I would but cannot — how important I deem it that the children and youth of the parish should be early trained in the systematic knowledge of Christian principles. Tell them to lean with entire confidence and unreserve on the authority of Christ as the revealer of God. The natural creation, he said, reveals but half of God. The pitiful, the tender God, the Father, such as we all want to fly to, whom such poor weak ones as I am, at least, cannot do without — is only revealed, and is truly revealed, by the tender and pitiful Christ."

"When," says Dr. Putnam, "the bed from which he was not to rise again was spread for him at last in his library, it happened to be so placed that at the foot of it there hung a little drawing of his early humble home among the New Hampshire hills, and his eye fell directly upon it; and right over it, from the same nail there happened to be suspended a little cross which a young friend had made for him, covered with country mosses. The cross over the home! — and his the home, the child's home. He noticed the conjunction, and dwelt upon it with grateful pleasure, and the next day, when dictating this sermon which *he* felt he was to preach, though through another's lips, he recurred very impressively to that picture and the cross over it, emblems to him of the inseparable connection there should be between childhood and religion. Speaking of the cross as the symbol of the Christian faith, — the light of love and piety kindling in those deep, deep eyes, and beaming out in the way we all know so well, — he said, 'O my friend, depend upon it, no theory of human life can stand which leaves that out, the Cross!'"

The expressions which we quoted at the beginning of this article are not the exaggerated words of bereaved affection, which, as the real image of a friend fades away, fills its place with the lineaments of an ideal perfection.

There never was a more truthful spirit than his. No change of place, or altered condition of life, no artificial

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state of society into which he might be thrown, or considerations of expediency, ever disturbed the perfect simplicity and truthfulness of his mind. His whole intellectual, moral, and æsthetic nature was set against every kind of exaggeration, and everything that was got up for effect. It was seen through at once by his penetrating intellect, it was condemned by his moral judgment, and it offended his taste. His feelings were not allowed to interfere with the calm deliberations of his mind, but were thrust aside or cautiously watched as interested parties. And his imagination, which kindled his whole nature, and spread before him visions of ideal splendor and loveliness, had been so schooled into subjection to the severest exactions of truth, that of late years it has been only in unrestrained moments of personal intercourse that any one could see how vigorous and affluent it was. As a consequence of this simple truthfulness of mind, there was no man who more easily saw through every species of pretension or disguise, who had a keener insight into character, who in practical matters more readily separated the real from the adventitious, or whose judgment on matters within the enlarged range of his knowledge carried with it more the authority of wisdom itself.

There never was a safer counsellor. His love of truth and justice, his sense of honor, his knowledge of men and affairs, his entire forgetfulness of self, the ease with which he threw himself into the condition and feelings of others, especially of the young, and the affectionate tenderness with which he looked upon their failings, gained their confidence, and enabled him for their good to speak with a degree of plainness which would hardly have been tolerated in another. And here, as indeed everywhere else, the kindliness of his nature showed itself. There are many who, seeing the outside faults of those whom they meet, stop there and have nothing further to do with them. But with him, the same keenness of perception which enabled him to see the faults, enabled him also to see the virtues and the yet undeveloped capabilities of good, that lay obscured behind them. Hence he often liked, and was sometimes on terms of intimacy with, persons who, to superficial observers, seemed as if they could have nothing in com-

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mon with him. But under the appearance of worldliness or fashion, the ostentation, ambition, affectation, or vanity on the outside, which common religious observers might regard as making up the whole of their lives, he, with his larger sympathies and deeper insight into character, saw nobler qualities, or at least the capacity for higher and better things. And there was, perhaps, no class of persons on whom he exercised a more beneficent influence in his personal relations. Many a young woman, we believe, in the whirl and bewilderment of fashion, seeming as if she thought of nothing and lived for nothing higher, all the while secretly longing for some more satisfying good, yet not knowing how, or not having the moral strength, to seek and find it for herself, has been drawn, perhaps by some light and playful remark at first, within the sphere of his wise and Christian sympathies, and, almost unconsciously to herself, has been led to the knowledge and experience of a divine life, with its duties and its joys. And from personal intercourse with him, in the simplicity and friendliness of his daily walks, men of hard and worldly views have found an influence entering deeper, lifting them higher, and gradually changing their motives and their plans of life. He did not know, perhaps they did not know it. But some portion of the "virtue" which he had imbibed from a close and prayerful walk with Christ had unconsciously gone out from him to touch their hearts, to quicken their virtues, to enlarge or elevate their views of life, and make them think more of their duties to man and God. "I knew him well enough," said a generous-hearted man, "to make me feel ashamed of myself." And in many hearts, we may believe, his modest, unpretending, self-forgetting life and conversation may have placed before them a purer ideal of Christian character, awakened within them holier purposes, and drawn them on to higher deeds.

What he once said in describing the influence of the hidden life may be applied to himself: —

"His counsels have the wisdom of rectitude. His silence is better than other men's deeds. And wherever he is, none knows how, and happily he least of all knows how, a blessed influence goes out from him, and all around are more gentle, more disinterested, more just, more devout, because he dwells

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in their midst. As a light which does not know how its own shining makes all dark things bright, so he but lives, and, without knowing it, quickens the better life in those around."

Perhaps there was nothing for which he was more remarkable than his severely just, but at the same time generous, appreciation of character.

"To hear him," says Mr. Weiss, "bring forth with a few easy strokes some person's nature into a sculptured precision, was one of the delights of his society. The strokes were easy, but they were minute and careful, and never omitted an essential line, however delicate. . . . . And finding him never once mistaken, you accepted the character which he deliberately gave of any person as a sort of fate. . . . . How quietly he would rectify your false impressions of a friend or neighbor, and adjust a variety of minds in the same circle, to keep the same time, though with separate beats!"

The gentleness of his affections, the sweetness of his nature, the modest and disparaging view which he took of his own ability and attainments, have led even some of his best friends, we think, to underrate his intellectual powers and accomplishments. The love of knowledge and of intellectual improvement was, we should say, by nature and early education, the passion of his life. Till it had been subdued into its rightful position by the higher principles of Christian duty, the love of intellectual greatness was his ruling ambition. He had not a metaphysical turn of mind, but he had an eye which took in at a glance wide fields of knowledge, where it was a joy and luxury for him to roam at large, and in his own peculiar way make himself acquainted with everything that belonged to them. On the most important subjects, few of our ablest scholars have read so much, or have formed their opinions by so wide, so thorough, and so impartial an investigation of all the facts which have a bearing on the case. He left the show and lumber of learning behind, bearing with him only the matured and finished results of his labors. The perfect success with which those results had been elaborated, and the simple, common-sense terms in which they were presented, concealed the variety and extent of his studies, and the vigor and comprehensiveness of his mind.

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So with respect to his moral qualities. To those who knew him but little, the gentleness of his nature sometimes obscured the manliness and strength which ran through his whole character. He was more earnest to allow the claims of others than to assert his own rights. In matters morally indifferent, he was ready to yield to the convenience, the wishes, and even the prejudices of others. But no man had a more decided individuality, or a more genuine and untamable independence of soul. He did not talk or dispute, or even think about it. He could not assume the part of another or put forth any other than the free and independent convictions of his own mind. It was so even in his private and playful moments. And when he entered his study or his pulpit, he lent himself to no man's influence. He asked no other question of himself, but only how he might best awaken in men's hearts a sense of the great and solemn realities of life, or how he might most effectually impress upon them a sense of their obligations to God, and their duties to one another. His care was for his message, not for himself. With all his gentleness and his profound humility, there was a lofty personal independence, which gave its crowning dignity to his bearing, and which could no more be turned out of its direction than the rainbow, yielding as its nature is, could be bent out of its true curve.

But we must not dwell on particular traits. He loved the office of a Christian minister. He loved its private labors of preparation, and all the duties growing out of it. He loved its studies, even in the now somewhat neglected department of theology. He loved to prepare sermons. He loved to preach; and in certain qualities no one has surpassed him as a preacher. He excelled in the clear, persuasive, and convincing simplicity of his instructions. In the illustrations which he sometimes threw over his subject, in the pictures which showed forth the beauty of holiness, the charm and loveliness of our religion in the domestic and social relations, or its influence in forming the character, and imparting to it strength, vitality, and dignity, he spoke sometimes with a pathos and a power which we have never heard equalled. Some of his sermons, as he de-

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livered them, were such a combination of wisdom and love, the severest principles of duty set forth by such appeals to the heart, his eye and the tones of his voice so carrying his words down into the depths of our nature, that no one, we have thought, could listen without tears, or go away without at least a momentary impulse and desire to live a holier and better life.

Mr. Peabody loved to work. His life was one not only of continuous, but at times of concentrated and intense labor. Almost from the earliest years of his academical life, he devoted himself with persevering industry to the study and formation of style. So skilful did he become in this respect, that his practised ear would detect almost any prominent author of our day in hearing a few of his sentences read, though he had never met with them before. He wrote poetry early in life, as an exercise by which to gain the power of making in language exact transcripts from nature. In this way he gained his extraordinary power of presenting living pictures to the eye. An article of his which was published in the North American Review in 1854 is one of the most remarkable instances that we remember of this power of word-painting. Not only the general aspect of the country, but the very atmosphere, its depth and softness, the landscape reposing in it, and the people who in breathing it seem to partake of its tone and character, are pictured before us.

Mr. Peabody's sermons were distinguished for their substantial good sense, and for reasonings which sometimes undermined, one after another, every position that could be taken against him. This good sense, expressed in severe, strong language, was not unfrequently all that was to be found in a single discourse. But this does not touch the secret of the great power which he exercised over those who listened habitually to his preaching. It was only the preparatory work. It was the cold, hard appeal to the understanding, — none the less cold and hard, because it was felt all the while to be real and unanswerable. With this intellectual hardness, this unrelenting adherence to the truth, there went a weight of moral conviction, a profound sincerity which no one could doubt, a sense of the solemnity and importance of the subject, which, as set forth in the naked,

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prosaic features of the sermon, were sometimes almost painful, and gave the impression of a persistent and merciless severity from which there could be no escape. But suddenly the hard tones of the voice melted into pathos, an infinite tenderness seemed to pervade his whole nature, as he placed before his hearers images of moral danger, of Christian faith or love, of patience under suffering, or of hope in death, which touched every heart, disarmed opposition, and sometimes seemed almost to suspend the breathing of the audience as they hung tearfully upon his words.

After Dr. Peabody removed to Boston, his style of preaching changed. A few weeks before his death he said: "I have got tired of rhetoric even in speeches. I want no man to come over me with his words. I prefer the plain, prosaic bread of truth, no matter how dull or simple. The truth! We have got finally to stand upon it; and I thank no man for trying to glorify or hide it by his rhetoric." This, which was always his prevailing feeling, had been growing upon him with years. The consequence was, that, in his later sermons, his imagination showed itself less in separate and extended pictures, and infused its coloring more, like the veins of some beautiful marble, through the whole mass of his thought. In reading them, we seem at times to be brought once more within the charm of that genial, diffusive nature, which spread itself out over those who were with him, like the pleasant atmosphere of a summer's day. They are marked by a profounder seriousness than usually settled on his countenance in his social hours. But the mellowness of his own ripening affections, his calmer wisdom, and richer thought, pervaded alike his private conversation and his public instructions. Compared with his former writings, his later sermons are marked by greater severity, and at the same time greater freedom of expression, a more penetrating and comprehensive wisdom, greater freshness of feeling, a more subdued solemnity and tenderness, and an imagination enriched by the studies and experience of life, and working as a vitalizing energy through the whole living texture of the composition.

But if we were to select the one character in which we love most to think of him, and where he stands pre-

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eminent in the noble qualities of his manly, generous, and affectionate nature, it would be as the advocate and friend of the helpless and unprosperous. It fell to his lot to be connected with rich societies, and never were the members of such societies more fortunate in having for their minister one who, from a Christian point of view, wisely, firmly, affectionately pressed upon them a sense of their obligations to the poor. Wherever within his reach there was suffering to be relieved, there his sympathies were engaged, and he felt that there was something for him and his friends to do. Only a very intimate acquaintance with him, and a careful attention to what most interested him for a series of years, would lead any one to suspect the amount and value of his services in this direction. The poor slave seeking for himself and his people a home beyond the reach of the oppressor, found him ready to contribute from his own not abundant means, and to present his case to those who were more able to furnish assistance than himself. The young scholar, longing for an education, but unable to meet the expenses of a college course, found him not only ready to give encouragement and advice, but to be his advocate with those who rejoiced to help on young men of industry and promise. A foreigner, with a family dependent upon him for support, but without money, without friends, and without employment, came to him weary and sick at heart. He saw his worth, felt for him in his depressed and comfortless situation, and, determining to set him up in business, contributed more perhaps than he ought to have contributed himself, and called on some of his friends who always delighted to aid him in his works of beneficence, and now that man and his family are prosperous and respected. When a society was formed for the aid of disabled and aged ministers, he entered heartily into it, and was chosen to its most responsible office.

He loved little children. His open, genial, playful disposition brought him at once into pleasant relationship with them. He loved to look on the countenance of a little child. The doctrine of native, total depravity, as it was once held, he shrunk from with instinctive horror. But it was the exposed, abandoned child, that called out all the pathos of his eloquence.

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"The very helplessness of a child," he said, in pleading for the support of an Orphans' Home in New Bedford, "who can resist its appeal? A helpless, destitute, friendless child, — it is the saddest spectacle on the sinful and guilty earth. In a world of homes, it is an orphan. The morning of life breaks on it frosty and cheerless. It is welcomed with no caresses, it rests from play in no loving arms. . . . . No mother bends over it in prayer, each night before she sleeps. No cheerful light of suns, no blessed dews of heaven, give beauty to the morning of life. It sees others happy in happy homes, — beloved, watched over, cared for by unsleeping affections; but in childhood, made up of affections, it has none to love, — none who wish for its love. . . . . Let us hear the appeal which these little ones make to our hearts. . . . . If you had a happy home in childhood, and knew the worth of a mother's love; if you have little ones of your own on whom you would have the blessing of God, in his name who has had mercy on you and yours, have mercy on these friendless, orphan children."

The appeal was not in vain. The Orphans' Home, in behalf of which these words were spoken, was established on a permanent basis, and now for more than sixteen years has been gathering these friendless little ones beneath its shelter.

He did much to bring the rich and poor together in their Christian relations, for the benefit of all. No one has painted the privations and sorrows of the poor in more affecting colors. In an article on the Moral Power of Christ's Character, first printed in the Christian Examiner, and afterwards published as a tract by the Unitarian Association, is a picture, such as no other man among us could give, of the affecting and beautiful relations which may connect the fresh sympathies of the young and happy with the poor and desolate in their loneliness and sorrows. He delighted to throw the beauty and holiness of a Christian faith around the charities of life. But he was more anxious that the reason should be convinced, than that the feelings should be interested. In order that his appeals might not end in words, or lead to a species of sentimentality, for which he had the most hearty contempt, he was earnest to engage the young in works of Christian charity. That their charities might be something more than a series of irregular, excited efforts, he established a school in which young persons, coming from their refined and luxurious

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homes, might teach the first elements of knowledge to rude, coarse, uneducated men and women. For the same reason he went earnestly into the plan for dividing the whole city of Boston, as New Bedford had been divided before, into districts, assigning each district to responsible persons, whose duty it should be to search out the cases of poverty within its limits. In this way, all applications for aid would be looked into, and the deserving poor relieved, while no excuse would be left for the street-begging which had been so fertile a source of imposition. Indeed, the Boston Provident Association, one of the most useful and effective organizations ever formed in this city for the benefit of the poor, to use words unanimously adopted by the Association, "chiefly owes its origin" to him; "and to his exertions, his power of engaging others in its service, and to the public confidence in his judgment and good opinion, it is indebted for much of its subsequent success."

These are some of the walks in which his modest and Christian life was spent. He loved his books, and, as he advanced in years, his intellectual tastes were "expanding into larger circles of reading and thought." He loved to explore minutely any department of knowledge, especially those in which the interests and welfare of human beings were concerned. He often went entirely out of his profession, and made himself familiar with different habits of thought and expression, in order to escape the stiffness and one-sidedness which destroy the symmetry of those who are wholly given to professional studies. Yet no man loved his own profession more, or followed it with greater singleness of purpose. Wherever he went, in nature, in society, in his light reading, or his more serious investigations and pursuits, his constant thought was how he might turn his new attainments to account, so that they should adorn and enrich the chosen field of his labors. He loved theology as a study, and delighted in the clear and convincing arguments by which the truth of our religion, and its essential doctrines, are placed on a substantial foundation. He loved to soar among its highest thoughts. But he loved most of all to live among its active affections, and to follow out its precepts in their practical application to the daily conduct of life. He loved to be

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with the young. He loved and reverenced those whose gray hairs were the crown of a long and faithful life. He loved his friends. There was no caprice in his affections. Like Him whose follower he was, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." He remembered them, and yearned towards them with increased tenderness as the close of his earthly being drew near; and the few brief words of love and thankfulness which he spoke in his last interviews will be remembered by them as a part of the precious inheritance which they shall carry with them to their dying day.

His conversation will not easily be forgotten by those who were permitted to enjoy it in his more private hours. It was unlike any other.

"It was," says Mr. Weiss, in words which happily characterize it, "a continuous, unpremeditated overflow of clear, sparkling, gentle waters. It appeared as if his mind, having filled up with its natural variety, quietly let it ripple over the margin of his lips. The filtered flow escaped in even measure, not without cheerful and refreshing sounds, but with neither effort nor self-consciousness. It was not a talk, but a release of ideas. A cheerful and serene disposition rested over it, and all day long the same even climate was preserved. Facts from books, from travels, and from human life, bright touches of personal characters, sensible results of experience, were all in this escape of his mind's fulness, with a grave mood occasionally passing over it as from the shadow of a tranquil wing. How willingly he let the mirth of others break into his lapsing talk, and what a pleasant repartee would come, after just a moment's hesitation or lingering over the act, like the occurring of ripples in a serene course. But his mind seemed most naturally engaged in the equable diffusion of its own surplus, to deposit golden instruction and suggestion quietly by the way, not to leap wide in flashes, nor to settle in deep pools. His conversation was the autumn harvesting of a temperate zone."

To those who met him alone in his confidential moments, there was something even deeper and loftier than this. They saw in him the reverential simplicity and loving trust which sometimes, in its still moments, settle down on the countenance of a child. In his tones there was a gentle and subdued tenderness, as he spoke, perhaps, of his more private personal experience, of his obligations to others, of the mysteries that

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lie around us, or the more delicate spiritual perceptions and relations by which we are connected with the holy, loving providence of God. At such times, we could look down into the still waters, and see how pure and deep the fountains were from which he drew his spiritual instructions. There was no sediment in his nature. Those who knew him in his most private and unguarded moments cannot recall a single instance in which, by so much as a tone or look, he gave the slightest indication of a jealous, unkind, or revengeful feeling, or, as Dr. Putnam has said, the slightest touch of ostentation, or any lurking desire for admiration or applause. There was no hidden enmity, or disappointed ambition, to disturb his peace. It was affecting to see how inappreciable by any common sensibilities were the acts which he at such times confessed, not without a blush, as the cause of painful regrets to him. For instance, he several times, and once only a little while before he died, spoke in this way of a criticism which he had made to a friend about his preaching, eighteen years before. He may possibly have been mistaken in his criticism. But we are sure, that no suggestions could have been made with a kinder purpose. Nor could they have been expressed in more gentle tones, more delicate words, or a more friendly spirit. Yet through all those years of crowded life till the shadows of the tomb were gathering over him, the thought of what he had then done went with him and gave him pain. How spotless must the life have been on which an act like this could show as a stain, and how sensitive must the moral perceptions have been which could feel it for so long a time as something to be sorrowed over and repented of! This sensitiveness was not the effect of a morbid temperament. For, notwithstanding his repeated and long-continued illnesses, there was nothing by which he was more remarkably characterized through life than the healthiness of his mind, and the manliness both of his views and his feelings.

The Christian hopes which cheered his last days were distinguished by the same modest self-distrust which had marked his religious character through life. He placed no reliance on anything that he had done. He seemed disturbed, and almost distressed, when his friends spoke

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of their obligations to him, or of the satisfaction he must take in looking back on a life of usefulness. At the earnest request of one who, in common with many others, felt that, under Providence, she owed the salvation of her soul to him, mention was made to him a few weeks before his death of her feelings towards him. He was thankful to be so remembered. "But then," he added, as one of his old smiles faintly lighted up his faded countenance for a moment, "they are mistaken in thinking that I have done anything for them. They are full of affection, and so out of the kindness of their own hearts have persuaded themselves that they owe something to me."

His life fell so far below his own standard, that he could hardly find words in which to express his sense of its worthlessness. He bowed himself meekly and humbly before his Maker. There was nothing about him of that conceit which sometimes makes even devout men dwell complacently on themselves as peculiar objects of the Divine mercy. The very thought of self seemed to be lost as he looked up to the perfect will of God, and waited his appointment, thankful for the past, and, as he said, "without fear, or hope, or wish, or dread," in regard to the future. He believed in Christ with convictions strengthened by every new strain that was put upon his faith. He suffered as few men have; "but why should he not?" Indeed, his sufferings did not even raise, in its application to himself, the question which he had so often asked in its relation to others. He trusted in the mercy of God, our Father, — not *his*, in any peculiar sense, but *our*, Father in heaven. "I have not," he said, "been much of a father to my children; but when they have done wrong, and come back sorrowing and penitent, I am glad to receive them. Will he be less merciful than I?" The assurances in this connection were enough. It seemed to him ingratitude and impiety to doubt. With unquestioning reliance on the mercy of God, he went through his slow-wasting and harassing disease, thoughtful for every one, sending messages of love and words of consolation, doing everything that could be done to lessen the sharpness of the stroke to those on whom it must fall so heavily.

He shrunk from being made the subject of eulogy.

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But it is not for his sake that we have spoken of him. When he who moved among us with so serene a dignity is gone, and our eyes shall look upon him no more, it is good for us to dwell affectionately and reverently amid the qualities which so endeared him to us, to cherish them for ourselves and our children, as the richest legacy which the saintly dead can leave to those whom they have loved, and thus live still in those virtues and affections of his which cannot die. "I think," he said in his simple way, in the last sermon that he preached, — "I think such brotherly affection goes beyond the tomb." It lingers also behind, and lives with those who remain. It must not be permitted to die out. The name and memory of such men cannot be forgotten without a mournful loss to the community in which they lived.

Few men have been so loved and honored as he has been, or so worthy of love and honor. His example still remains to shed its influence abroad in the lives of his friends, and "through them, in ever-enlarging circles, into the hearts of others." The form that dwelt among us with a presence so engaging, and a dignity so gentle and so holy, has gone to its eternal home. The mild, munificent eye that looked upon us so kindly, is closed. The voice whose rich melodies, telling as they did of richer melodies within, were so dear to us, in whose tones the stern demands of truth melted into pathos, will come to us no more. But the sentiments which he has awakened or strengthened in the community will live on. The joy and loveliness which he has imparted to life may go with us. The affections which he has quickened, the thoughts, subdued to the hard lines of justice itself, which he has implanted in other minds and made a controlling principle in their lives, the memory of what he was, urging us on as a voice from behind, the hopes which he inspired, as voices from above calling us up to higher worlds, the unimpassioned, unexaggerated views which he presented of life and death, the pictures which he drew of heavenly agencies around us, and the visions which he has shown to us of immortality opening to the sorrowing or dying believer, may spread themselves around us, and throw the softening glories of heaven over the dull, hard labors and cares of our earthly condition. J. H. M.

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Art. VII. — MACWHORTER ON THE MEMORIAL NAME.*

Were it not that this publication comes to us under the patronage of a respectable Professor in Yale College, and of the Bibliotheca Sacra, which publishes it in a condensed form, we could hardly consider it worthy of our notice. But being brought forward with such parade, as presenting an argument of great importance, some of our readers will wish to know what is the amount of the matter. We will not undertake to characterize the work as a specimen of exegetical theology, as that would require a not very pleasant use of language. We will rather briefly examine the writer's leading proposition, the new discovery which he claims to have made, namely, that the name of the Deity, Jehovah, or, as it was probably originally pronounced, Yahveh, "is the great Messianic name of the Old Testament"; that "it is not properly rendered 'I am,' but 'He who will be.'" † Who they are who have maintained that Jehovah should be rendered "I am," we are at a loss to conjecture. We never saw, heard, or read of any such person.

The argument of Mr. MacWhorter is founded on the etymological derivation, or sense, of the proper name of the Supreme Being, *Jehovah*, as it has been commonly written and pronounced in English. The Hebrew term, whether pronounced *Jehovah*, or *Yahveh*, all allow to be the proper name applied by the Hebrews to the Supreme Being, just as Jupiter was the name of the supreme god of the Romans, and Zeus of the Greeks. The term translated "God" was generic, and was applied to heathen gods, and even to human beings. But "Jehovah," or "Yahveh," was the incommunicable name, the proper name of the God of the Jews, which could be applied to no other being. Still, as nearly all the proper names of the Jews, such as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, had a certain etymological meaning, founded on some fact, or trait of character, so it was, as has been generally supposed, with the proper name of the

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* *Yahveh Christ, or the Memorial Name.* By Alexander MacWhorter, Yale University. *With Introductory Letter by* Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D., Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology, Yale Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. pp. 10 and 179.

† Page v.

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Supreme Being. Almost all modern Hebraists, as well as those of former times, suppose the name to be derived from the future tense of the old grammarians, or the imperfect, i. e. the un-perfect, of the more modern grammarians, of the Hebrew verb denoting *existence, being, becoming*. The obsolete form of the Hebrew verb הָיָה, "to exist," "to be," "to become," is הָוָה, of which the future or imperfect tense is יִהְוֶה, or יְהֹוָה, which would be pronounced Yahveh, and it means either "he is," or "he will be," as the connection may require. For all who are acquainted with Hebrew grammar know that, as there are only two tenses in Hebrew, the præter, and the future or un-perfect, the latter tense is much more comprehensive and indefinite than the English, the Greek, or the Latin future. The Hebrew proper name of the Supreme Being, Yahveh, according to what in all probability was the original pronunciation, denotes "he exists," or "he will exist," or "he is," or "he will be." So the proper name "Jacob" is, in the Hebrew, the future or imperfect tense of the verb meaning "to supplant," and means "he supplants"; and the name Isaac is, in the Hebrew, the future tense of the verb meaning "he laughs."

And now the question arises, why the term meaning "he exists" or "will exist," or "he is" or "will be," was applied to the Supreme Being. According as this question is answered, it must be decided whether all the world up to the time of Mr. Mac Whorter has been right, or whether he is right in his entirely new and paradoxical view.

The received opinion of all classes of interpreters, whether Jew or Christian, Catholic or Protestant, orthodox or heterodox, whether they pronounced the word Jehovah, or Yahveh, up to the time of Mr. Mac Whorter, has been, that the name Yahveh, or Jehovah, meaning, "He is," or "He will be," was given him to denote *his absolute, independent, and unchangeable existence and perfections, especially his faithfulness;* that it expresses the idea, that, whereas man and nature change, disappoint, and perish, the Supreme Being, *Yahveh* or *Jehovah*, the "He is," is unchangeable, is for ever, and will never disappoint those who put their trust in him. This explanation is easy and natural, and analogous to what occurs in other names of the Deity. Thus the

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term rendered "God" denotes *mighty*, or *powerful;* that properly rendered *Lord* denotes *a monarch* or *ruler*. Accordingly we might expect the name Yahveh to denote something in the *nature* or *character* of the Supreme Being, something which he actually *is*, and not what he *will be* at some point of future time. Again, as the term Yahveh or Jehovah is strictly a proper name, we may not expect frequent allusions to its etymological sense, more than in other proper names, such as Abraham, Jacob, Peter, &c. Yet there are, we think, in the Old Testament, several allusions to the etymological sense of Jehovah, just as there are to that of Abraham and others. Thus in Mal. iii. 6: "I am *Jehovah; I change not;* therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Hos. ii. 20: "Yea, I will betroth thee to me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know *Jehovah.*" So xii. 5: "And *Jehovah*, God of hosts, *Jehovah* is his name." We think it probable, though not certain, that the term Jehovah has an emphatic sense, arising from its etymological meaning in several other passages, especially in Isa. xlix. 23; lii. 6. So in Exod. iii. 14, where Jehovah, in speaking to Moses, uses the first person of the substantive verb, instead of the third, saying that his name is "I am," or, in the larger phrase rendered in the common version, "I am that I am," but which, taking into view the indefinite, comprehensive sense of the Hebrew future, should be rendered, "I am what I shall be," or "I shall be what I am," i. e. "I am for ever the same, the Unchangeable." The Septuagint version, departing from the letter, translates Ἐγώ εἰμι ὁ ὤν, "I am He that is," or "the Existent," — "He that is" hath sent me to you. But in all probability the Septuagint translators supposed the terms to imply, not simple existence, but *continued, unchanging, independent existence.* Again, in Exodus vi. 3, 4: "I appeared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as God Almighty; but by my name *Jehovah* was I not known to them; but I have also *established my covenant* with them." It will be hard to give a better explanation of this verse, than that of the old Commentators, as expressed by Poole: "He speaks not of the letters or syllables, but of the thing signified by the name. For that denotes all his perfections, and amongst others the eternity, constancy, and immutability of his nature

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and will, and the infallible certainty of his words and promises. And this, saith he, though it was believed by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, yet it was not experimentally [or in the same degree] known to them." So in the Apocalypse, the name of the Deity "who is, and was, and is to come," i. e. "is to be," is evidently designed as a periphrasis of the term Jehovah. So the Targum of Jerusalem, *qui fuit, est, et erit.* So the Targum of Jonathan, Deut. xxxii. 39. See also examples from the Talmud in Schoettgen and Wetstein. It is also in confirmation of this meaning of the name Jehovah, that Plutarch found this inscription on the temple of Isis in Sais, Ἐγώ εἰμι πᾶν τὸ γεγονὸς, καὶ ὂν, καὶ ἐσόμενον, i. e. "I am that which was, and is, and will be." (Plut. de Isid. c. 9.) So in the Book of Wisdom, ch. xiii. 1: "And could not out of the good things that are seen know HIM THAT IS," τὸν ὄντα.

Thus from the probabilities of the case, from the emphatic uses of the term in passages of the Old Testament, from the mode in which the term was understood by the most ancient versions and Targums, and from the common sense of Jewish and Christian interpreters, up to the time of Mr. Mac Whorter, it appears that the name *Yahveh* was given to the Supreme Being to denote something relating to his nature and character, namely, that he was THE UNCHANGEABLE in respect to his nature and purposes. What he had promised, that he was able and willing to perform. Though a point of criticism is not to be settled by numbers, it is certainly a confirmation of this view, that the most able and learned modern lexicographers and Hebraists of different schools, such as Simonis, Gesenius, Ewald, Fürst, Winer, and others, unite with the ancients in this explanation. Whether they pronounce the word *Jehovah* or *Yahveh*, not one of them ever thought of the explanation of Mac-Whorter. He was the first to teach Jew and Christian the meaning of the great name of the Deity, — a name which occurs thousands of times in the Old Testament, and is used almost uniformly by the Prophets. If there ever was a case in which the rule, *quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*, could and should be applied, this surely is one.

But to come to Mr. Mac Whorter's explanation of Yah-

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veh, and the reasons of it. He maintains that Yahveh denotes "He who is to come," "the Coming One," "the Deliverer," and that it was given to the Supreme Being to denote that he was one day to come in the form of a man, as the Messiah, the future Deliverer of the world. Yahveh Christ, — Jehovah the Anointed one, the Messiah, — this is the proposition he aims to establish. How does he proceed? He starts with a proposition, which all will admit. We know of no living Hebrew writer, or scholar, who disputes that the name *Yahveh* is what used to be called *the future*, but is now generally called by Hebrew grammarians *the imperfect*, i. e. *unperfect*, *unfinished*, tense of the Hebrew verb of existence, the verb signifying "to be," and in certain cases "to become." It thus *may* be translated *He will be*. But Mr. MacWhorter's first error is in maintaining that it *must* be translated in the English future tense. Now every Hebrew scholar, nay, every Junior in every theological school in the country, who has got half-way through the Hebrew syntax, knows that, as there are only two tenses in Hebrew, what is called *the future* often denotes *the habitual present*, *continued action*, or *state of being*, and that it sometimes denotes even the past. It strikes us as something very extraordinary, that one who claims to have discovered what has escaped the notice of all the scholars in the world since the Christian era should not have given the slightest attention to this well-known idiom, and have informed his plain English readers, that *Yahveh* might be translated *He is*, as well as *He will be;* that it has no *necessary* reference to the future, rather than to the present. This is the more extraordinary, when it is known that, in several instances where names are derived from the same tense of the verb, the reference is *never* to the future, but to the past or present. Thus the name Isaac is the future tense of the Hebrew verb signifying *to laugh*. But it was given to him, not to denote that he was *one that would laugh* at some future time, but in reference to the circumstance that his mother Sarah laughed on a certain occasion. So the name Jacob is the future tense of the verb meaning *to supplant*, or *trip up*. But it was given him, not to denote that he *would be* a tripper-up, but because he had previously taken his

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brother by the heel. These examples are alone sufficient to show the worthlessness of Mac Whorter's argument from the future tense, as it is inaccurately called, of the Hebrew verb signifying "to be."

II. Mr. Mac Whorter makes an enormous stride in interpretation, when he makes Yahveh, "He will be," to denote first "He *who* will be," then "He who will *come*," then "the coming one," then "the Deliverer." He slips in the relative "who," just as if it was the natural property of the future tense to include it, and as if Yahveh was a mere appellative, instead of a strictly proper name. Every one knows that it may just as well be maintained that the Latin *erit*, or the Greek ἔσται, means "He *who* is to be," "the coming one," "the Deliverer," as that the Hebrew Yahveh has this meaning. Then in regard to the word "to come," which he slips in in place of "to be," we maintain that such a use of the verb of existence is as contrary to Hebrew as to Greek, Latin, or English usage. *In connection with other words*, in all these languages, there may be an occasional use of "to be" instead of "to come." Thus it is immaterial whether it be said "kings *shall be* from thee," or "kings *shall come* from thee." But there is a very common Hebrew verb, as common as *venio* in Latin, or ἔρχομαι in Greek, meaning "to come"; and if any Hebrew writer had wished to express the sense, "the coming one," he knew how to do it, as well as any Latin or Greek writer knew how to express that meaning. In order to give an epithet to God, meaning that he was one who at some future day *would come* in human form as as a Deliverer, he never would have used a term meaning simply "he is," or "he will be," or "he becomes," or "he will become" (in which latter sense, the sense of γίνομαι in Greek, the Hebrew term is sometimes used). The Supreme Being certainly had an existence in the time of the Old Testament writers, and if any Hebrew writer had said of God "He will be," he would have been understood as asserting his continued existence, or else the question would have been asked, *What* will he be? As to the term "Deliverer," which Mr. Mac Whorter frequently uses as the meaning of "He will be," it is a still more extraordinary straining of language. We repeat it, the name *Yahveh* was not an appellative, but

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strictly a proper name, derived etymologically, not grammatically, from the future, or imperfect, tense of the Hebrew verb of existence. In common use, there was probably in the mind of the Prophets as little reference to its etymological meaning as there was in the use of other proper names, such as Abraham, Judah, &c. As in the blessing of Jacob * there is reference by way of emphasis to the etymological meaning of the names of some of his sons, so there is occasionally in the Prophets to the name of the Deity, as we have seen.

III. Again, we might show by reference to the passages in which the Messiah is actually predicted, that, instead of being represented as identical with Jehovah, he is everywhere distinguished from him, represented as "raised up" by him, "sent" by him, &c., and that in no passage in which the Messiah is predicted is the name Jehovah applied to him. Thus in Isa. xi. 1–3: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, ... and the spirit of Yahveh shall rest upon him, ... and shall make him of quick understanding in the *fear of* Yahveh," † &c. True he is called "Jehovah is our righteousness," or rather "Jehovah is our salvation," meaning that Jehovah would be the salvation of his people by raising up to David a righteous Branch, a prosperous King.‡ But the same name is given to the city of Jerusalem. "This is the name by which *she* shall be called, Jehovah is our righteousness, or salvation." § And again, in Ezekiel, Jerusalem is called "Jehovah there," that is, "Jehovah is there." ‖

IV. And now let us suppose, for the sake of argument, Mr. MacWhorter's new doctrine to be established, namely, that the name of the Supreme Being, *Yahveh*, or *Jehovah*, implied that at some future time "he would come," or that he was "the coming one." What then? It is well known that the Supreme Being in the Old Testament is said "to come," when he interfered by his providence either for punishment or deliverance. Thus, in Ps. l. 3: "Our God *shall come*, and shall not keep silence." Ps. xviii. 9: "He bowed the heavens also,

* Gen. xlix.

† On the general question, whether the Deity of the Messiah is a doctrine of the Old Testament, the reader is referred to an article in the number of the Christian Examiner for January, 1836.

‡ Jer. xxiii. 5, 6. § Jer. xxxiii. 16. ‖ Ezek. xlviii. 35.

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and *came* down." Hab. iii. 3: "God *came* from Teman," &c. So he was said *to come* when he raised up Cyrus for the deliverance of his people from the captivity at Babylon. Thus Isa. xlv. 2: "*I will go* before thee, and make the crooked places straight," &c. In the same way, undoubtedly, Jehovah might be said "to come" when he raised up Christ to save his people from their sins. His coming in the time of Christ no more implies his identity with Jesus, than his coming in the time of Cyrus proves his identity with that monarch.

We have neither time, space, nor patience to follow Mr. MacWhorter further. It would be easy to demonstrate the supreme absurdity of his exposition of Gen. iv. 1, where he tries to make it appear that our mother Eve first applied the name *Yahveh* to Cain on the supposition that he was the Messiah, notwithstanding he had a human father and became a murderer. But we leave it to the common sense of the reader. That Dr. Taylor and the editors of the Bibliotheca Sacra should expect to advance the cause of truth by the patronage of such attempts at Biblical interpretation, excites our special wonder. On this, as on other occasions, we have had reason to deplore the loss of the late Professor Stuart. He used to save us the trouble of brushing away such cobwebs as this which has been spun by Mr. MacWhorter.

G. R. N.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B. D., D. D., &c., Prebendary of St. Paul's, &c. Tenth edition. Revised, corrected, and brought down to the Present Time. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B. D. (the Author), the Rev. Samuel Davidson, D. D. &c., and Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, LL. D. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1856. 4 vols. pp. 624, 1100, 745, and 750.

It would hardly be necessary to give a critical notice of this tenth edition of Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, were it

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not for our wish to inform our readers that nearly half of its contents is entirely new, and not written by Dr. Horne, but by two others, Dr. Davidson and Dr. Tregelles. It having been represented to Dr. Horne that his work was very much behind the times, he adopted the wise plan of employing these learned scholars to supply in part what might satisfy the reasonable demands of the clergy and others of the present day. He has thus made his work much more valuable than ever it was before.

Those portions of the work of which Dr. Horne is the author have also been in some measure revised, and have received additional notes containing references to recent writers on the subjects discussed. The third volume, which comprises a condensed account of Biblical geography and antiquities, the sects, the manners and customs, &c. of the Jews, &c. is highly valuable. Some topics have been examined and discussed with greater exactness by the scholars of Germany; but still, on the whole, we regard this volume as a valuable dictionary of Biblical antiquities, viewed as what it professes to be, a compilation from second-hand sources. For nice inquiries into particular subjects, the theologian will resort to other works.

Dr. Horne has retained in this edition the whole of the first volume on the Genuineness and Authority of the Books of the Holy Scriptures. This is by far the least satisfactory portion of the work. For though it contains a condensed statement, derived from standard authors, of those evidences of Divine Revelation on which all would rely, it contains also exaggerated claims for the historical and scientific accuracy of every statement and narrative in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation, and brings forward as evidence much that is unsubstantial, and which Paley rejected as irrelevant or unsatisfactory. This result is owing, in part, to the great variety of the writings from which Dr. Horne, without rigid examination, compiled his work. However this may be, Dr. Horne, by attaching equal weight to what is well established and what is very doubtful, — by referring the anxious inquirer to a kind of evidence which on critical examination will sink beneath his feet, — has much impaired the value of this volume. If it were expurgated of nearly one half of its contents, the remainder might be recommended to a doubting inquirer with a much greater chance of his receiving benefit from it. Christianity has evidence on which it may rest as on a rock, against which the gates of hell can never prevail. But the effect of referring the seeker after truth to that which is unsubstantial and irrelevant, is to weaken his confidence in that which is genuine and solid.

The second volume of the work, by Dr. Davidson, Professor of

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Biblical Criticism in the Lancaster Independent College, who in former works has given evidence of learning, ability, and candor, comprises a complete Introduction to the Old Testament. It is an illustration of the remarks which we have been making on the first volume, that Dr. Davidson, an orthodox critic, in the part of the work assigned to him, maintains not a few propositions as true, which Dr. Horne in that volume ascribes to *the enemies of Christianity.*

Dr. Davidson in a volume of eleven hundred pages has treated of the textual Criticism of the Old Testament, the sources of criticism, manuscripts, versions, &c., and the proper application of them. He has also given, what is not usually found in Introductions to the Old Testament, a very carefully prepared table of the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, as they stand in the Septuagint Greek version, the Greek of the New Testament, and the Hebrew, with an English version annexed to each, with observations. This table, extending over more than sixty pages, will be found very valuable to one inquiring into the subject.

Dr. Davidson's volume includes also a treatise on the principles and rules of Biblical interpretation, containing much that is sound and valuable. But in what he says of types and double senses he seems to us to depart from truth and reason. In fact, he seems himself to be aware that he is here treading on unsafe ground. For he again and again cautions his readers not to carry the doctrine of types and double senses *too far*. But what is *too far?* Dr. Davidson has given no principle or rule of interpretation by which this question is answered. If a sense, acknowledged not to be in the mind of the writer, may be adopted in one passage, why not in another? Why not in *every* passage? No science of hermeneutics can help us to ascertain a meaning which was never in the *writer's* mind, but only in the mind of God. What was kept hidden in the mind of God, God only can make known by a new revelation to the individual mind. This doctrine of types in the technical sense, and double senses, was invented to help the authority of the Scriptures. But it evidently takes away all proper authority from the Scriptures as much as the extremest rationalism. With the exceptions above mentioned, we regard what Dr. Davidson has written on the principles, rules, and helps of interpretation as quite valuable.

Dr. Davidson has also given, in the volume assigned to him, a particular introduction to each book of the Old Testament and of the Apocrypha. In this part of his work he gives evidence that he has read everything, both in English and German, up to the present time, from which he could obtain light. The results

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of his inquiries he has stated with evident conscientiousness and candor, and with no small degree of judgment, especially when no dogmatic bias is in the way. In so large a work, embracing so great a variety of subjects, he probably gave his opinion on some of them without much consideration. He sometimes pronounces decisions on important questions, on which he has been stating different opinions, with a sort of amusing judicial gravity, as it were *ex cathedra*. Thus on p. 161, remarking on a quotation from Ps. lxviii. 18 by Paul in Ephes. iv. 8, Dr. Davidson remarks that the Apostle "was *warranted* in changing the words to suit his purpose." We hope the learned Professor will not think it strange if we ask *where* Paul got his warrant to alter words, quoted with a "wherefore He saith" from the Old Testament, so as to change their meaning in an important point in order to suit his purpose. To our humble apprehension, it is more probable in itself, and more creditable to the Apostle, to suppose that he quoted from memory, and that his memory, perhaps under a bias, made the passage more "to his purpose" than it actually was.

If there is in some cases a bias to the judgment of Dr. Davidson, it is evidently the result of his fears, — of his extremely conservative spirit. Those views in which he departs from what has generally been received by the orthodox in England and in this country, he seems to adopt because he is actually *compelled* to do so by undeniable facts. A feeling of reverence for the past is evidently a hinderance to his arriving at the truth on some subjects. Thus he maintains that Moses was in no proper sense the author or compiler of the first four books of the Pentateuch; but he makes him the author of the fifth, for which, in our humble opinion, there is still less reason than in the case of the other four. The more the subject is examined, the clearer it will be seen that the Divine legation of Moses can be much better maintained on the supposition that the Pentateuch was written, as on internal grounds it appears to have been, in a much later age than that of Moses.

Dr. Davidson has shown his independence by giving the true explanation of the first two chapters of Genesis in connection with modern science. His candid mind would not allow him to descend to the miserable forcing of plain words, and denial of plain statements, which have been resorted to by some of our men of science and some theologians to make out an agreement in all their details between those chapters and the established truths of astronomy and geology. Thus he remarks: —

"It is no disparagement to the credibility of the account, that the writer describes physical phenomena in the popular language of his day respecting them. He speaks of them *optically*, as they appeared

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then to an observer, not according to the principles of exact science. It was not his object to unfold scientific truth, but religious doctrine. He was not a natural philosopher, but a religious teacher raised up and qualified of God for the purpose of conveying moral and spiritual ideas to the Jews and to the world at large. Hence great anxiety need not be evinced in reconciling his statements with the conclusions of modern science. Astronomy and geology may be prosecuted by their respective votaries without impugning the record in Genesis, because it was not meant to be a scientific one, conformed to the conclusions of natural science as they were to be developed in future times. The writer used the language of his time *as he shared the ideas then current*, else he would have been unintelligible to those for whom he was prompted to compose his history in the first instance." — p. 577.

Again he says: —

"Sometimes the diction employed respecting natural things is neither scientific nor optical, nor popular in any sense except as involving erroneous conceptions on the part of the people and partaking of them. For example, we read in Prov. iii. 20, 'The clouds drop down the dew.' But it has been well established by the beautiful experiments of Wells, that, so far from clouds distilling the dew, they are unfavorable to its formation. After a cloudy night, little or no dew is seen in the morning; after a cloudless one, especially succeeding a day of heat, dew appears in profusion." — p. 372.

Dr. Davidson's view of revelation and of inspiration makes them entirely independent of the historical or scientific accuracy of those portions of the Scriptures which are not statements of moral and religious truth. On the subject of inspiration his views do not differ materially from those of Coleridge, Tholuck, Jowett, and most Unitarians. On this account we are the more surprised at the opinions which he entertains, as before intimated, on the subject of a double sense.

We have observed that Dr. Davidson has been a most conscientious reader of the writings of others, both in German and English. In relation to this fact, we have been much pleased with the use which he has made of the works of Professor Noyes of Cambridge, in his Introductions to the Books of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, and Canticles. From Professor Noyes's Introductions to all these books he has made quotations; and, in other proper ways, especially in the Introduction to Canticles, has made use of his opinions and arguments. He also gives the same view with Professor Noyes of the imprecatory Psalms. In some portions of the Introduction to the Prophets, especially Isaiah and Daniel, our opinions are quite different from those of Dr. Davidson. But in all cases, however different our judgment may be from his, we concede to him great candor and great knowledge of the subject. On the whole, he has done a great

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deal in this volume to advance the science of Biblical theology in England and this country. We are extremely sorry to learn that for the freedom with which he has stated the results of his inquiries he has already been called to account in the Orthodox theological seminary of which he is the distinguished Professor. The result of his trial has not yet reached us. It remains to be seen whether the professors in the English seminaries are expected to teach and publish the results of theological investigation to which they are actually driven by facts and principles, or the dogmas which may suit the prejudices and caprices of Mr. John Bull.

The fourth volume of the work under consideration contains an Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament by Dr. Tregelles, and to the particular books of the New Testament by Dr. Horne. With all due respect for the author of the latter, we must express the opinion, that it is still far behind the requirements of the times. On the Gospel of John, for instance, there are questions of which a very different discussion is needed than this work affords. The same is true of several other books of the New Testament. To the English reader we would recommend the Introduction to the New Testament by Dr. Davidson as far preferable.

But of the Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament by Dr. Tregelles, we are happy to speak with the highest praise. In respect to his history of the printed text of the New Testament, the soundness of his views in regard to the principles of textual criticism, the comparative value of documents, the classification of them, and the accuracy and completeness of his accounts of ancient manuscripts, versions, and other means by which the text of the New Testament is to be brought to its true state, we know of no treatise in any language, which is to be compared with this of Dr. Tregelles. It is the fruit of a labor of love of twenty years' duration. If the practical critical sagacity that Dr. Tregelles shall manifest in the edition of the Greek Testament, which he has now in the press, shall be equal to his judgment in estimating the principles and sources of textual criticism, and his industry in examining the ancient documents from which the true text of the New Testament is to be derived, he will accomplish a work that will be an honor to himself and to English theology. But let Dr. Tregelles remember that, when the true text of the New Testament is ascertained, it is of the highest importance that its true meaning and character should be understood and unfolded. And how can this be done if learned and honest professors of theology are denounced and arraigned for publishing the results of their earnest and laborious inquiries, and timeservers placed

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in their chairs? Dr. Tregelles would think it hard measure if he should be denounced by Trinitarians for reading ὅς instead of θεός in 1 Tim. iii. 16; why then should he denounce his learned and candid Christian brother Davidson?

On the whole, we recommend to all clergymen and students of the Scriptures to obtain this new edition of Horne's Introduction. It can be purchased in Boston for fourteen dollars.

Christian Faith and the Atonement. Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in Reference to the Views published by Mr. Jowett, and others. By E. B. Pusey, D.D., Rev. T. D. Bernard, M. A., Stephen J. Rigaud, D. D., the Lord Bishop of Oxford, Charles A. Heurtley, D. D., E. M. Goulburn, D. C. L., Charles Baring, M. A., Frederick Meyrick, M. A. Oxford. 1856.

This volume of Sermons, preached by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Pusey, and six other clergymen invited for the purpose, was designed to counteract the impression which was, or was likely to be, made by the recent Commentary of Professor Jowett on the Epistle to the Romans. The views of the latter in respect to Paul's doctrine of the Atonement appear to have been the chief ground of alarm, and of the array of forces which has been mustered against him. It is certainly a remarkable sign of the times that such an effort in favor of a time-hallowed dogma should have been thought necessary in that strong-hold of Anglican orthodoxy. We should suppose that Christians, who do not look much into theological controversy, must soon get the impression that a doctrine, which requires such an array of forces in its defence against one of the Professors in that ancient seminary, cannot be so essential to salvation as it is often represented to be.

We confess a dislike of controversy on this subject. It is much more agreeable to feel and express our gratitude to God for what his son, Christ Jesus, has done for our spiritual welfare, than to dwell upon the errors which have clustered round his atoning work. But the human mind demands a theology as well as a religion, and he who contributes to free Christianity from a pernicious error is engaged in the cause of humanity as well as he who goes a missionary among savages in its propagation.

Having examined without satisfaction the principal defences of a vicarious atonement which have been produced in this country, our curiosity, perhaps our love of truth, led us to order

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the importation of a volume, in which all the learning and talent which could be brought to bear upon the subject in the principal University of England might be expected to be found. We cannot honestly say that we expected much new light in theology from that quarter; but we thought that we should like to listen to the last plea which might be offered in so interesting a cause in the head-quarters of the English Church.

The first and strongest impression which we have received from these Sermons is that of their feebleness. We can only account for the publication of such a volume against the writings of Professor Jowett on the supposition that the design was not so much to answer him, as to produce an authoritative expression of opinion, which might avail instead of an answer. Hence the quotations from the Fathers, and from distinguished divines of the English Church. We had not got through the volume before the passage of Virgil, which describes the vain contest of old Priam with the son of Achilles at the taking of Troy, was forcibly brought to mind: —

> "Telumque imbelle sine ictu
> Conjecit; rauco quod protinus aere repulsum,
> Et summo clypei nequidquam umbone pependit." *

In making these remarks we feel sure that we are influenced by no dogmatic prejudice. We readily concede, that much abler defences of the doctrine of vicarious satisfaction for sin have been produced by Orthodox theologians in this country. But we cannot help being pleased, as lovers of truth, not only with the ability with which such men as Jowett, Maurice, and others have defended correct views of Christianity, and exposed the errors of a darker age, but with the small amount of argument which has been brought against them by the combined forces of the University of Oxford.

The most elaborate of these Sermons are the first two by Dr. Pusey. Parts of them, which treat of the nature of faith as the gift of God, and as being independent of theories and dogmas, are such as command the assent of all religious men. He says truly, that "if but for a moment, amid the parting clouds of human opinions, theories, speculations, guesses, reasonings, the soul's eye catch but one glimpse of that pure azure sky of faith in its serenity, it feels that it has seen something deeper, higher, calmer, clearer, of more piercing beauty, than all which sweeps over it and shrouds it at times from sight." This is just and beautiful; but how it requires me to distrust the reason or the moral sense which the Creator has implanted within me, it is not easy to see. And yet the main drift of both the sermons of

* Æneid, II. 545.

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Dr. Pusey is to disparage reason. Human reason, in his view, has been so much impaired by the Fall, that it is an incompetent judge of religious truth, and of course of this particular doctrine of Atonement. Dr. Pusey admits that reason under the influence of the spirit of God may be a judge in matters of religion; and we are disposed to accord as much importance as he does to right and holy dispositions in the investigation of truth. But how but by the exercise of reason can one know that he is under the influence of the spirit of God? How but by the exercise of reason can Dr. Pusey decide that he is more under the influence of the spirit of God than Mr. Jowett, or the Lord Bishop of Oxford than Mr. Maurice? How but by the exercise of reason can the students of Oxford decide that any church is under the influence of the spirit of God, or that the Prophets and Apostles and Church Fathers were under his guidance and inspiration, or that Christ himself was the Word of God? All on which God himself has set his seal we must receive, says Dr. Pusey. And how but by reason can we distinguish the seal of God? And how but by reason can we find the meaning of what it consecrates?

Again, Dr. Pusey speaks of the entireness of real faith; of the danger of discarding any one truth of Divine Revelation; of the tendency of one error to lead to another. In all this we agree with him exactly. In all revealed truths there is a certain unity; *commune vinculum habent.* Thus if one discards the great revealed truth of the unpurchased mercy of God, and places his reliance on vicarious satisfaction of any kind, who does not see what a host of superstitions may follow, and has followed, in the train of this one error? This is a consideration which should be kept in mind by all inquirers after truth. But how it helps Dr. Pusey in relation to Mr. Jowett's views, it is impossible to see. At any rate, Cardinal Wiseman might give him just such a lecture on the points which have been mentioned, as he has given to Mr. Jowett and those who agree with him.

Another of the writers in this volume, Mr. Meyrick, disparages the moral sense as much as Dr. Pusey has disparaged the reason. The evident design of both is to weaken the objections which reason and the moral sense of man have raised against the doctrine of vicarious satisfaction for human guilt. But who does not see in what this doctrine of the distrust of human reason and the moral sense ends? Who does not see that nothing but the most hopeless scepticism can arise from distrust of the intuitions of our rational and moral powers? Would it not be well if Dr. Pusey and the Lord Bishop of Oxford should give a little of their attention to the rapid spread of atheism which is alleged to be taking place in Great Britain? How many converts do they think they can make among the Fourier-

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ites, the secularists, the pantheists, and other classes of unbelievers, by telling them that the very foundation principles of their nature, their reason and moral sense, are not to be trusted? Is it to the mere authority of the distracted Church of England that he would exhort them to look as the sole ground of their faith in the very existence of the Creator?

In what relates directly to the subject of the Atonement, in these Sermons, the writers refer for the support of their views to the sacrificial language of the Scriptures with very little philosophical discussion, or even critical exposition. They heap text upon text for the purpose of showing that the Scriptures represent the death of Christ as a sacrifice; not considering that not only Mr. Jowett and Mr. Maurice, but Unitarians without number, have received this representation with cordial assent. The question is, In what sense is Christ represented as a sacrifice? In a literal or a figurative sense? In a real or a symbolical sense? Merely to quote the sacrificial language of the Scriptures, and then *assume* that a Jewish sacrifice denoted vicarious suffering, and also to *assume* that the death of Christ was a literal sacrifice, and therefore was a *vicarious* satisfaction for the sins of mankind, seems to us in this part of the world a poor way of replying to such discussions as are found in the writings of Professor Jowett. So, also, in invoking the authority of the Church Fathers, who would have supposed that they would quote from Clemens Romanus such a passage as this? "Let us look to the blood of Christ, and see that it is precious to God, since, being shed for our salvation, it brought the grace of repentance to the world." Between such passages as this, whether quoted from the Church Fathers or the Scriptures, and the conclusion that the sufferings of our Saviour were *vicarious* in their nature, there is a world-wide chasm. For in the first place, as we have endeavored to demonstrate in a former number of the Examiner,* the sacrificed animals of the Jews were never regarded by them as experiencing or representing *vicarious* suffering. And, in the second place, even if the Jewish sacrifices were *symbolical* of vicarious suffering or punishment, and the death of Christ were a literal sacrifice, then it would follow that the sacrifice of Christ was in its nature *symbolical;* that in his sufferings and death our Saviour merely set forth certain ideas, and by no means endured vicarious suffering or punishment in place of that which sinners deserved.

But on questions of this kind there is, as we have intimated, little or no discussion in these Sermons. We do, however, find an occasional side-thrust at some views, which have recently been put forth by a few writers on this side the water. Thus

* For September, 1855.

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the attempt to exalt the value of the sufferings of Christ by maintaining that the Divine nature suffered in his trials and death, thus representing the Deity as a *passible* being, is severely condemned as a revival of the *Eutychian* heresy.

The Oxford preachers also exclude that view of the Atonement which has been adopted by some Calvinistic theologians in this country, namely, that it was effected by the life, the obedience, the humiliation, as well as the death of Jesus. On the contrary, they dwell with painful iteration on his blood, his wounds, his death. One receives the impression from their representations, that the principal difference between their religious views and those of the Jews in relation to the Atonement is, that the latter trusted to the sacrifice of a brute animal, while they trust to a physical human sacrifice, the sacrifice of a holy man. No doubt they would make their explanations and their qualifications in regard to such an imputation. But such is the impression which their representations are adapted to make on an unsophisticated mind. On the whole, therefore, we are satisfied that whatever members of the University of Oxford find an interest in looking into the writings of Professor Jowett and those which the dignitaries of the Church have put forth to counteract them, must receive a salutary impression in favor of pure Christianity.

Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, *the Backwoods Preacher.* Edited by W. P. Strickland. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1857. 16mo. pp. 525.

Peter Cartwright is a perfect type of the early itinerant preachers of the West, — men rough, uncultivated, and full of prejudices, but shrewd, earnest, and devoted, vigorous in body, fearless in language, and energetic in action. They knew nothing outside of Methodism and that knowledge which comes from daily contact with a rough population amidst the hardships of border life; but they were admirably adapted to the work before them. Entirely uneducated themselves, they spoke with power to uneducated men and women; and their sermons and exhortations were always level to the comprehension of their hearers. With a library comprising only the Bible, a Hymn-Book, and the Church Discipline, and with a salary often not exceeding forty dollars a year, and seldom reaching eighty dollars (the limit established by the Church), the early Methodist preacher travelled long journeys upon horseback, slept under the open sky with his horse's bridle in his hand, swam across swollen rivers, brought up a large family, preached to a little congregation in a log-cabin, bearing his emphatic testimony against slavery, dram-drinking, gambling, dancing, and profanity, and ex-

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hibited at all times an energy and perseverance worthy of the best days of the Jesuit missionaries. When such a man looks back over fifty years of itinerant life, counts up the multitudes of "shining and shouting Christians" whom he has added to the Church militant, and recalls to mind his many conflicts with Baptists, Universalists, New Lights, rowdies, and Evangelical missionaries from the Eastern States, "where they manufacture young preachers like they do lettuce in hot-houses," it is easy to see how "confoundingly miraculous" it must be to him "that our modern preachers cannot preach better, and do more good than they do." For to such a person the whole theory of a religious life is based upon a daily experience in a state of society entirely different from that which now exists, and in a condition of the country which cannot be repeated. To such a person it is the best evidence of a renewed heart when a man "raises the shout," and, whether in solitude or in the congregation, "shouts forth the high praises of God." To such a person, who has been accustomed to see men, when they were "powerfully converted," "fall like dead men," it must be very difficult to understand why similar results should not now follow similar efforts. He fails to see that different states of society must be dealt with in different ways. Because the natural eloquence of uneducated men moved and quickened great bodies of men as uneducated as they were themselves, it does not follow that an educated community must be saved, if at all, by an uneducated ministry. Highly educated scholars could have done little or nothing with the pioneers of the West. Peter Cartwright, James Axley, and their associates, could have done no more with our Eastern congregations. The men and the time were just fitted to each other. And this explains the wonderful success of these early preachers in awakening the consciences of their hearers.

This Autobiography is valuable as a picture of early Western life, and as portraying the character and adventures of the most conspicuous of these preachers, a man as famous among them as Mike Fink was among the boatmen. Cartwright has no skill as a writer, and his style would bring little credit upon a schoolboy; but his book is crowded with the most laughable stories and incidents, and we have reason to believe that it is a faithful narrative of his life. He was born in Virginia on the 1st of September, 1785. At an early age his father removed to Logan County in Kentucky, where they "built a little church and called it *Ebenezer*." When in his sixteenth year "the Lord gave him religion"; and two years later he began to travel as an itinerant preacher. In 1806 he was regularly ordained as a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church by the celebrated Bishop Asbury; and in 1808 he married and was ordained an

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elder. After laboring for twenty years, principally in Kentucky and Tennessee, he removed to Illinois, where he still resides and is still engaged in the duties of an itinerant preacher. "Forty-eight years ago," he says, "I was appointed presiding elder by Bishop Asbury; and, with the exception of a few years, have been presiding elder up to this time, and am perhaps the oldest presiding elder in the Western country. I have seen fifty-three sessions of annual conferences, and never missed but one. I have been elected to eleven General Conferences, from 1816 to 1856." During this protracted ministry he has received ten thousand persons into the Church, has baptized eight thousand children and four thousand adults, and has preached fourteen thousand and six hundred sermons, or an average of four hundred times a year for the first twenty years, and two hundred times a year for the last thirty-three years.

In his early life he was a person of great physical endurance, and he has always been fertile in expedients, bold in his denunciations of sin, afraid of nobody, and equally ready for an argument or a fight. We have repeated illustrations of his tact in adapting his arguments to the capacity of his hearers, and of his boldness in punishing any disorderly conduct at a camp-meeting or in the church. Upon at least two occasions he overwhelmed his Baptist opponents who had argued against the Scriptural warrant for infant baptism by propounding two questions: "Do you believe that all children are saved, and that there is not one infant in hell?" "Certainly I do," was the reply. "Well, if there are no children in hell, and all children dying in minority go to heaven, is not that Church that has no children in it more like hell than heaven?" This question was not answered. At a camp-meeting in 1813 a scarcely less characteristic incident occurred. A young man had occasioned some trouble by his disorderly conduct, and at length Cartwright "reproved him personally and sharply, and said, 'I mean that young man there, standing on the seats of the ladies, with a ruffled shirt on.' And added, 'I doubt not that ruffled shirt was borrowed.'" The young man was greatly incensed, and threatened to whip the preacher. Upon this Cartwright went up to him and said, "We will not disturb the congregation fighting here; but let us go out into the woods, for if I am to be whipped I want it over, for I do not like to live in dread." They accordingly started for the woods, but they had not proceeded far when an involuntary motion of Cartwright's hand to his side so alarmed the rowdy that he took flight, under the supposition that the preacher was feeling for a dirk and intended to stab him. Cartwright started in pursuit, but did not overtake the fugitive, who was subsequently ducked in a pond by the other rowdies. Cartwright's reflections on this adventure are curious

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and worth quoting. "It may be asked," he says, "what I would have done if this fellow had gone with me to the woods? This is hard to answer, for it was a part of my creed to love everybody, but to fear no one; and I did not permit myself to believe any man could whip me till it was tried; and I did not permit myself to premeditate expedients in such cases. I should no doubt have proposed to him to have prayer first, and then followed the openings of Providence." A few years later an incident occurred in Nashville, which still further illustrates his extreme boldness of speech. He was preaching in a crowded church when General Jackson came in and stood near the middle of the church. A city minister who was in the pulpit immediately announced the fact to Cartwright in a loud whisper. "I felt a flash of indignation," he tells us, "run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!'" The whole congregation smiled or laughed, and the city minister held down his head. After the services were concluded, he remonstrated with Cartwright. "You are the strangest man I ever saw, and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city." "Very clear of it," was the reply, "for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, 'There is two as can play at that game.'"

With all his boldness, shrewdness, and knowledge of men, it is clear that Cartwright is a person of extremely narrow views, scarcely ever looking beyond the borders of his own Church. His reference to the "trash-traps" of other denominations, and to the seceders from the Methodist Church, are generally marked by bitterness and contempt. Referring to the Universalists, he says, "Neither the Devil nor any of his preachers have ever been able, from that day to this, seriously to tempt me to believe the *blasphemous doctrine.*" Speaking of the attempt of some of the ministers of the Methodist Church, South, to strike out the rule interdicting the slave-trade, he says, "I should not be greatly surprised if, in a few years, this rule goes by the board, and some of these slavery-loving preachers are engaged in importing them by thousands into this land of the free and home of the brave." Elsewhere, speaking of his own Church, he exclaims, "Lord save the Church from desiring to have pews, choirs, organs, or instrumental music, and a congregational ministry, like other heathen churches around them!" Once more, in noticing the opposition of the Abolitionists to the Colonization Society, he says, "It really seemed to me that, if they could not effect an immediate emancipation, and a restoration of

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the people of color to equal rights and privileges with the whites, they did not care what became of them." But whatever defects we may note in Cartwright's character, however narrow in his views, and mistaken in his theological opinions, it is certain that his preaching has effected much good, and his name should be held in honor by those who have profited by his labors.

Biographical Essays. — Essays, Biographical and Critical; or Studies of Character. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 475.

IT is with some hesitation that we take critical notice of this volume, since several of the essays comprised in it were first published on our own pages. But we are unwilling that this circumstance, though it imposes a necessary reserve in regard to a part of the volume, should altogether prevent us from recognizing its merits as a whole. With this reservation in respect to that portion of which it would be improper for us to express an opinion, we proceed at once to the discharge of a very agreeable duty. The volume contains thirty papers belonging rather to the department of criticism than to that of biography. Most of them present us with few facts and incidents in the lives of which they treat. But all are properly designated as studies of character. Assuming a degree of familiarity on the part of his readers with the principal events connected with the subjects of his essays, Mr. Tuckerman considers them as representative personages, and, passing beneath the surface of things, attempts to lay bare the springs of their conduct, and to portray their characters rather than their lives. To this task he brings a ripe and various culture, an intimate acquaintance with our best literature, much practice as a writer, generous sympathies, and considerable analytical power. His habits of reflection have been judiciously cultivated; and the books which he has read have been thoroughly digested before they passed into the substance of his intellect. His style is chaste, harmonious, and elegant, and is formed more upon the model of the Addisonian school than upon that of the Elizabethan writers. It is strictly idiomatic, avoiding all excesses of diction, and is singularly free from that obscure and barbarous phraseology which Mr. Carlyle and his imitators have imported from Germany. Its illustrations are drawn both from nature and books, and are often marked by great beauty. The narrative passages are excellent specimens of graceful and lucid statement, and awaken a regret that they are not more numerous.

The wide range of subjects embraced in this volume shows at once the catholicity Mr. Tuckerman's taste and the breadth of

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his culture. Consider for a moment how various, and in many respects how unlike, are the persons of whom he speaks. Bishop Berkeley, Lord Chesterfield, Daniel Boone, Robert Southey, Roger Williams, Jenny Lind, Silvio Pellico, and Gouverneur Morris, as exhibiting the Christian philosopher, the man of the world, the pioneer, the man of letters, the tolerant colonist, the Italian martyr, and the American statesman, are among the portraits which he hangs up before us; and these are taken almost at random from the gallery. In all we find evidences of a wise and humane philosophy, candor and judgment in the discrimination of character, and a genuine appreciation of his subject, and all are enriched by the best fruits of long and careful study. Just principles of taste have guided him in the choice of his themes, and have presided over his treatment of them. Nor will the reader often dissent from the critical opinions of the author.

Doré. By a Stroller in Europe. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 386.

This volume has been much overpraised in the notices of the newspapers. Its style is dashing and sprightly, but its substance is thin, its generalizations are superficial, and its statements are not always accurate. It imitates the favorite manner of Parisian journalists, both in the grossness of its allusions and in the random and rattling delivery of oracular opinions. The talk about the Bible and the Sabbath, half-pietistic, sounds strangely in connection with descriptions of "masked balls," "bonnes," and "lorettes." The chapter on "Fillibusters," in which Bible phraseology is borrowed to set forth the prosperity and the wickedness of "Brother Jonathan," is disgusting. The title "Doré" is meaningless and superfluous, where so little is done to show the hollowness and the tinsel of European life. The writer's patriotism is equally flippant and rampant, ventilating itself in flings at England, in sweeping assertions of the superiority of American institutions and manners, and in most lame apologies for American slavery. "In the year 2056," says this philosopher, "the world will say that the greatest blessing that ever happened to Africa was the slavery of a portion of her people in the United States." "The greatest measure of human trouble that the blacks can feel," he remarks, "is the pain of a whipping, which the majority of you have never felt even." Auction sales, separation of families, denial of the dearest human rights, all go for nothing with this humane observer. To our information concerning the cities and the people of Europe this book adds absolutely nothing of value. What it says about

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the contrast between Catholic and Protestant is only the old story, which may now be left to subside, since it has been worn threadbare. Hotels, passports, and custom-houses have become rather tiresome topics. Some novel facts are stated, indeed, such as *the entire disuse of feather-beds on the Continent*, — agreeable news to those travellers who have been favored in former years with a double share of that "barbarity," — and the utter *absence of beer* from the dinner-tables of Germany, which makes many memories of dinners in Munich a matter of history. Our stroller occasionally ventures upon a painful pun, as where he makes the German word "Wurst" suggest the adjective "worst," and speaks, in one of the gorges of Switzerland, of the "frightful preci*pass*." A slip of the pen, no doubt, twice sets the village of Bex, and the road above it, in the valley of the "Upper *Rhine*"! The best things in the volume are the sketches of out-door life in Paris, which are done with spirit, and the amusing extracts from the funny libels of D'Alembert, Leon Beauvallet, and Marie Fontenay upon America and the Americans. The observations of Doré upon Europe and its affairs are similar in more than one respect to the observations of these writers upon America.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have now completed the publication of their series of "The British Essayists." The last volume — the thirty-eighth — is occupied with a General Index of Subjects and Topics, sufficiently copious to answer all the purposes of reference to the contents of the papers included in the series. The Historical and Biographical Prefaces to the separate collections embraced in the series are from the careful pen of Mr. Chalmers. Here then we have the following works: The Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, Rambler, Adventurer, World, Connoisseur, Idler, Mirror, Lounger, Observer, and Looker-on. The judgment of the most competent and respected literary authority has been passed upon these works, and has decided that they are eminently worthy of being kept in constant use. True, a large heap of fresher literature has been piled over them. But the new edition before us will help to reassert for them their claim to a renewed vitality. The size of the books adapts them to use at home or abroad. The fragmentary character of their contents will give them a claim upon broken intervals of time that would otherwise be sacrificed. We regard it as one of the best uses of such essays, that the perusal of them quickens the activity of a reader's mind, and leads him to seek for fuller information upon some subjects on which a transient allusion makes him desirous to learn more.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have undertaken an enterprise which we

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have no doubt, under their energy and good taste, will prove eminently successful. They propose to publish a Household Edition of the Waverley Novels. A specimen of the style and intended appearance of the volumes is before us, and it fully meets our ideal of what is desirable in the case. The new type, designed to reconcile the two desiderata of clearness and closeness, and the fair, strong paper, the newly-engraved steel-plates, many of them being from new designs, and the size of the volumes, combine to give to the enterprise an attraction for readers which augurs a suitable reward for the publishers.

OBITUARY.

Died in Cambridge, December 6, 1856, aged 76, the Hon. Sidney Willard.

This excellent man, who through a long life performed faithfully a great amount of public service, deserves a memorial from us. We cannot meet the conditions of this grateful tribute in any more appropriate way than by giving the following extract from a discourse by his pastor, Rev. Dr. Newell, which has been kindly furnished at our request.

"The departed brother to whom I allude — who has just been borne to his Mount Auburn grave, followed by the respect and esteem of this community and a wide circle of friends and pupils of former days, who appreciated his high worth — has been so long and so intimately associated with the town and the University, as well as this church, in which, until disabled at times by distance and growing infirmity, he was so constant a worshipper in the sanctuary and at the communion table, — he was so universally respected and esteemed, — he was so honored and dear to myself, — I have, during my ministry, with which he has been connected almost from the beginning, derived in many ways so much satisfaction and encouragement from my personal and pastoral intercourse with him, — I have been so happy in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his confidence and friendship, — that I should do injustice alike to your feelings and my own, if I suffered him to be borne away in cold silence to the city of the dead. Those who met at his funeral and stood around his snow-whitened grave were but the representatives of a multitude who went in spirit to his burial and pronounced his eulogy in their hearts. He left a world full of friends; — it seemed hardly possible that he could have an enemy: — so pure, so honorable, so meek and gentle, so courteous and considerate, so indulgent to the weakness of others, so ready to admit his own, so kindly and so thoroughly good-tempered, both by nature and by grace, so wholly and evidently free from all pride, jealousy, self-seeking, and low ambition, from all art and cunning, from all pettiness of feeling. He was a true-hearted, high-minded, whole-souled man; — a servant of the Lord Jesus in deed as well as in name, and one who adorned the faith which he professed, and honored the doctrine which he had studied and received, not only by the word which he sometimes preached, but by the life which he always lived.

"Dwelling from infancy in a literary atmosphere, his father, Rev. Joseph Willard, being President of the College, as his ancestor, Rev. Samuel Willard, the son of one of the first settlers of Cambridge, had been before him, he was early imbued with scholarly tastes and habits, became a graduate of Harvard, and a student of divinity, was College Librarian for five years, and then for twenty-five years Hancock Pro-

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fessor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages, — and thus for the greater portion of his life was intimately connected with the University in this place. After resigning his professorship, he was engaged in various departments of literary labor, and was called to various offices of civil authority and trust. He carried to them all the same fidelity of purpose, the same high sense of honor, the same consideration and kindliness of feeling. And in every new situation, notwithstanding his great native diffidence, he acquitted himself ably and honorably. He had not, it is true, the impulsive energy and enthusiasm of temperament which special emergencies sometimes demand, but he was one of the calm, steady workers, who, in their place, are as necessary to the world's varied needs. His gifts were not of the shining sort; but he had something better than brilliancy of genius or the magic of an eloquent tongue, — he had those golden qualities of character which weigh morewith God than the treasures of the whole world, — those precious, though quiet, undazzling virtues, which made him 'a man of the Beatitudes'; one of those whom Christ had in his view when, as he sat on the mount, he pronounced the blessings of his kingdom on the meek, the merciful, the lowly, the pure in heart, the lovers and the makers of peace. His life was marked by an irreproachable integrity. There is no stain or speck on its white robe. It was governed and guided by the golden rule. He was a man of the truest benevolence and kindness, disinterested and self-sacrificing, ever ready to do good where good could be done. Under that grave, quiet, apparently unmoved aspect, there beat a warm heart, full of generous impulses, alive to all the claims of humanity, friendship, and domestic love. He crowned all with a deep, unostentatious piety. His religion was not a dress-religion, a religion merely for outside show, or Sunday wear, but for every-day use in the house, as well as in the street, and for the eye of Him that seeth in secret, not for man's notice and praise. It manifested itself 'in patient continuance in well-doing'; in the quiet performance of all the duties of a righteous, godly, and useful life. The saint-like meekness and fortitude, the cheerfulness and trust, with which he met trial, the delicacy, tenderness, and depth of his feelings, the purity and disinterestedness of his character, are best known to those who knew him most intimately. And they only can fully appreciate his true worth.

"The life of a good man, like him, gives out a blessing in all directions. And when he has passed away, its mild influence does not wholly vanish from the earth. His *memory* remains to comfort, to guide, and to bless those who knew and loved him. His death, sudden at the last, though not unexpected, was but a removal from incurable infirmity, the flight of the soul to Heaven, the moment of reunion with the loved spirits who had gone before him. Forgetting our own loss in his happiness, should we not rather thank God for an event which is as necessary to the happiness and progress of the soul as night and its slumbers to the health of the body? There is something very beautiful and touching in the Scripture phrase, which came to my mind as I gazed on the countenance of my beloved and venerable friend in its serene stillness, '*He fell asleep*'; representing death in its gentler aspect, and hinting that it is only a temporary and apparent suspension of the faculties, not an extinction of being; that there is a bright morning to come, in which the soul, awakened from the slumber of the grave, will spring up with renewed power, fresh for God's service, in the sunshine of an eternal day."

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No. CCI. FOR MAY, 1857.

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☞ The volumes of the "Examiner," neatly bound in cloth, will be given to subscribers in exchange for their numbers, at *twenty-five cents* a volume.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MAY, 1857.

Art. I. — THE NEW THEOLOGY.

Much of the interest in religious discussions which, a half-century ago, was engaged in the Unitarian Controversy, is now enlisted in the developments of what is called "The New Theology." Among communions nominally adhering still to the formulas and doctrines of Orthodoxy are many men of mark and power whom their brethren accuse of heretical tendencies. It is not strange that Unitarians should feel a lively interest in the many developments of the past few years which expose the efforts and struggles of the advanced minds in orthodox communions. They have produced for our perusal and study many laborious volumes and many vigorous essays, laden with the results of profound scholarship, and quickened with the glow of true piety. In no age of the Christian Church has the current theological literature been so attractive in itself, so worthy of extended circulation, so free from the poisonous elements of acrimony and passion, or so edifying in subject-matter and spirit, as in our own time. We confess to finding the materials for our own most profitable hours of thought and study in the fresh theological utterances of some noble-minded and scholarly Christian men who traditionally regard us as

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outside of the Christian fold. It might be said that our interest is only of that questionable character which loves to mark the tokens of discord or the signs of division in a hostile camp. We may be charged with heresy-hunting for the sake of finding comfort under our own state of exclusion from Christian fellowship. Of course there is a risk of that sort besetting us. We would endeavor to appreciate the kindness which reminds us of our liability to it, and we would endeavor to reinforce our candor, and to overcome our own prejudices, that we may not injuriously or uncharitably interpret any generous concessions of Orthodoxy as affording comfort to our heresy. We may be too ready to claim every free expression of every free mind as a discomfiture of our opponents and an amicable recognition of our own position. But while we would not assume to be secure against the weakness thus recognized, we are conscious of a higher and purer reason for our interest in the developments of the New Theology. We believe it to be among the possibilities of things, that the Orthodoxy which we have rejected may still be of service to us. We should be ashamed to boast of a contempt for all its scholarship, devotion, and piety. The largest modifications of religious or doctrinal philosophy to which some orthodox men are inclined to yield, still keep them aloof from sympathy with us. We are bound, therefore, to read their freest pages with the conscientious and most earnest purpose of rectifying possible errors and supplying possible defects in our own theological system by the help of men who prove their sincerity alike by what they yield in our favor and by what they retain to our reproach. We trust therefore that our orthodox brethren will interpret our interest in the speculative and doctrinal liberalism of which their communions have recently afforded us so many instructive tokens, as attaching but in part to our pleasure at the discomfiture of Orthodoxy, and for the rest to our desire to be made aware of the possible — we will even say the probable — defects and errors of Unitarianism. With this introduction, we proceed to treat of the New Theology. We do not intend to enter upon any elaborate exposition or any learned discussion of the materials which crowd upon us in overwhelming abundance. We aim only for a more popular and simple treatment of our subject.

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A New Theology has been in every age of the Christian Church the hope and the object of one party in its fold, and by another party the same title has been used for designating the whole series of successive heresies while in their incipient state. Till the rupture takes place, both parties claiming a common orthodoxy divide between them the epithets *progressive* and *conservative*. The New Theology always receives its first nurture in the bosom of Orthodoxy. Sometimes its early training is most affectionately fostered by those who visit upon its mature development the most bitter hostility. When what has thus for a proper length of time been under subjection and pupilage manifests itself as palpable and full-grown heresy, Orthodoxy discards all relationship with it. Henceforward it must take a name, and the party adopting it must stand by itself, excommunicated, until time or strength or success gives to it that assurance of its own full Christian integrity and authority which it may find in being able to excommunicate a subordinate party that has risen up in its own fellowship. The Roman Church for an indefinite time sheltered a New Theology, which in due course developed into Protestantism. Reaching its maturity and manifesting its undeniable heretical qualities, Protestantism came under excommunication, and it was not long before it found itself strong enough to set up for Orthodoxy within a limited fold and region of its own. Then in turn Orthodox Protestantism began to hear warnings of a New Theology as announcing the aim and hope of a party called Puritans. Puritanism, having reached man's estate, was offered its choice either to be chastised into obedience and submission, or to be driven out to set up for itself. It chose to set up for itself, though under a double sentence of excommunication from pope and prelate. But still the possibilities of novelty in the field of Christian theology were not exhausted. As sentences of excommunication multiplied, the fear of that penalty lost its power to overawe free souls. As the sentence has been annually kept in vigor at Rome against English and all other Protestantism, and no harm has ever yet been known to come from it, it was hardly likely to inspire terror when pronounced by any communion that was already under its ban. It would be as unreasonable to fear a repetition

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of excommunication, as it would be to fear in one's own person the undergoing of successive capital punishments. So Unitarianism, which ages of corruption had only kept in abeyance from a reassertion of the pure, the primitive Gospel, was for a time the New Theology in the Protestant, Reformed, Puritan, Independent Orthodox Church. Unitarianism engaged in its turn the interest and excited the hostility which attend the last development of organized dissent before it has been visited with excommunication. Unitarianism attempted to reduce the Christian faith, not to its *minimum* as is often affirmed, but to its *ultimatum*, by going back to the primitive substance of the Gospel. There can be no further heresy developed from Unitarianism but the heresy of actual unbelief in revelation, — a heresy, by the by, which is just as possible, and which in fact has as often been realized, under all the other forms of Christian theology.

But when Orthodoxy has rid itself by processes of exclusion and excommunication of the successive heresies which have developed in its own communion into parties capable of an independent life, its warfare is by no means ended. Hardly has the expurgated fold kept its feast of purification before its exercises of humiliation begin again. Heretical processes will still go on within the best-guarded fold, and very soon after it has exorcised its avowed traitors. While excommunicated heresies are frankly labelled with their own assumed or imposed titles, they have to part with that of the New Theology, which they bore before their ejection. That title is always reserved as the designation of the undeveloped views of the progressive party, the embryo and incipient heretics, the lovers of novel speculations and free thought, who in due course of time will give evidence of their presence and industry in the orthodox fold. Thus "The New Theology" is now the title of the more or less perfectly developed and avowed, but not as yet excommunicated heresies, that are known to exist in those communions of Christians which have withdrawn fellowship from acknowledged Unitarians and fortified themselves within their citadels of nominal Orthodoxy.

There is a form of religious faith floating around the

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communities where Christian thought and sentiment are most active, and giving the most significant tokens of its energetic working in our best theological literature, — to which is for the time being attached the title of "The New Theology." Its opponents in Great Britain have endeavored, with some degree of success, to substitute the title of *The Negative Theology*. We have called it a *form* of faith. But perhaps that is too strong and definite a term to be applied to what has not as yet taken a distinct shape, or set itself forth in clearly stated and systematic views. The popular mind is but very imperfectly acquainted with the facts of the case, as these are known and watched by professional observers. Yet, as we shall attempt to show, this popular mind is one of the chief elements, one of the most important parties, in the interest of the subject. Indeed, it is from time to time a matter of curious speculation with us how the uninitiated readers of the religious journals of our orthodox brethren interpret to themselves the incidental and sketchy references to the developments so constantly brought to their notice. For instances, take the following, selected from a very rich budget of similar cases. The North British Review is established in the championship of Scotch Orthodoxy, and with the design of offering able discussions by the most competent men of subjects which the other quarterlies treat after too free and heretical a manner. That Review wins a large circulation and a high repute, both well deserved because of its sterling merits. In successive numbers we are treated with two noble articles on Missions to the Heathen, and on Dr. Chalmers. Running through both articles, entering into their very stamina and substance, forming indeed the very point and pith of their strength, are unmistakable tokens of opinions held by their writers utterly inconsistent with real orthodoxy. These indications are all the more significant to liberal readers, because they imply and intimate much more than they directly advance, though their assertions and positions are frank and bold to a degree which is startling. We read some of the pages with amazement which subsides into a calm delight over these manifest evidences of progress within denominations which have tried every method to resist it. Here we have a sentence or a paragraph

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which flings actual contempt on some one of the most positive articles of the creed; and then we have a sly hint or suggestion, the *animus* of which is plainly intended to convey its risky suggestion only to a safe esoteric circle of readers. By and by we watch to see how these bold utterances will be received by the orthodox. The Review tells us it is impious to suppose or to proclaim for the sake of swelling missionary funds that the Heathen will perish because they know not the Gospel. The Review also challenges the repute of Dr. Chalmers, confesses his incompetency as a great Christian advocate against unbelievers, and affirms the untenableness of his view — the orthodox view — of inspiration. Some of the religious newspapers commend in general terms the contents of the Review. Others, whose editors are more watchful, spy out these alarming heresies, and in little paragraphs of invidious, alarmed, or deprecatory strain, follow a second-hand, diluted, or unfair report of them with their rebuke. Again, the Orthodox Dissenters of Great Britain establish monthly and weekly religious journals in the interest of their cause, and pledged to defend their orthodoxy. They try to select able men for editors and contributors, because the scholarship and the literary standard of the times demand that condition for even moderate success. But these able men are very apt now-a-days to be free, progressive, and independent men. As a natural consequence, these pledged orthodox journals are soon found trespassing in heretical fields. The cry of alarm is raised by men of second-rate abilities and of inferior standing, who however are better than any other men for sounding an alarm. The councils of the fellowship are distracted, our own journals catch up the echo of the strife, and give a very partial and insufficient account of its occasion. Once more, Andover and New Haven dare the venture of applying a new philosophy to old theology. Professor Hodge of Princeton is on the watch for every such venturesome speculator, and he reckons with them forthwith in his Review. The Old School religious newspapers rehearse such portions of the questions at issue as suit their space, their idea of fairness, or their temper. Meanwhile, we ask again, what think the uninitiated orthodox readers about these shootings forth and presages of the New Theology? Some-

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thing is going on evidently which they do not comprehend. Their leaders and guides are all orthodox still. They "are all, all honorable men." But they do not seem to understand, or if they understand, they do not indorse, each other. The venerable and honored Dr. Dana, in his vigorous old age, looks with a troubled mind towards Andover, the fond hope of unchangeable orthodoxy in his youth. He is burdened in spirit by a sense of responsibility, but still he finds it impossible to indict a heresy which does not instantly prove an *alibi*. Drs. Tregelles and Davidson are employed to re-edit the orthodox work of Mr. Horne on the Scriptures. They are two of the most competent and distinguished Biblical scholars in Great Britain. The work comes from their hands brimful of such views and opinions as have drawn excommunication on Unitarians. An intense excitement is the consequence. The lesser of the two heretics, Dr. Tregelles, writes a very severe letter against the more heretical Dr. Davidson, his colleague editor, and an incidental development proves that all the pupils of an orthodox school of the prophets have been trained in most alarming defections from the faith by such an instructor. To those who try to get to the bottom, or who without such pains discern the bottom, of all these innumerable tokens of the restlessness, disquietude, and treachery within the fold of reputed orthodoxy, the philosophy of them may be very simple. But to the uninitiated they must be mystifying and perplexing, especially as their leaders decline to give them a full, fair, and unprejudiced view of all the issues thus opened. But it may be worth while for these leaders and sentinels of orthodoxy to ask what the consequences will be when some of these secrets can no longer be kept, and the heraldings of dawn are followed by the orb of light itself.

The New Theology is the title assigned in New England to those modifications of Calvinism which were first systematically proposed by Edwards, and which became perceptibly a trifle *newer*, as developed by Bellamy, Hopkins, West, Benton, Emmons, and others. Those names, —which the orthodox in New England cherish with a homage that we of course cannot be expected to offer, except to the character of the men, for their ability, acuteness, and talent seem to us to be almost absurdly

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exaggerated, — those names would be very gladly accepted by the friends of the New Theology of our day, as a protection for their heresies. But we must modernize that word *New* if it is to take in more recent developments. We will frankly say, that we are not interested in what was the New Theology of Edwards. We are on the track of something newer. Not the *nova*, but the *novissima*, is what engages us. A pupil who should translate *novissima luna* as the "new moon" would need to be told that the words mean the moon in the *last* quarter.

It will be understood, therefore, that we use the title of this paper as defining the as yet not perfectly developed religious system of those who claim to hold the substance of the old orthodoxy, but who have essentially modified its symbolical exposition, the terms for stating its elements, and the philosophical language in which it casts itself. The able and progressive men of whose speculations we are writing would freely admit that they had gone the lengths in heresy which we have just defined. Perhaps some of them who will still claim to be orthodox would confess to having gone a little farther. We wish, however, to be held as uttering therefore only an inference of our own, not an admission of theirs, when we add the expression of our honest and firm belief, that many of them do go farther, some of them consciously, some of them unconsciously. We are convinced that their concessions and modifications of creed reach beyond the mere philosophy of orthodoxy, and assail its doctrinal substance, its very life. We will add, that if this be only a surmise of our own, then there is a vast deal of agitation about nothing in the debates of our most intelligent divines. The vigorous life, the interest of religious thought and discussion, in our day, are almost wholly identified with the concealed or avowed divergencies of belief among those who nominally accept the same creed. The heretics in the Church cause the heretics outside of it to be forgotten.

It may be asked how we know that there is any such restlessness in the larger ecclesiastical folds, any secret modification of old religious opinions working effectually at the sources of thought, though eluding definition? We answer, because we know that there are recognized par-

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ties in each of the great orthodox communions, because their newspapers are blindly discussing some suspected and half-acknowledged heresies within the pale of supposed uniformity, and because the more able men, the leaders of thought, especially some of the teachers in the most flourishing theological seminaries, are well understood to have essential differences with each other. It may not perhaps be spoken of as a matter of common notoriety, but all those who would be likely to know are very well aware that there are doctrinal divisions with which tolerance is compelled to bear, because policy forbids a rupture in reference to them. Heretics have learned to cling to their own native folds. They do not go off as they once did. They are not driven off so summarily as they once were. Ecclesiastical discipline, once so bold and incessant in applying its tests, has become very forbearing; because of this reason among others, that it fears to encounter the work which might possibly lead on from a venturesome beginning. There is infinitely more material for such discipline now than there ever was before. Many members of the English Church, who from time to time utter themselves upon the feuds which now distract it, maintain that the real wisdom and sufficiency of its principles are for the first time put to the trial in the comprehensiveness under which it embraces all the creeds and all the scepticisms that prevail in Christendom. This opinion startles some of the living, but we apprehend that the true test of it would be — if it admitted of the application — to imagine some of the departed victims of the old intolerance of that Church to be summoned from their graves and treated with the gentle announcement of that plea. That certainly is the *newest* doctrine of our times.

The question now presents itself, — What scope or material is there for anything that can be fairly called "A New Theology"? How can the old, worn ways of thought, the wrinkles in the world's weary brows, be made fresh again, so that they will receive a new impress? How can the formulas of faith be converted to the uses of a new theological creed? Especially, if this question concerns robust and honest minds, and is to be pursued under the limiting condition that the New Theology is *substantially* the Old Theology, — how can we expect a

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reward for our pains in trying to track the shape of new impressions on these old ways? We must now sharpen our vision.

Theology is the oldest of human sciences. The epithet *human* belongs as justly to it as it does to any of the sciences; for though the themes of theology are divine, its forms and methods and processes are subjected to precisely the same limitations, through our finite and fallible minds, as are attached to the pursuit of either of the departments of human inquiry. Theology is the human term for expressing the science of divinity. It covers all man's thought, philosophy, and theory about the things of God. We call it the oldest of all the sciences, not only because it enters into the first records of the thought and history of our race, but also because every science which might aspire to an earlier date would be sure to involve the theological views of the minds whose observations on nature, on life, or on man it comprehended.

But what is thus found to be the oldest of sciences has been described by two extreme classes of those interested in it under two most inconsistent epithets. One class has pronounced it to be unprogressive, making no advance upon the elemental substance or materials with which it first started, as the first generation exhausted its discoveries and recognized all its insoluble problems. Another class of students comprehends those who, whether with boasting or complaint, allege that theology is a progressive, unstable science, never permanently settled on its foundation, and continually changing in its substance as well as in its terminology.

Every Christian age has had to recognize something which, rightly or wrongly, has been called "A New Theology." The phrase is suggestive to some of all that is quickening and cheering in the evidence of progress, —progress in the discovery of truth, in every province of human interest. To others the phrase is synonymous with heresy, and what is signified by it is a fright and a bugbear. But can we hesitate to call theology a progressive science? It certainly deserves the epithet progressive if it deserves the title of a science. How can it be otherwise than progressive, seeing that it is cumulative, that it is built up out of theories, that it arrays

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men in contending schools of opinion, and makes every independent thinker upon it an independent theorist. Of course we must allow for the fact, which is merely disguised in the familiar trick of language that ascribes to the theme of our thoughts the modifications which actually are made only in our own opinions. When we say that theology is a progressive science, we mean that men make progress in their dealing with subjects essentially unchangeable, in their theories about truths which were perfect and assured before a single human mind engaged upon them. In this sense, theology has proved to be the most progressive of all sciences. More startling revolutions of human opinion are to be traced in connection with man's views of the Divine nature, attributes, and government, than are to be recognized as wrought in his views of the physical universe by all the amazing discoveries and processes in the crowded cyclopædias of natural philosophy. And in fact the progress of the natural sciences has been the most effective agency in modifying theological opinions, in subverting dogmas and doctrines of a venerable authority, and in compelling each generation of human beings, as it advanced in civilization and knowledge, to find a higher method, a nobler argument, for vindicating the ways of God to men. Theology, as a science, bears down with it from age to age all that made its themes interesting to the first thinkers, and all that was added to it by their speculations upon it. Originally, theology was the science of Divinity. It is that still, and is besides the science of man's speculations and opinions and theories upon its own original materials. The discussion of Bible doctrines is now hopelessly complicated with philosophy. All in vain, as respects the weight of his warning beyond its probable effect on his young disciple, did St. Paul warn Timothy against "striving about words to no profit,"— against "foolish questions which gender strifes." No age after that of Timothy has heeded the warning. Men cannot do without a philosophy of religion, and all attempts to disconnect religion and philosophy have utterly failed, while those who have most strenuously argued for a doctrinal system nominally drawn from the Bible, and as authoritative in defiance of all philosophy, have been compelled to adopt a

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philosophy of their own in the conduct of their argument.

Religion brings down with it from all past ages, not only the records which to those who receive them have a more or less decided authority of infallibility and inspiration, but it comes also laden with the precious or questionable burden of tradition. They may be theoretically right who assert that their Christian liberty makes them wholly independent of tradition, as challenging authority with them in matters of faith. But it is one thing to claim that immunity, and wholly another thing to form our own views under an absolute freedom from the influence of tradition. Tradition passes into the forms of language, into words and idioms and phrases, into versions and translations from one tongue into another. There are expressions, yes, sentences even, in our English Bible, which, in their variations from the exact meaning of the original, carry with them more effectively a traditional construction or authority in the teaching of doctrine, than do any of the most positive decrees of the old councils, or any of the most absolute decisions of ecclesiastical tribunals. It is safe to say that the influence of tradition in doctrine and opinion, and in its associations with the Scriptures and their contents, is the larger element in the faith of even the most ultra Protestants.

Religion brings down with it from past ages some old covenants, creeds, and formulas, and when religion is arrayed and set forth with this traditional garb, it becomes theology. These covenants, creeds, and formulas are of earthly fabrication. They become time-worn and rusty, they get rent and moth-eaten; they need patching; they fade, they become thin, they are outgrown; the faith of the last days cannot adapt itself to them. The Christian Church has always had to concern itself with two very distinct matters, the one being religion, the other being the philosophy of religion. About religion Christians have never had a single dispute or variance among themselves, except on one point; and that has been prolific beyond all statement in debate and strife, namely, as to how religion is involved with the philosophy of religion, that is, with theology, — with an intellectual system or theory of doctrines. Theology

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means and includes man's speculations and opinions about God, and the things of God, his being, his nature, his will, his revelations, his relations with humanity, his work in Christ. There never has been an hour in the history of the Church when, among those who received the Scriptures as authoritative in their religion, there has not been difference of opinion on all these subjects which constitute theology. When sufficient interest has been felt in these differences of opinion to prompt to an utterance of them, there has been controversy. Then come into use such terms as "the old theology," and "the new theology." "The new theology" has various synonymes, *heresy* being the one most in use and most readily spoken. The title has been borne, as we have seen, by all the successive modifications of opinion which have manifested themselves within the fold called for the time being that of orthodoxy. It is among the very last of the conditions requisite for the use of this title that there should be absolute, or even relative, novelty in the views to which it is attached. On the contrary, the most startling and striking developments made under a fresh modification of theological opinions have generally been but a revival or reassertion of some very old, and often of primitive opinions. When the wrong-headed conservatives of established error at the time of the Reformation wished for a sharp epithet of reproach to visit upon the rising zeal for the study of the Greek literature, they called it "the new learning"; forgetting that their Latin and Teutonic tongues had to translate from Hellenic sources not only the text of their Scriptures, but also the terms and processes of their philosophy. The newest opinions of the wisest Christian theologians often prove to be a more pretentious exposition of the simple views advanced by those who were first trained in the school of Christ. The great interest with which liberal Christian scholars and theologians watch the ever-restless speculations of all the more vigorous minds in the orthodox communions is to be accounted solely to an expectation that primitive and simple truth will thus be reasserted. We do not look for the striking out of a single ray of new truth in theology. Our highest hope is that the murky darkness with which orthodox philosophy has obscured the light of simple

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Gospel verities may be scattered by the agitations raised in the world of opinion. Time was when Unitarianism was called "the new theology." Orthodoxy, having cast that heresy out of its communion, uses some other title to designate our views, and reserves the phrase for application to such of its own heresies as have not yet been visited with the extreme penalty of excommunication.

We have intimated that what is called "the popular mind" is especially concerned in the development of the new theology. It may be taken as an axiom in the history of religious opinions, that all which tends to complicate and pervert theology by abstruse and unscriptural philosophy has come from the brains of professed theologians, while all the influences which tend to the restoration of the primitive simplicity of our faith find their full sympathy in the minds and hearts of those whose best wisdom is common sense. When Protestantism first won possession of a free Bible, it received with it a philosophy of religion which prejudiced an intelligent study and interpretation of it. That philosophy of religion has ever since complicated the faith of men, and when the reception of it has been identified with a belief in the revelation whose substantial truths it is intended to epitomize, it has exposed a religious belief to all the risks consequent upon the action of the mind. When religion is dispensed by its teachers to their pupils in connection with a philosophical theology, the intellectual element will always be more excited than the spiritual. So long as the mass of people of ordinary culture and intelligence can be interested in the metaphysics of divinity, they may be content to refer the perplexities of an orthodox creed to the difficulties they might reasonably expect to find in the intricate processes of philosophy. But the moment they insist upon having a religious creed which shall stand clear of the more involved problems of metaphysics, then they demand that what they are asked to believe shall be reconciled with reason and common sense. It is not so easy for them to indicate the defects and the unscientific qualities in poor metaphysics, as it is for them to appreciate unreasonable, inconsistent, or incredible elements in a simple religious creed. Now we understand the facts of the case to be precisely these. Intelligent cul-

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ture and activity of thought in practical directions have induced the result that the mass of people who crave a religious faith and hope demand a better philosophy of religion; or, as the matter more correctly stands in their view, that religion should be distinguished and separated from metaphysics. Let a devout-hearted but clear-minded and inquisitive man, longing for the elements of a religious life to come to him from God in as simple and available a form as light, air, and water, meet with the following sentence, for instance, from the pen of the Old School Dr. Hodge: "A man may be justly accountable for acts which are determined by his character, whether that character or inward state be inherited, acquired, or induced by the grace of God."* If that sentence does not prove a poser even to the clearest brains, our own brains are not trustworthy for judgment. How long divines can expect to carry the faith of common men with them when they write such things as that, is one of the questions for our new theology to dispose of. But no man would dare to write such a sentence were it not for his confidence in the unbounded facilities furnished him by metaphysics, by his philosophy of religion, for evading the common-sense inference from it, — which is, that God, guided by what men recognize as *justice*, may entail a wicked character like a physical disease upon a child of his, and then punish him for its irresistible outgrowth into wicked actions. Such a sentence is admirably adapted to remind us of the large indebtedness of orthodoxy to metaphysics for its boldness in advancing the most outrageous doctrines smothered up in technical language. A leading new theology divine lays down these three distinctive principles: "that sin consists in choice; that our natural power is equal to our duty; and that our duty is limited by our natural power." Here is common sense. To Dr. Hodge, however, it is deadly heresy. Yet he would not venture to assert the opposite of either of these statements in plain, positive language, which admitted of no metaphysical mystification. The demand of "the popular mind" is now that religion be divorced from metaphysical subtilties. Scholars of course interpret

* Princeton Review, January, 1857, p. 135.

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this demand as requiring a better system of metaphysics, a new philosophy of the doctrines of revelation. While we may look with but a partially satisfied curiosity to discover the precise shape and amount and degree of the modifications which leading minds in orthodox communions have introduced for softening the sharp features of their system, we have another means of information, very instructive if we use it wisely. We may consult the popular tendencies, the actual state of minds among independent thinkers in the community at large. The new theology has a strong hold upon the convictions and sympathies of large numbers around us. Undefined it may be in these minds, as in the minds or the essays of prominent teachers, but still it is sufficiently apprehended to be available as a creed of living faith and cheering hope, and as a ransom from a night-mare oppression which else would weigh upon the spirit. Our own convictions extend to the length of a firm belief that, within the shattered and no longer defensible intrenchments of disabled orthodoxy, there is under training a party which sooner or later will affiliate with another party, now outside of the fold, to prove the main reliance of the Church when shams and conformities and traditions must sink into ruin.

The new theology then starts with the honest and generous purpose of reconstructing the philosophical method for the statement and explication of the doctrines of revelation. It assumes that the doctrines long recognized as orthodox are substantially true and Scriptural. It flatters itself with the thought that orthodoxy is prejudiced to many serious and intelligent minds, not because of anything really inconsistent or unreasonable in its doctrines, when rigidly tested by the laws of Divine truth or the human understanding, but solely because of its metaphysical exposition. It cherishes the hope that, by recasting or reconstructing the philosophy of the old creed, its sway may be retained and largely extended even to the winning of the allegiance of its open assailants. Whether the new theology can thus spend all its energies upon the philosophy of the creed, and yet spare the creed, is the question of chief interest to us. If our friends who are engaged in this generous enterprise can feel perfectly at ease on that point, and

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can find an equivalent interest in watching the experiment for reconciling us to the creed through a new philosophy of it, we see no reason why we cannot amicably afford to sustain our present relations, and to divide our hope for the future. The new school divines think that, by recasting the philosophy of orthodoxy and reconstructing its formulas for the statement of the substance of its old truth, they can meet all that is reasonable or plausible in our objections to orthodoxy as a fair exponent of Christian doctrine. We think that these divines cannot consistently pursue the processes involved in their undertaking, much less bring it to a conclusion which will satisfy us, or even themselves, without introducing essential modifications into the substance of the orthodox creed. Now this issue is worthy of our age, and of the scholarship, the sincerity, the piety which is to try it. Let it be honorably and faithfully contested. Let him be considered as putting himself outside of the lists of this fair Christian contest who introduces into the conduct of it a mean motive, or a word of bitter invective. For our part, we are willing to admit that Unitarianism, as it has been set forth by its ablest expositors, has not approved itself to all who have been competent to test it as an adequate doctrinal summary of Christian truth; nor as an exhaustive transcript of the essence of the religion of the Bible; nor as a fair exponent of the phraseology of Scripture; nor even as a system which can draw and engage the religious sympathies of large numbers of persons of various culture and temperament in the great offices of Christian piety. As we said in the first of this series of papers, so we say in this, which is the last, something has proved to be lacking in Unitarianism. It is true that we can give plausible explanations of its supposed deficiencies, or lack of adaptation to a great variety of intellectual constitutions or spiritual temperaments. We may say that the severe simplicity of its doctrinal system is above the comprehension and offensive to the tastes of many; or that the prejudiced hearing which it addresses, or its inability to cope with rival systems more attractive to the mass of persons and more in harmony with the traditions of piety, stands in the way of its fair and deserved acceptance. But the facts of the case, however

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explained, are facts still. While the defects and shortcomings and failures of orthodoxy, and the amount of positive evil which is directly chargeable upon it, are matters which we have had occasion most painfully to know and deplore, we make no boast for ourselves or for our own system. Well, therefore, may we watch with a generous interest the issue whether the nobler spirits of a nominal orthodoxy can make such modifications in it as will satisfy them and reclaim us. Nor will we be churlish about words. We will allow that good word *substance* its largest possible meaning, when a man who we think believes essentially as we do affirms that he holds the substance of orthodoxy. But still there are certain rights vested in dictionaries, and *substance* must always be supposed to mean some part of the thing to which it is applied, and the substantial part of it too. We may say to our orthodox brethren, in the spirit of Christian candor, that never does a humble distrust of our own possible error in the interpretation of the Gospel of Christ present itself with such a religious earnestness to our minds, as when we read the writings of progressive men in their ranks. Their manly sincerity, their intellectual strength, their independence of soul, their fidelity to conscience in their protests against *some part* of orthodoxy, give a new warrant to the portion of it which they retain. But we can conceive of nothing more utterly ineffective, hopeless, or dismal, than the pleadings of the old school divines of our day in defence of their antiquated system.

It will be understood, therefore, from our remarks thus far, that what we are writing of under the title of the New Theology is not a well-defined, consistent system of qualified or modified orthodoxy, which can be gathered out of the published opinions of one or more eminent men. We shall doubtless have something of that sort before long, and we hope that we may be living to welcome it. No one orthodox writer has as yet ventured to give form and shape to a set of formulas whose language varies from those long received so far as to express the new philosophy of religion. So we have to use the title of this article to designate an undeveloped, unsystematized class of speculations, fragmentary portions of which are to be found in a great many publica-

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tions, intimations of which are continually presenting themselves in unsuspected quarters, and suspicions of which are known to be far more widely entertained, and on better evidence, than some who are concerned in them care to have made public. This, at least, we are warranted in saying, that, if some of our more acute and earnest theologians are not profoundly exercised by a sceptical spirit in reference to their own orthodoxy, they are trifling with the community, and, what is more, with truth. Clerical scepticism is the root of much of our present religious agitation. Men in the maturity of their intellectual powers, and with the best aids of good scholarship, set to defend and to preach the Gospel, find themselves struggling painfully within the fetters of the creed by which they have pledged themselves. To accept it in its own plain sense, is to them an utter impossibility. They cannot, they do not, believe it in its traditional sense, or in its popular acceptation. They know that the belief which it once expressed, the belief which fashioned the stiff and positive terms of the creed simply for the sake of expressing itself, has not the hold upon the living convictions of Christendom which it once had. The suggestion comes to their minds, that perhaps the substance of the old doctrines may be distinguished from the hard and discredited formulas used for stating them. What Dr. Bushnell calls "the deepest chemistry of thought," is brought to bear upon the perplexity. The creed is subjected to a powerful solvent in the mind. That process it cannot bear without suffering decomposition. The part of it which is digested and made to pass into the spiritual system is then pronounced "the substance of the old doctrine." It ought rather, and more honestly, to be called the substance of what was *true* in the doctrine, for when fair and candid men have thoroughly tried this experiment, they are apt rather to need and seek for the substance of truth in a doctrine, than for the substance of the doctrine itself. Clerical scepticism is a disease under which thousands have suffered who have not proclaimed it, nor, perhaps, manifested the symptoms. But when any professed orthodox scholar undertakes to soften the terms of his creed, or to avail himself of the ambiguities of language for evading its unreasonable or unscriptural dogmas, the

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symptoms of his inner state are not to be mistaken. Now we say, without any fear of being challenged for the assertion, that the best works in Biblical criticism and exposition, the most vigorous essays on religious themes, the articles of highest character in the religious quarterlies at home and abroad, the most able sermons, and all the other utterances of the most scholarly, earnest, devout, and effective men in the various orthodox communions, indicate opinions and a spirit more or less inconsistent with the formulas of their creed. Take this select religious literature and compare its contents, page by page, with the writings of the old standard orthodox divines, and the contrast will amaze any reader. We will not transgress the rule of charity, and therefore we will explain our charge of the infidelity of orthodox men to orthodoxy as meaning this,—that, if we avowed ourselves to be believers in the substance of the doctrines of the Westminster Assembly's Catechism or of the Thirty-nine Articles, we could not, in consistency with religious or intellectual honesty, write or preach what we find in the contents of a hundred valuable volumes now lying within our reach, bearing the names of divines in the American Congregational and the English Episcopal churches.

If any one should ask us in what single volume he may find the most of general or particular information upon this latent and undeveloped heresy of "New Theology," we should have to refer him to a volume written by its ablest and most resolute and unflinching opponent. Dr. Hodge of Princeton is now the most distinguished defender of the old school divinity. Manfully and consistently, with his whole heart's zeal, with an honesty which we must respect, and a power which those against whom he exerts it have to fear, does he take up the gauntlet thrown down by every nominally orthodox man who ventures to try his liberal philosophy on the Calvinistic creed. We think that in every such case, starting, of course, on orthodox premises, he has won a fair and honorable triumph over his opponents. He has recently published a stout volume, in which he collects his Essays and Reviews. There is in them strength, courage, acuteness, exact metaphysical skill, and sound doctrinal teaching,—sound, we mean, ac-

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cording to the creed, not according to the Scriptures. All the New School men who have ventured to publish their heresies pass under his reckoning in separate papers. Dr. Cox's heresy on Regeneration, Professor Stuart's on Imputation, Dr. Beman's on the Atonement, Professor Finney's on several doctrines, Dr. Bushnell's on Christian Nurture, the Trinity, and the Double Nature of Christ, and Professor Park's on Rhetorical and Logical Theology, are all lucidly discussed, and the views of their respective authors are fairly proved to be inconsistent with the formulas of orthodoxy. Now if any one tells us that the Princeton Professor is fighting only shadows, or has spent so much strength upon the mere verbal technicalities which do not concern the substance of the doctrine, he will cast but a poor reflection upon the best efforts of the ablest men among us. We stand by the Professor, for he stands by us, and he verifies what our own common sense teaches us, that the rebellion of free though devout minds against the creed of orthodoxy has carried them far beyond the lawful limits of metaphysical speculation or philosophical explanation, and has made them treacherous to the creed with whose fair, honest, well-understood teachings orthodoxy stands or falls. We cannot believe that this strife between the masters of Christian science is mere child's play. It is a manly conflict, and some new views enter into the challenge.

And the real aim of the champions of this New Theology is a noble and a generous one. They have all our sympathy, while we yield to their opponent only our conviction that he is more consistent than they. Their object is to redeem Christian truth from metaphysical perplexity; to shape the dogmas of the creed into assertions of faith which will bear to be uttered in this modern age of time; to affirm as doctrines only such positive statements of great, solemn verities as will bear to be looked at in the light of common sense, and professed without the blush of insincerity, and offered to earnest, longing minds without calling out a protest from the heart. These men know that all manner of palliations, evasions, and apologies have to be offered in connection with anything like a hopeful effort to propound the orthodox creed to the clear-headed, the mature, and

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the strong-minded of our times. They have been let into the secrets of official or professional intercourse, by which they have learned that orthodoxy requires of its disciples a denial of the rights of reason, and a tribute of implicit faith inconsistent with the fundamental principles of Protestantism. They will not condescend to practise the hoodwinking and the falsifying essential to the maintenance of such doctrinal opinions as have been discredited by more just views of Scripture, of the nature of man, and the government of God. Their hearts are in open rebellion against Calvinism, while their associations through tradition, fellowship, and sentiment are with orthodoxy. They dread Unitarianism. The bad name which their predecessors gave to our heresy has warned them effectually from much sympathy with us. They have a horror of the calm, cold, languid spirit of Unitarianism, of its bleak and houseless exposure, and of the precipices of infidelity which it leaves unfenced. Still they are not orthodox. It is wrong for them to retain the epithet. The severest condemnation of their inconsistency comes in part from their own forced silence, and in part from the positive sentence passed upon them whenever they dare to utter themselves by those who are really orthodox. They wish to make religious doctrines more intelligible, more reasonable, less bewildering, less shocking, as the announcement of solemn truths embracing things human and divine. "No!" say the men of the Old School, "that is the very thing you must not do, for it is the very thing that spoils religion. The bewildering, the mystifying, the confounding element in it is a large part of its life. Let it alone. The more it baffles your reason, and prostrates your pride of mind, the more devout and evangelical will be its influence over you."

Dr. Hodge fairly states the issue opened by the New School men in their attempt to distinguish between the form and the substance of the truth taught in the creed. He maintains, consistently, that the form answers to the substance, and was chosen as the vehicle to convey the substance by those who really believed the substance. "The main point," he says, "is nothing more or less than this: Is that system of doctrine embodied in the creeds of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, in its

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substantial and distinctive features, true as to its form as well as to its substance? Are the propositions therein contained true as doctrines, or are they merely intense expressions, true not in the mode in which they are there presented, but only in a vague, loose sense, which the intellect would express in a very different form? Are these creeds to be understood as they mean, and do they mean what they say, or is allowance to be made for their freedom, abatement of their force, and their terms to be considered antiquated and their spirit only as still in force? For example, when these creeds speak of the imputation of Adam's sin, is that to be considered as only an intense form of expressing the 'definite idea, that we are exposed to evil in consequence of his sin'? This is surely a question of great importance." * "The definite idea" which Dr. Hodge puts in contrast with the creed, is that which he ascribes to the teaching of Professor Park.

Again, Dr. Hodge boldly faces his own orthodoxy in the following sentences. "The origin of sin, the fall of man, the relation of Adam to his posterity, the transmission of his corrupt nature to all descended from him by ordinary generation, the consistency of man's freedom with God's sovereignty, the process of regeneration, the relation of the believer to Christ, and other doctrines of the like kind, do not admit of 'philosophical explanation.' They cannot be dissected and mapped off so as that the points of contact and mode of union with all other known truths can be clearly understood; nor can God's dealings with our race be all explained on the common-sense principles of moral government. The system which Paul taught was not a system of common sense, but of profound and awful mystery." † There is a plausibleness in the ingenious shaping of the assertions in these sentences. It will be observed that the aim of the new school men is misstated by being exaggerated, if not caricatured, and that the plea of censure against them seeks to strengthen itself by an unfair construction of St. Paul. We do not understand any of those who are interested in the New Theology as asking that the doctrines of revelation shall be so divested of their peculiar

* Essays and Reviews, pp. 572, 573. † Ibid., p. 583.

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characteristics, "dissected," "mapped off," and reduced to the same category as other known truths. Nor do we understand St. Paul as setting "the mystery" of the Gospel in antagonism with common sense. We should hardly have expected of a Christian scholar, holding the position of Dr. Hodge, that he would indorse the popular error in the interpretation of that word *mystery* as applied to the Gospel scheme. He uses it as synonymous with something that baffles reason and confounds common sense, whereas his Master repeatedly asserted that it had been given to those to whom he spoke to know and understand it. The mystery, or rather the *secret*, was disclosed, and the commonest sense was invited to see the simple wisdom, the divine love and mercy, displayed in it. The admission made by Dr. Hodge in the above-quoted sentences will not hinder any one from questioning the metaphysics of orthodoxy in the hope of reconciling common sense and the creed. To proclaim an antagonism between them would be fatal to the world's confidence in the one or the other of them. As it could hardly be expected that the mass of men would give over their reliance upon common sense, they would find a warrant in the assertion of the theologian for distrusting such a "mystery" as was irreconcilable with it. This, however, is to be regarded as one of the results already brought about by the disciples of the New Theology, namely, the drawing forth a confession that the Old Theology and *good* metaphysics cannot be reconciled. A most striking and startling illustration of the same fact transpired in London some four years ago. Mr. Holyoake, the unwearied and by no means despicable champion of that theoretical and practical atheism called "Secularism," which is thought to be alarmingly rife in England, challenged a defender of revelation to a series of formal discussions. The Rev. Mr. Grant accepted the challenge, and a course of public disputations followed. But the Christian advocate, though an orthodox man, expressly demanded that the subjects in debate should not include the peculiar tenets of orthodoxy. The discussions concerned those points of the Christian belief common to us and the orthodox. These were argued precisely as a Unitarian would argue with an unbeliever, and every tenet peculiar to Trinitarianism and

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Calvinism was kept out of sight and notice. Mr. Grant did not fear to apply the tests of common sense, sound philosophy, and good metaphysics to the great, fundamental truths and doctrines of the Christian religion, as we regard them. Why, then, should he shrink from their application to what Orthodoxy regards as the life and substance of the Christian system? Again, Mr. Rogers, also in profession an orthodox believer, in his Eclipse of Faith, designed to answer the sceptical and rationalistic views of Mr. Newman and others, has not one single word of pleading to offer in the name of reason and philosophy for any of the special tenets of Orthodoxy. He does use those noble weapons, but only as we would use them, and only in behalf of simple Christian verities. Are we mistaken in our inferences from these striking facts?

It would be but an easy task for us to offer in detail a long specification of the doctrinal difficulties in the orthodox formulas, from which relief is sought in the New Theology. We must confine ourselves to a selection, with but few words of comment. First of all comes up the orthodox doctrine of the Inspiration of the Scriptures. Dr. Hodge says, "The old doctrine of the plenary inspiration, and consequent infallibility, of the written word, is still held by the great body of believers." * Now we will not answer for the great body of believers, but we will affirm that the *old* doctrine, — the doctrine of the creed, — the doctrine proposed, argued for, and accepted even a hundred years ago on that subject, — is not the doctrine of leading orthodox divines at the present day. Nothing but subtle tricks of language as to the meaning of words, nothing but evasions and special pleadings when insurmountable difficulties are encountered, will serve to vindicate an antiquated and exploded superstition on this subject. A Christian scholar knows very well what was understood when the creed defined the doctrine of inspiration by the words *plenary* and *infallibility*. Any competent theologian who tries now to assert the old, stringent claim conveyed by those words, must trifle with truth. The issue raised on this subject is very plain, even to the unlearned; it may all be expressed and set forth in a few words. Each of the Evangelists gives

* Essays and Reviews, p. 589.

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us a copy of the inscription over the cross of the Saviour. Matthew says it was "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews"; Mark, that it was "The King of the Jews"; Luke, that it was "This is the King of the Jews"; and John, that it was "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Now, what was the inscription? Suppose the design were to erect in the most splendid Christian temple a more imposing artistic representation of the crucifixion than was ever yet wrought, and that it was proposed to set the inscription on the cross in blazing diamonds. Which of these four versions — given in a plenarily inspired and *infallible* record — shall the artist follow? The very claim set up for the record suggests the perplexity. No one would be embarrassed by it, except when it is aggravated by an assertion which is utterly irreconcilable with it. The inscription could not have been written in all the four ways in which it stands in the Four Gospels. Three of them at least, then, are not *infallible*, unless a trick is played with the meaning of that word. Nor shall we find help in the suggestion that the variations may arise from different ways of putting into English the original words given by the Evangelists. The Greek text presents these variations. Let the same process be tried with the four narratives of the Saviour's resurrection, or with the three accounts given in the Book of Acts of the conversion of St. Paul. Let the structure and contents of the whole Bible be studied in the light of our best wisdom, and let the phenomena which they present be confronted with the fair and honest signification of the terms *infallibility* and *plenary inspiration*. The result must be, either that the meaning of those words must be tampered with, or that they must no longer be used to define a dogma about the Bible as a whole. Honest, candid, and inquisitive Christian scholars and readers of all denominations are confronting this fact. Dr. Hodge may tell us that "the great body of believers" still hold to this or that. The assertion is of very little consequence, whether it be admitted or denied. We have serious facts to deal with. We are asking what the great body of believers of the next generation will have to hold by in this matter. We are asking how those who, as orthodox men, profess to hold the old doctrine of the creed on this point, are to rec-

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oncile it, not merely with their speculations, but with the contents of the Bible? It is but poor and miserable dogmatism, heartless and cruel contempt, which would invoke the *odium theologicum* to the aid of a discomfited and discredited superstition against men who are laboring in the utmost sincerity of soul to find a more truthful expression for their faith. The strictures to which we have referred in that remarkable article in the North British Review are a fair exhibition of the incompetency of Dr. Chalmers's views on the subject to meet the facts and phenomena that are to be taken into account. The New Theology has subverted the old theory of the *inspired infallibility* of all the contents of Scripture. We do not believe that it will rest content with quibbling with the two words, but will labor to define and vindicate a new and defensible statement of such a truth as to the authority and value of the Bible as will make it not one whit less precious to us all. For the simple fact is, that the doctrinal formula and the popular belief on this point are cast in a form which does not fit the manifest evidence of the very contents of the Bible. The abatement already allowed in the old doctrine, and hardly contested by any one whose arguments have weight, amounts to this: it distinguishes between the inspiration of the *sentiments* contained in the Bible, and the inspiration of the *writers* who were prompted by God to put those sentiments on record. Thus our New Theology men affirm that there are objectionable and positively false sentiments and statements advanced in the Bible; as, for instance, in the Books of Job and Ecclesiastes; and these cannot in any sense be said to be inspired of God. But still they were none the less *written* by inspiration of God, as God induced and qualified the scribes to put them down as entering into the method of a divine oversight over human errors and follies. There have been some very able statements of this distinction by orthodox men. It is easy to apply it in some cases, but when we come to test it in reference to alleged errors and discrepancies in the writings of inspired men about things within their own knowledge, the distinction is found to labor.

We see that high praise is lavished in some quarters upon the new work on this profoundly serious sub-

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ject by Mr. Lee.* We think the book will most grievously disappoint those who turn to it for wise instruction and efficient relief. The author seems to understand and appreciate the difficulty and the urgency of his work, for he says: "With reference to the *nature* of inspiration itself, and to the possibility of reconciling the unquestionable stamp of humanity impressed upon every page of the Bible with that undoubting belief in its perfection and infallibility which is the Christian's most precious inheritance, it may safely be maintained that in English theology almost nothing has been done; and that no effort has hitherto been made to grapple directly with the difficulties of the subject." † He intimates his own especial method of argument in the following sentence: "There is one principle which forms a chief element of the theory proposed in the following Discourses, — I mean the distinction between Revelation and Inspiration, — that has never, to my knowledge, been consistently applied to the contents of Holy Scripture, even by those writers who insist upon its importance." ‡ When approaching the close of his work, the author says: "Thus far I have endeavored to lay down principles from which the divine authority, the inafallible certainty, and the entire truthfulness, of every part of the Scriptures must necessarily result. To this conclusion many exceptions have been taken; and with some general observations on the nature and foundation of such exceptions, these Discourses shall fitly terminate." § Our readers would care but little to know how an author who could affirm the above inferences from his principles, would meet the facts and explain the phenomena that are utterly inconsistent with them. His work is weakest where it ought to be strongest. He evades what he leads us to suppose he is about to reconcile and explain. He tries to withstand the allowance indorsed by Mr. Alford, another University man, that the Apostles, in quoting the Greek version of the Old Testament from memory, have fallen into mistakes, and affirms that, if this were capable of proof, it

* The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, its Nature and Proof. By William Lee, M A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College. New York: Carter and Brothers. 1857.

† Preface. ‡ Ibid. § Page 342.

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would be "obviously fatal to that view of the inspiration of Scripture which I have endeavored to maintain, according to which each and every portion of the Bible is perfect and divine." * He seems to censure Professor Stuart for "having enumerated, *without annexing any refutation*, most of the strong points which De Wette and others conceive that they have established against the Books of Chronicles." † We have no doubt it would have greatly rejoiced the excellent Professor to have *annexed such refutations*, if he had only known where to find them. So much for the matter of Inspiration. The issue raised there is no longer one between the Unitarians and the Orthodox. The New Theology is at work upon it.

The aim of the New Theology in its dealings with the organic doctrines of Orthodoxy is one which we are to infer from a great many intimations of it from a great many different sources. Religion, as it is presented to our minds through the education by which we have received our knowledge of it, comes to us as a homogeneous whole, combining divine and human elements. Our first efforts in theology suggest to us the necessity of distinguishing between these human and divine elements as regards the sources of our knowledge and the substance and authority of the truths supposed to be received through each of them. And then comes up the question, How far off, how deep down, must we begin in attempting to draw this distinction? How radical must the process be? The old school men are right in affirming that theological soil does not admit of mere top-dressing to any good purpose, and that its crops cannot be changed by sprinkling seed on the surface. The wisest and most candid inquirer, the least prejudiced and most unbiased student in theology, can never succeed in relieving himself wholly of the constraining influence on his own mind of the system under which he has been trained, and from which he starts when he begins his investigations. He has fixed for himself the meanings of important words. He has formed his associations of sympathy, his prejudices of sentiment, and in large measure his standard of judgment. His present views or prepossessions, his inclinations, and his range of speculation, have been deter-

* Page 304. † Page 393, note.

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mined by circumstances. He naturally takes his traditional or habitual method for deciding between truth and error as the standard by which his further inquiries are to be regulated. He asks himself whether he is to believe more or less than *what he now believes.* The mould already formed in his own mind gives shape to the new materials which he receives into it. Every workman must find some of the conditions of his work in his materials, and whatever novelties of pattern he may propose will be judged to be improvements or defects according as they are compared with some present pattern. Every theological inquirer starts with a creed, which, up to the date of his first attempt to subject it to a thorough inquisition, has passed with him for a standard and symbol of truth. He soon finds a fruitful, almost an exhaustless and endless task, in settling the meaning of theological terms, in coming to an understanding with others about their use of those terms, in asking whether all who employ them connect the same sense with them. The range within which we may accord in our opinions with others, and yet contend and quarrel hopelessly in our attempts to express our views in common formulas, is a problem which requires vast wisdom and unbounded charity for its solution. Nor are the perplexities which arise from this source relieved by our agreeing to use Scripture terms in our theological discussions. All the terms used in these discussions become technical. They are generally chosen from other languages than our own, and are perplexed with etymological niceties of definition, or they are used in a sense different from that which associates them with common, earthly things. These technical theological terms are adopted as if more expressive or comprehensive in their signification than any which our household speech affords; but certainly one prevailing reason with theologians for keeping them in use is, that they are often so vague and indefinite, and so burdened with double meanings, like old oracles, as to allow those who employ them a considerable range of liberty, and to excuse them from being too explicit. If we take any one of the contested problems in doctrinal or speculative theology, we find it to be involved with terms each of which asks for a re-definition, or a rectification of its

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popular or scholarly interpretation, before any new writer can profitably use it in discussion. He must at any rate tell us in what sense, and with what limitations, he intends to use each of these test words. Thus, in discussing the question of the freedom of the will, the venturesome speculator must define anew, or choose out of many accepted definitions that in which he intends to use, such words as these, *Ability*, *Motive*, *Freedom*, *Necessity*, *Contingency*, *Will*, &c. He can make no progress till he has done this, and in doing it he has unbounded opportunities for bewitching the simple truth, for confusing himself and mystifying his readers. He may find, after all, that he has but been traversing the same old weary cycle of human thought symbolized to us in the motion of the serpent as it curls on till its two extremities, its beginning and its end, meet together and complete the circle. Our dictionaries grow larger with every revision of them, and while our language is adopting new words, it is also doubling the significations of some of its very oldest words. Professor Whewell opens this whole issue, when he distinguishes between the language of science and the language of Scripture in reference to the needful changes to be recognized by the progress of thought. He says: "Science is constantly teaching us to describe known facts in new language; but the language of Scripture is always the same."* But we have to change our scientific language because we get a better knowledge of scientific facts. As we cannot change the language of Scripture, we have to allow for changes that creep into the meaning of words, and for the associations that may erroneously attach to them; and so, while studying the truths of Scripture, we have to show the variance of our philosophy of them by casting them into new formulas. Then, too, our theology, or our philosophy of religion, must respect the facts and the form of revelation in spite of its perplexities and its seeming anomalies; precisely as our natural philosophy has to respect the mysterious and inexplicable phenomena of nature. Taking all these things into view, we may well understand how complicated is the task of the theologian in attempting to

* History of Inductive Sciences, Vol. I. p. 686.

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fathom and systematize the profound themes of his study. His attempt resembles, in one respect at least, that of the experimenter who is seeking to sound the ocean depths, and finds that the necessary weight of the plummet and the length of his line become embarrassing to him, and may leave him in doubt whether he has reached bottom.

We find, then, that the aim of the New Theology admits to itself an earnest and determined spirit in the pursuit of such speculative ends as the following, — even at the risk of doing something more than speculate, if it be found necessary to do more. It seeks to reconstruct the formulas for the statement of fundamental doctrines, and to rectify their phraseology. It seeks to secure a more philosophical expression of the truths which these formulas are intended to convey, without any essential variation from the accepted doctrines which are admitted to be announced by them. Again, the New Theology wishes to modify in some cases the philosophy of doctrine, by softening some aspects of some of its dogmas which have been exaggerated in their exhibition, and by reconciling some of its inconsistencies, with a view to a more harmonious system. If all this can be done and leave the solemn old sanctities of the creed to an unimpaired reverence and an undiminished faith, the new form shall be offered as but a better way for setting forth the old substance. But if these speculative processes are found to involve substantial changes of doctrine, what then? Dr. Hodge says, and he writes like a most earnest and perfectly competent witness, that the New Theology cannot even argue for, much less reach, its intended alterations in the philosophy of doctrine, without trifling with and perilling its substance. The doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement ask of the New Theology at least a reconstruction of the formulas for expressing their orthodox teaching. The objection to the use of the word *Persons* in stating the doctrine of the Trinity has been well-nigh universally admitted by our best theologians, for the double reason that the formula does not convey the real idea which they wish to express, and that it does assert something which they do not wish to affirm. Dr. Bushnell has gone beyond any writer, still holding to the repute of

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Orthodoxy, in challenging not only the language of the formulas, but the contents of them, in reference to the three doctrines just specified. Dr. Hodge says: "He rejects the old doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation; but he has produced no other intelligible doctrine. He has not thought himself through. He is only half out of the shell. And therefore his attempt to soar is premature."* The difficulty which most Unitarians have found with Dr. Bushnell is, — if we may use the not very elegant similes of the Princeton Professor, — that he is carrying about with him some fragments of his broken shell, and even with that encumbrance soars too high for them. "He rejects the doctrine of three persons in one God," says Dr. Hodge, and "in opposition to such a Trinity he presents and urges the doctrine of an historical Trinity, a threefold revelation of God, — a trinity of revelations." Still, Dr. Bushnell is evidently striving after and intending to hold *the truth*, the Scripture truth, which the makers of the creed endeavored to convey in the formula. We may put in the same claim. Let us understand what Scripture *truth* is conveyed in it, and we too will accept it.

Dr. Hodge says much the same of the "half-ism" of Orthodoxy to which Dr. Bushnell clings in his view of the Incarnation, — as God appearing under the limitations of humanity, without admitting a distinct human soul in Christ, or assigning to him a twofold nature. More positive still is the Princeton Professor in condemning Dr. Bushnell's "Altar view" of the Atonement, "which regards it as designed to produce a subjective effect, to impress men with a sense of God's love,"† &c.

But the New Theology does not confine its venturesome speculations to these three doctrines. It grapples not only with the orthodox formulas of the nature, corruption, and destiny of man, but it assails with something more than metaphysical strength, — yes, even with the logic of common sense, — the doctrines which are adequately expressed in those formulas. Here the aim is to find, if possible, a theory of Free Agency which can be reconciled with the doctrines of original sin and efficacious grace. Edwards's work is built upon a union

* Essays and Reviews, p. 434. † Ibid, p. 436.

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of the philosophical theory of necessity with the theological doctrine of predestination. The new school of our times, the *novissima*, insists upon regarding the freedom of the will as an axiom, a first truth, whose evidence goes with the statement of it. Is man an *agent*, or an *instrument*, is the question? The new school will have it, that the old school believes in physical depravity and physical regeneration, and that it antedates consciousness by responsibility, and makes us accountable before we are intelligent. The issue is not, as Dr. Hodge insists, with reiteration of phrase, that the new theology denies God's sovereignty in every gracious work; the attempt is made to lift that sovereignty, and to extend its range and workings, beyond the compression of metaphysical definitions. Professor Hodge reflects on the late Professor Stuart for having expressed himself as being shocked by the old school doctrine, "that all men are subject to death, i. e. penal evil, on account of the sin of Adam." The Princeton Professor adds, that he and his brethren believe, "that the grace which is in Christ Jesus secures the salvation of all who have no personal sins to answer for." * But how will this accord with the three following assertions from the same pen, — that "the mere absence of a native tendency to God leaves the soul in moral confusion and ruin"; † and that the withholding by God of those divine communications which Adam enjoyed, but of which God deprives us because of his sin, "is a penal evil, from which, it is true, utter ruin results, but it is the ruin, not of innocent, but of fallen human beings"; ‡ and with another statement which Dr. Hodge advances as his doctrine, — that "the sin of Adam is so put to the account of his posterity that they are condemned on account of it, antecedent to any action of their own"? § Here is metaphysical theology with a vengeance, and we repeat our former remark, that no man would venture to offer to us such theology, if he did not rely on the unbounded capacities of metaphysics for mystifying simple truth. Professor Park says, that "it is more difficult to reconcile the New England divinity and the old Calvinism on these sub-

* Essays, &c., p. 71.
† Ibid., p. 43.
‡ Ibid., p. 44.
§ Ibid., p. 83.

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jects than on any other." * Professor Stuart, as Dr. Hodge asserts, tried hard to evade the plain meaning of his own formulas on these points. If we pronounced a judgment in the case, we should assume the office of umpire between two professed advocates of Orthodoxy, an office not excluded from the scope of our charity, but not inviting to our logical skill.

The actual loss incurred by all the millions of the human family through the sin of their progenitor, the actual resources still left in human nature for meeting the demands of God's law, and the mode of adjusting the obligation under which we lie to the impaired ability with which we are born, — these are problems on which, with the help of metaphysics, endless discussions may be kept up between the Old and the New Schools. Professor Park tried the whole resources of his amazingly acute and skilful mind upon these and other problems. He tells us that we may use, in addressing the heart, language and modes of expression which may be true to the heart though false to the mind. We may excite emotions by appeals and statements which the intellect will afterwards dispute and qualify. In a word, we may have one theology for the feelings, in their ardent, illogical, earnest workings, and another for the intellect, in its cool, deliberate processes of thought and reasoning. We trust all our readers have perused that Convention Discourse of the Andover Professor to which we have more than once referred. We regard it on the score of what it boldly affirms, and of what it so significantly implies, when taken in connection with its wonderful beauty of style and its marvellous subtilty of analysis, as the most noteworthy contribution which Orthodoxy has made to the literature of New England for the last half-century. That single discourse would win fame for any preacher. It has evidently exercised Dr. Hodge beyond any heretical dose which the new-fangled system has ever administered to him. And the Princeton divine has shown almost equal acuteness in meeting the propositions of the Discourse. He tells us, without any anxiety for seeking soft words, that Professor Park has published "an attack on doc-

* Essays, &c., p. 630.

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trines long held sacred"; that "he has obviously adopted his theory as a convenient way of getting rid of certain doctrines which stand out far too prominently in Scripture, and are too deeply impressed on the hearts of God's people to allow of their being denied"; and that the aim of the Discourse is "to show how the same proposition may be both affirmed and denied."* It so happens, too, that the doctrines to which Professor Park applies his ingenious method of reasoning are the very doctrines which constitute the life of Orthodoxy. The creed, he says, states these doctrines in a way suited to make them effective in addressing the heart, but the mind can by no means receive them when it analyzes them logically. The old doctrine of our utter ruin, inability, and state of doom is reduced by Dr. Park's intellect to the following logical statement, — "that the character of our race needs an essential transformation by an interposed influence of God." On this nice piece of tamed Calvinism, "cold and deadening" enough to have come from "the most chilling of Unitarian pulpits," Dr. Hodge remarks: "Certainly a very genteel way of expressing the matter, which need offend no one, Jew or Gentile, Augustin or Pelagius. All may say that much, and make it mean more or less at pleasure. If such is the sublimation to which the theology of the intellect is to subject the doctrines of the Bible, they will soon be dissipated into thin air."† The difficulty is, as Dr. Hodge shows, that Professor Park commits to the theology of the feelings, as rhetorical or impassioned statements uttered for effect, the carefully worded intellectual propositions which have been selected for catechisms and creeds as gathering up the substance of the manifold and diversified representations of Scripture. The theory, though seemingly so specious and fair, is pronounced to be radically false, vitiated by a flaw in its premises. It starts from the assumption, than which no assertion can be more diametrically opposed to the truth, that strong feeling is engaged by and expresses itself in metaphorical language; whereas strong feeling uses and demands simple, direct, naked, literal utterance. Thus, says Dr. Hodge, Professor Park

* Essays, &c, pp. 542–544. † Ibid., p. 551.

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adduces the sentence, "God, the Mighty Maker, died!" as one which excited and engaged Christian feeling may utter, but against which the intellect protests; but the truth is precisely the other way. Does not feeling recoil shocked on hearing the sentence, while the intellect by the forced ingenuities of doctrinal constructiveness tries to ratify its assertion? So the Princeton divine affirms that the only grain of truth wrought up in the theory of his brother of Andover is, that the Scripture makes use of metaphorical language, — a fact that was recognized before Dr. Park wrote. The latter divine tells us that "the theology of the heart, letting the minor accuracies go for the sake of holding strongly upon the substance of doctrine, need not always accommodate itself to scientific changes, but may often use *its old statements, even if, when literally understood, they be incorrect*, and it thus abides permanent as are the main impressions of the truth." This, Dr. Hodge says, "is a rather dangerous principle." *

Nor is this all. Dr. Hodge will not allow that these tricks with language are consistent with a real, honest faith in the doctrines announced in the old formulas. And here we come to the only point which has much interest for us in this discussion. Can these earnest and able divines, who stand with us as the prime movers in the yet undeveloped scheme of the New Theology, be regarded as actually holding the substance of the old doctrines? Certainly not, we answer, as we should feel bound to hold them if we professed to receive the formulas under any sense which the fair construction of language will admit. So, too, answers Dr. Hodge. In criticising Dr. Bushnell, he says, "It is very difficult to understand what a writer means who employs a new terminology." † It is difficult. But we are apt to understand or infer one thing, and that is, that such a writer does not believe what is expressed in the old terminology. Dr. Hodge very bluntly affirms that Professor Park's theory "enables a man to profess his faith in doctrines which he does not believe." ‡ Equally grave is the following judgment: "There is a large class of words to which Professor Park attaches a

* Essays, &c., p. 546. † Ibid., p. 325. ‡ Ibid., p. 543.

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meaning different from that in which they are used by theologians of the Reformed Church, and he therefore unavoidably misunderstands and misrepresents their doctrines." * And, not to leave anything to be surmised, he adds, once more: "His articles [in reply to Dr. Hodge] are to a great degree characterized by evasions and playing with words." † Yet Princeton must be careful of its consistency, for when its divines are writing with different aims in view, they are apt to utter statements which even metaphysics cannot reconcile. Thus Dr. Hodge says: "The two sentiments of complete helplessness, and of entire blameworthiness, are perfectly consistent, and are ever united in Christian experience"; ‡ and also: "It is one of the most familiar facts of consciousness that a sense of obligation is perfectly consistent with a conviction of entire inability." § But in the Princeton Essay "On the Decrees of God," we read: "Every man of sense feels that he cannot justly be accountable for what he could not possibly avoid." Now the being born in a state of complete spiritual helplessness and of entire inability seems so much like being in a condition which we "could not possibly avoid," that we are at a loss to see how any one can feel that he is entirely blameworthy, and yet not justly accountable for it. But on the question whether "the substance of doctrine" is touched in the honorably waged contest between the Princeton and the Andover Professors, we will allow the former, who unmistakably holds the old theology, and knows what it is, to decide. He says: "To say that the sin of Adam is imputed to his posterity [the Princeton creed] is to express a different thought, a different doctrine, from what is expressed by saying [with Professor Park] that his sin was merely the occasion of certain evils coming upon his race. The one of these statements is not merely an intense, figurative, or poetic expression of the thought conveyed by the latter. The former means that the sin of Adam was the judicial ground of the condemnation of his race, and therefore that the evils inflicted on them on account of that sin are of the nature

* Essays, &c., p. 617.
† Ibid., p. 625.
‡ Ibid., p. 36.
§ Ibid., p. 252.

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of punishment..... There is here a real distinction. These two modes of representing our relation to Adam belong to two different doctrinal systems. According to the one, no man is condemned until he has personally transgressed the law. Every man stands a probation for himself, either in the womb, as some say, or in the first dawn of intelligence and moral feeling. According to the other, the race had their probation in Adam; they sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression. They are, therefore, born the children of wrath; they come into existence under condemnation. It is now asserted, for the first time, so far as we know, since the world began, that these modes of representation mean the same thing." *

Such are some of the developments of the New Theology. We believe that its latent forces and workings reach deep into the minds of many of the most devout believers and the most efficient Christian laborers in the Church of Christendom. Our friends of the old school warn us against supposing that the restlessness of a few speculative minds, here and there, indicates any failure in the power and hold of the orthodox creed as the generally accepted faith of that Christendom. We ask the liberty of being allowed to form our opinion on that point for ourselves. It certainly is a significant fact, that the very class of men, the more thorough scholars, the calmer, profounder, and more earnest and independent thinkers, who were once the builders up of Orthodoxy, — the constructers of its formulas, — should now be found, in all sections of the Church, engaged upon invalidating the doctrinal views which those formulas have imparted to the people at large. Such influences as are unmistakably working in our higher religious literature will sooner or later become popular, will work downwards. It may then be, that something will be offered to us as Orthodoxy which we shall pronounce to be better far than Unitarianism, — something which we can receive with the same sympathy of soul and cordiality of heart with which we read the writings of those who are constructing the New Theology from the ruins of the old.

The way in which free and venturesome speculations

* Essays, &c., pp. 592, 593.

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in religious philosophy are received in the communions in which they originate, offers much that instructs, and a great deal that mortifies, a lover of the truth. There are of course canons of good sense and rules of caution to be recognized here; and as far as they will justify a reasonable conservatism of what is established, and a dislike of all that is unsettling and distracting, they may properly be brought to bear against some who love to open all manner of unprofitable questions. There are good reasons why all who believe in any system of religious truth may wish to be left in peace to enjoy its comforts, and to work out its conditions of duty. Especially in any brotherhood knit together by the sympathies and interests which unite a fellowship of Christians, large or small, will dissensions always be grievous. Each member is held bound to keep himself within the recognized formulas and methods of his communion. Any one who opens dividing issues, and pushes his own freedom beyond the limits recognized for liberty, and introduces seditions or revolutionary speculations, will always provoke a more exciting strife than if he assailed his brethren from without. There are eccentric, morbid, and ambitious promptings, which lead the subjects of them to raise schisms in their own fellowships. Occasionally those who would never have attracted attention or won notoriety by a quiet fidelity to duty within the rounds of professional labor, will blaze out into public fame by adopting a heresy or by stirring a strife. There are always, in a large community, enough persons of unsettled mind, or of a restless temperament, and an easy sensibility, to welcome the radicalisms of opinion. Generally, the more startling or defiant the utterance, the greater the throng, and the more keen the interest, which, till the novelty is worn away, will receive it. It is, however, in general, a very easy exercise of common sense in discerning minds to decide whether one who seeks to unsettle an established belief is influenced by a pure love of truth or by a personal impulse, a restless disquiet or a desire of notoriety. He whom the love of truth makes a heretic is modest, gentle, prudent, slow, and considerate. The reckless speculator is rash, contemptuous, and dogmatical. It may be well, therefore, that each fellowship of believers should be naturally jealous of the rise of any

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heretical speculations within its own communion, when the very fundamentals of its distinctive system are put in jeopardy. It is not all theological hate that is called out and enlisted against free speculations under such circumstances. While some love freedom, others love peace. Those who are supposed to be united in allegiance to a creed, feel as if they were consolidated into a structure; their old traditions, and their venerated authorities among the departed, lying deeply buried for foundations, while all the living members are built by joint and rule into the solid walls. An heretical member makes the whole structure topple. It is dangerous to open a new window through such an old edifice, even if it be only to get more of heaven's own light and air. There is something, too, that strongly resembles presumption, as the disciples of a fossilized creed view the matter, in the attempt of any speculating mind to recast the philosophic or doctrinal formulas of a faith which have stood in honor for long ages.

Allowing all that is reasonable in the protests and the opposition with which the New Theology is received in the communions among whose more advanced members it originates, we have what is unreasonable in such opposition still left to be defined and accounted for. Were the work to our taste, we could open here a rich budget of tempting cases with which to illustrate the matter before us. But our readers know very well how all orthodox communions receive and dispose of the heresies that always have risen up among them. True, these manifest themselves in our day in so many ways, and win so much immunity from the character, position, and influence of those who advance them, that the old inquisitorial processes are somewhat relaxed. It is our firm conviction that much real dissent and free speculation is now held in prudent reserve, enjoyed and indulged secretly, but not divulged. We believe that there is relatively a vast deal more latent heresy in orthodox communions, yes, even among the professors of theological schools, than has ever existed before. We infer this partly from the tokens which manifest themselves, and partly as a natural consequence of the way in which all candid utterances of bolder minds are treated. Orthodoxy visits some of its most bitter censures upon those

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within its communion who have practised concealment about their lapse from its creed, and who occasionally are entrapped or compelled unwillingly to confess the extent of their heresies. Does Orthodoxy suppose that it hunts out one in each score of these quiet and silent heretics who outwardly conform to its discipline? But then comes up the question, Is this silent dissent, this smothered rebellion, honest? Doubtless the subjects of it are perfectly easy in conscience under their secret burdens. They know the price to their own peace at which they would have to make avowals. They are consistent Protestants to the extent of believing themselves free of all human responsibility in their creeds. They too have distinguished between religion and the philosophy of religion, and have a way of satisfying themselves that they may still hold the substance of a creed though they may object to all the terms by which it is expressed. Finally, these secret heretics among the orthodox consult the edifying and practical interests of religion. They know that schisms and feuds and minor controversies among brethren are ruinous to the temper of those who engage in them, are occasions of scandal, contempt, and unbelief to the world at large, and are so much waste of the resources of true piety. The way in which Orthodoxy treats avowals of free and dissentient opinion in its communion, is a bounty on concealment.

But how preposterous is the attempt made by Orthodoxy to reconcile its demand for an unswerving allegiance to its dogmatical theology with a fair and zealous use of all the new means for the attainment of truth. Take, for instance, the blind and obstinate resistance now made in Great Britain by all orthodox sects, with the exception of a very few of the most intelligent and candid in each, to the proposed revision of our common version of the Scriptures. No one advocates a new translation, an entire substitution of another English version of the Bible. All the acknowledged beauties and excellences of the present version are to be retained. All the fond associations connected with phrase and figure and text are to be respected, except where they are manifestly wrong and misleading. Neither the Saxon vigor, nor the antique quaintness, nor the homely directness, nor the pointed boldness, of the received version is to be

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sacrificed. The aim is only for a revision, for the sake of amending undoubted errors, removing obsolete words, and letting in light wherever there is unintelligible obscurity. Nor is it proposed to have this revision made under any favored sectarian auspices, to turn it into a job or a scheme for speculators or partisans, or to the service of any cause save the highest and holiest, — the edification of all persons of all classes. The advocates of the measure, being found chiefly in the liberal and progressive party, have the countenance of some wise and good men in all parties. They are all willing that the Established Church, the prelates, the Universities, should have the direction of the work, under a commission from the Parliament or the Queen. Now let any one read the religious journals of the different orthodox sects, which abound in more or less extended references to the project, and which are prevailingly and most doggedly hostile to the measure. Scan their allegations, their arguments, their reasons. Weigh their objections, mark their appeals to prejudice, their evasion of unwelcome facts, their doubtful and false assertions. If the intent of their pleadings, and the subject on which they are spent, did not claim for their writers the tolerance of a respectful regard, simply because a religious feeling, however mistaken, is involved in their opposition, one might be pardoned for using the severest language about them. But compare their opposition to this measure, and the grounds of their opposition, with their professions as Protestants. They call the Bible the Word of God, and claim liberty for all to read it and interpret it in the fear of God, assured of finding in it the way of salvation. They know that, owing to the fallibility and the imperfect means at the disposal of those who translated the Bible from the original tongues, it is not always truly rendered. They know that a large number of new manuscripts are now available for the purpose of securing a more exact text; that the Oriental languages have been cultivated by modern scholars to the very best ends; that the laws of language, the principles of criticism, the manners and customs and history of ancient times, have been so faithfully studied, that the results gained from them must be eminently serviceable in the proposed measure. Orthodoxy in its own way favors all these helps to the under-

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standing of the Bible, establishes theological schools, founds professorships, furnishes libraries, and would emphatically maintain that all these means ought to be of some service, and that an improvement of them must enter into the conditions of Christian responsibility for those who enjoy them. But, marvellous is the inconsistency! Orthodoxy most resolutely withstands the palpable and inevitable consequences of its own principles and methods. The noblest result to which all these appliances of Scriptural knowledge could culminate, would be a more exact version of the Scriptures. But no. The Bible shall not be touched. Its inspiration must not be perilled. The door must not be opened, for it will never afterwards be shut. The Spirit shall pour no more light upon the Word. The detected, exposed, and convicted error, the interpolated corruption, the spurious text, shall not be rectified or expelled. The Word of God shall stand impaired and vitiated, not only by mistakes which man has unwittingly introduced into it, but by marked and evident corruptions, which he knows very well how to purify. Such is the opposition of Orthodoxy to an amendment of the version of the Scriptures in the language of the dominant race and people of Christendom, — a version, too, which has transferred its errors into the versions in all the heathen tongues into which the Bible Society or missionaries have translated it.

What hope, then, can there be for "New Theology," while so stout and blind a resistance is offered to an attempt to relieve the Bible from such errors as man's ignorance once introduced into it, though his own added knowledge is so well qualified to remove them? The hope would indeed seem faint, if our reliance was on anything less potent than the undecaying, resistless energy of truth. There is much indeed to dishearten the champions of that truth. Let any one interested in studying the issue now so intensely working, as far as it has dared to manifest itself, in the orthodox communions of Great Britain, take some pains to inform himself on the subject by reading the volumes which are issued as rapidly as will allow of a perusal. Let him take, for instance, that work of daring impudence and ignorance, — "Bible Revision and Translation: an Argument for holding fast what we have," by Dr. Cumming, — whose popu-

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larity as a millenarian preacher in London and whose fecundity in issuing worthless religious books are phenomena of equally astounding character. Of this work the Rev. Dr. Burgess, the liberal and learned editor of one of the best orthodox periodicals of Great Britain,—"The Journal of Sacred Literature,"—says: "If our readers wish to see how far sheer impudence can carry a man in the field of ignorant assertion, let them read Dr. Cumming's book. We scarcely dare write what we think of this production; but we will bring forward two out of the many literary and historical falsehoods which it contains."*

Or take another instance. In the pages of the same valuable and scholarly journal from which we have just quoted, Dr. Tregelles publishes a most disgraceful attack, in the form of a letter, upon his colleague, Dr. Davidson, in the task of re-editing Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures. Our opinion of Dr. Tregelles's scholarship is so high, that the utmost stretch of our charity will not acquit him of insincerity and duplicity in that letter. He must *know* that Dr. Davidson's allowed qualifications and abatements of the popular notion of inspiration cannot be honestly challenged. The spirit of his letter is acrimonious and bigoted. His attempt to prove that Wisdom, as personified in the eighth chapter of Proverbs, refers to Christ, is utterly unworthy of him. Dr. Burgess is to be commended for his manly, Christian candor in saying of this letter, to which he gives a place in his journal, that Dr. Tregelles "has but little sympathy with ourselves in the line of argument he has pursued..... We cannot now enter on the subject further, but simply protest against Biblical science being thrown back three centuries by a sort of papal intolerance. The way in which the *Record* has treated Dr. Davidson, and is treating all who cannot indorse its ignorant and bigoted views, is *barbarous;* not only unworthy of a Christian, but disgraceful to a free country."† "The Record" here referred to is the title of a tri-weekly newspaper, published in London, as "a highly remunerative organ" of the Low Church, or *Evangelical* party in the Establishment, and so very acceptable to the corresponding party among the

* Number for January, 1857, p. 261. † Ibid., pp. 483, 484.

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orthodox Dissenters. Some plain words about this notorious and scandalous paper may be found in another of those fresh and earnest volumes of which we have been speaking. Its title is, "Christian Orthodoxy reconciled with the Conclusions of Modern Biblical Learning: a Theological Essay, with Critical and Controversial Supplements." Its author is the Rev. Dr. John William Donaldson, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He claims still to hold substantially the essential doctrines of his Church, but there is a bracing vigor of thought, an heroic and earnest sincerity of utterance, and an ability of scholarship, logic, and good sense brought to bear in his work upon the rotten elements of popular belief among Christians, which indicate the fullest development of that new spirit whose workings we have been attempting to trace. He is a master of his theme. Cant, superstition, bigotry, and Jesuitical agencies in religion, receive from him an honest condemnation. He is measured and dignified in assailing views under which he was educated, but which he knows to be discredited by the science and intelligence of the age. As his work has but just appeared, we know nothing of the way in which it has been received; but that way will be stormy. He exposes most ably the pretensions and fallacies and utter inconclusiveness of the views set forth by Mr. Lee in the work on Inspiration to which we have already referred. He spares none of the shams by which timid theologians attempt to cover and evade their own weak points or the heavy blows of their assailants. But his especial wrath is visited upon "The Record," before named. "The malignity and falsehood," "the pitiable weakness," "the calumnious personalities," "the nefarious conduct," "the intolerance, folly, and slanderous violence" of "this wretched journal," are indeed hard terms to be used in describing a religious paper. But Dr. Donaldson offers most melancholy and overwhelming evidence that they are not inapplicable to a journal which meets every man and every opinion, not in sympathy with its own views, with cruel abuse, or ignorant misrepresentation, or spiteful bigotry.

Take one more striking testimony illustrative of the hateful spirit by which the results of independent and serious Christian study and thought are received. The

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Rev. Dr. Rowland Williams, of St. David's College, Lampeter, the author of that admirable volume of sermons entitled "Practical Godliness," is at present engaged upon a work on "Christianity and Hinduism." This profoundly interesting subject, which may task the scholarship and candor of the ablest mind of our age, with all the best helps of native talent and true culture, has been intrusted to Dr. Williams by the University of Cambridge. He is well aware that his process of treating his subject, the method of argument he will be compelled to adopt, the concessions he must yield, and the results he must accept and commend to others, will cause an intense shock to the prejudices of a blind and narrow orthodoxy. We find a letter from him to Dr. Burgess, in the journal we have just quoted, the object of which is to purify some of the vapors of the cloud which he apprehends with good reason will break in vengeance upon him. We wish that our space would allow us to transfer his letter to our pages. It would convey to our readers more forcibly than can any words of ours a conception of the pains and penalties under which the purest disciples of truth in conflict with popular error, prejudice, and superstition are compelled either to silence and heartless conformity, or made to suffer for their loyalty to a holy cause. One sentence from the letter must suffice. Dr. Williams says: "Experience has taught me that any Anglican divine who will write honestly as a scholar, in our day, does so with a halter about his neck."

But it must not be so. It is so only because the weakest and the most prejudiced yield to what is the most unworthy and unreasonable among the meaner motives that influence them. Such as these, however, profess that a zeal for truth instigates their opposition to all the free ventures and all the honest efforts of inquiring minds. Their cure is in their own hands. They must instruct their own ignorance and yield themselves up to the heart-work of the Gospel. It is not wise to try one's temper or to waste one's time upon these stiff and crabbed worshippers of the infallibility of their own prejudices. A good Providence has appointed that there shall be a change in human generations, and so that new truth shall have new fields in fresh minds. The things which are no

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longer susceptible to receiving impressions become fossils and get buried, while the glorious and beautiful processes of this still young earth are wrought upon its living germs as they yield to the divine chemistry. He is no true believer, no real disciple of Christ, who identifies the everlasting Gospel with the metaphysical or doctrinal system of any age, — least of all, of any past age. Why, indeed, should we attempt to resist the maturer workings of the human mind upon the dogmas which that mind fashioned in its earlier and less competent efforts? Why should we discredit the views and convictions of our manhood, because they are in conflict with the fancies of our childhood?

Certainly the human mind must ever be allowed to range freely over that wide field of speculative theology whose blank, unoccupied spaces it has itself fenced in and bounded and divided according to its own theories. Our systems, the best of them, are but human devices, and we must be free to assail and reconstruct them. Whatever man's thought has fabricated, however fixed and unalterable the materials which it has wrought upon, will be regarded by each generation of thinkers as something which they have a perfect right to take apart, with the purpose of working over the same materials again more wisely, more truthfully. No one can examine with care the most skilfully constructed system of theology, professedly deduced from the Bible, without being reminded that the system is exposed to fallibility in every stage of its development. The common ground of accordance and sympathy among Christians will in vain be sought for in allegiance to any speculative system. The bad passions which have been enlisted in controversy, the cumbersome heaps of almost worthless literature which have been accumulated in conducting it, and the steady increase of the points of difference which it has multiplied, prove that neither edification nor harmony is to be sought in that direction. And yet, in spite of all that has been said about the resistance of dogmatism and acrimony to every venture made by scholarly and scientific criticism, the spirit of theological discussions has been, of late years, infinitely softened and dignified. This result is the triumph of true Christian sentiment over the hearts of those who are seeking

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to interpret the mind of Christ. While the life which he manifested and the truth which he taught are admitted to be the best of all our materials for the construction of a system of theology, while the deepest and tenderest motive that incites the inquiries of the intellect is to come nearer to the spirit of his doctrine, we must feel that it is safer to allow than to restrain the liberty of speculative thought. We may or may not find a New Theology, but we shall be better disciples of Him whom we call our Master. That fellowship of Christians with whose doctrinal views our own assured convictions most nearly accord, have had enough of mere liberty. We are content now to forego any portion of it that may need to be renounced, for the sake of a better improvement of its glorious franchise. We therefore look with sincere and unprejudiced interest to the speculative and scholarly labors of the advanced minds in orthodox communions. The first-fruits of the as yet not fully developed or acknowledged modifications which they have already made of their system, are the production of many valuable works which are highly acceptable to Unitarian readers, and the affording of pulpit instruction in all our great cities which is wholly unobjectionable to large numbers of Unitarian hearers. May God's blessing be on their labors, to keep them loyal to him, to Christ, and to the everlasting Gospel of grace and redemption. If the New Theology shall prove to be so much truer and better than "Unitarianism" as to obliterate the sect, whose visible increase it does withstand, we are ready to welcome it.

G. E. E.

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Art. II. — THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.*

By his last will and testament, executed at Marshfield on the 21st of September, 1852, Mr. Webster appointed Edward Everett, George Ticknor, George T. Curtis, and Cornelius C. Felton his literary executors; and by the same instrument he directed that the letters, manuscripts, and papers relating to his personal history and his professional and public life, which in the judgment of his son should be placed at their disposal, should be transferred to them, "to be used by them in such manner as they may think fit." With a view to the discharge of this trust, these gentlemen issued a circular letter, not long after Mr. Webster's death, inviting the co-operation of his friends by the communication of materials for the work which they intended to publish. But circumstances prevented them from executing their purpose; and subsequently, as we are informed in the Preface to the volumes before us, the letters collected by them were placed in the hands of Mr. Fletcher Webster, Mr. Webster's only surviving son. Though it might have been better, and more in accordance with Mr. Webster's wishes, if these volumes could have been issued under the immediate supervision of the friends to whom he committed the custody of his papers, not much exception can be taken to the manner in which his son has discharged this duty. Some letters of little or no interest, insignificant memorials of his attention to the management of his farms and other matters not of public importance, have been inserted; and in some respects the collection is incomplete and unsatisfactory. But we are not disposed to indulge in adverse criticism upon it, or indeed in any captious remarks. It is sufficient to say, that the volumes will be received with satisfaction by every disciple and follower of Mr. Webster, — by all who were accustomed to look to him for just and luminous expositions of the fundamental law, for comprehensive views of our national duties and destiny,

* *The Private Correspondence of* Daniel Webster. Edited by Fletcher Webster. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. viii and 540, 575.

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for a wise and liberal statesmanship applied to the various questions of foreign and domestic policy which arose during his continuance in public life. It is true that they will add nothing to his great fame as a lawyer and a statesman. But they reveal the depth and tenderness of his nature, the strength of his affections, the thousand graces which clustered around his social and private life. And any view of his character and services must be incomplete which does not draw largely from them for illustration.

The first volume opens with a charming piece of autobiography, written by Mr. Webster in 1829 for Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, and bringing down the record of his life to 1817. Following this we have a biographical sketch of his brother, Ezekiel Webster, by Professor Sanborn of Dartmouth College. For this brother Mr. Webster entertained an affection of which history furnishes few examples, and in the dedication to the first volume of his Works he expressed a desire that the name of Ezekiel Webster might be associated with his own, so long as anything written or spoken by him should be regarded or read. The next twenty pages comprise a few interesting Personal Reminiscences of Daniel Webster, in a series of letters, chiefly from college friends. The remainder of the two volumes consists of letters from Mr. Webster, a fragment of a journal, and some memoranda kept by him, letters from other persons, and some miscellaneous papers.

The history of Mr. Webster's life is known to every American citizen, — from his birth amidst the rugged hills of New Hampshire, through his studious youth, his early manhood of struggle and incessant toil, his maturer years resplendent with the triumphs of the forum and the Senate-Chamber, to that sublime death-bed made for ever memorable by the calmness and composure with which he awaited his last hour. "Happier than the younger Pliny," to adopt Mr. Choate's fine illustration, "happier than Cicero, he found his historian, unsolicited, in his lifetime, — and his countrymen have him all by heart." We shall not attempt to rehearse the familiar story; nor shall we now enlarge upon any of its details further than it is necessary to do to illustrate the traits of character and to elucidate the pas-

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sages from his correspondence which we design to bring under the notice of our readers.

It was a marked peculiarity of Mr. Webster, that even amidst official cares and public anxieties he reverted with increasing satisfaction to his early recollections, and often dwelt with affectionate interest upon the memory of his father and brother. Indeed, we remember to have heard one who knew him intimately for many years say, that he considered the strength of Mr. Webster's affections was even more remarkable than his intellectual power. This characteristic finds frequent illustration in his correspondence, and once or twice furnished an apt paragraph for his public speeches. No one can have forgotten the eloquent passage in his speech at Saratoga, where he speaks of his father's log-cabin, "raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada," and of "him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own."* In a letter to Mr. Blatchford, dated at Franklin, May 3, 1846, he gathers up some pleasing reminiscences of this period of his life.

"Looking out at the east windows at this moment (two P. M.), with a beautiful sun just breaking out," he writes, "my eye sweeps a rich and level field of one hundred acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble gravestones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehitable, Abigail, and Sarah, good Scripture names inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

"My father, Ebenezer Webster! born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739, and the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin, a white forehead, a tinged cheek, a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But

* Works, Vol. II. p. 30.

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where am I straying? The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy, and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

"This fair field is before me; I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Somehow I could never learn to hang a scythe! I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say, that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children!

"Of a hot day in July, it must have been in one of the last years of Washington's administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm-tree. About the middle of the afternoon, the Honorable Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable mental power. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a haycock. He said: 'My son, that is a worthy man, he is a member of Congress, he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here.' 'My dear father,' said I, 'you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest.' And I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection. 'My child,' said he, 'it is of no importance to me. I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brothers the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.'

"The next May, he took me to Exeter, to the Phillips Exeter Academy, placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living, and from that time . . . . .

"My father died in April, 1806. I neither left him nor forsook him. My opening an office at Boscawen was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes in this very house. He died at sixty-seven years of age, after a life of exertion, toil, and exposure; a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge, everything that a man could be, to whom learning never had disclosed her 'ample page.'

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"My first speech at the bar was made when he was on the bench. He never heard me a second time. He had in him what I collect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour. On the contrary, good-humored, facetious, showing even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth all as white as alabaster, gentle, soft, playful, and yet having a heart in him that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown, a frown it was; but cheerfulness, good-humor, and smiles composed his most usual aspect." *

This yearning of the heart towards those of his own blood was no mere sentimental affection, begotten in declining years, but was a governing principle throughout his whole life. Whilst in college he paid his board "for a year, by superintending a little weekly newspaper, and making selections for it, from books of literature, and from the contemporary publications"; † and at Fryeburg, where he taught a school for a short time, he copied deeds at twenty-five cents each, after the duties of the day were finished, in order that he might not draw too largely upon his father's means, and that he might contribute something towards the education of his brother. When that brother died in the rich maturity of his powers, he wrote in the fulness of his heart to Jeremiah Mason: "You do not and cannot overrate the strength of the shock which my brother's death has caused me. I have felt but one such in life; ‡ and this follows that so soon, that it requires more fortitude than I possess to bear it with firmness, such perhaps as I ought." § And to another friend he wrote several months later: "I have lived to be the last of a pretty large circle of brothers and sisters. It not only fills me with wonder, but with melancholy, to look round about the places of my early acquaintance. Everybody is gone. While my brother lived, there was yet something to hold to; but now, the last attraction is gone. There was a large, valuable, and most pleasant farm which belonged to us, and which he had taken excellent care of for years, but it causes me great pain now to visit it. A new generation has sprung up around it, and I see nothing interesting to

* Correspondence, Vol. II. pp. 228, 229.
† Vol. I. p. 11.
‡ The death of his wife.
§ Vol. I. p. 477.

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me but the tombs of my parents and my brothers and sisters." * To that farm, however, he delighted to go in later years, and he gave frequent directions in regard to the management of it, clearly showing how anxious he was that it should be kept in good condition. In one of his letters to John Taylor, who had charge of it, he wrote not long before his death: "Take care to keep my mother's garden in the best order, even if it cost you the wages of a man to take care of it." †

Mr. Webster possessed considerable talent in versification, which he indulged more frequently when he was a young man than he did later in life; and some of his earliest letters are in a metrical form. A few specimens of his poetical effusions are given in these volumes. The best piece refers to the death of his son Charles, and may be quoted here in further illustration of the tenderness of his affections. Adopting the fine thought of Burke upon the death of his son, Mr. Webster gives utterance to his emotions in a strain of genuine poetry.

"My son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

"I held thee on my knee, my son!
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou 'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

"The staff, on which my years should lean,
Is broken, ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in the tomb before me.

"Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son!
And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

"On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine,
Thou hast thy predecessor past;
Earlier eternity is thine.

* Vol. I. p. 480. † Vol. II. p. 516.

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"I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

"Sweet Seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss!
And oh! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

"Dear Angel, thou art safe in Heaven;
No prayers for thee need more be made;
Oh! let thy prayers for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head!

"My father! I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to Heaven's bright morn,
My son! my father! guide me there." *

Springing from the same deep source, and equally characteristic of the man, was his strong attachment to his personal friends. His letters to Mr. Herbert, Mr. Bingham, and other college friends, are full of the outgushings of an affectionate heart. To Mr. Mason, Mr. Everett, and to others who were intimately associated with him, he wrote with equal cordiality. The letters to Mr. Fillmore show how agreeable was the intercourse between them, and form one of the most interesting portions of the correspondence. The last letter which Mr. Webster wrote with his own hand was to Mr. Fillmore, and bears witness to the warmth of their friendship. In a letter to Mr. Everett, written only three months before his death, he says: "We now and then see, stretching across the heavens, a long streak of clear, blue, cerulean sky, without cloud, or mist, or haze. And such appears to me our acquaintance, from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little school-house in Short Street to the date hereof." † In the last letter but one to Mr. Fillmore, we have a pleasing proof of his thoughtfulness for those who had been kind to him in his last sickness.

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* Vol. I. pp. 376, 377.

† Vol. II. p. 542.

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"Marshfield, October 17, 1852.

"My dear Sir, — It has been so kind in Mr. Conrad [at that time Secretary of War] to trouble himself with the concerns of my Department, in my absence, that I should be glad to show him some mark of grateful respect.

"It is a feather in the life of a public man to sign a treaty, and I should be glad that he should have the opportunity of signing one before my return. If you have concluded to submit the copyright treaty to the Senate, I propose that you suggest to him, as from yourself, but with my hearty concurrence, that he should sign it. I do not think of any other treaty we have now on hand.

"Yours, always truly,
"Dan'l Webster." *

The next day he was able to write again to Mr. Fillmore, and for the last time.

"Monday Morning, October 18, 1852.

"My dear Sir, — By the blessing of Providence, I have had another comparatively good night, the afternoon attack coming later, and not lasting so long, and then an excellent sleep. At this hour, (ten o'clock,) I feel easy and strong, and as if I could go into the Senate and make a speech! At one I shall sink all away, be obliged to go to bed at three, and go through the evening spasms. What all this is to come to, God only knows. My dear Sir, — I should love to pass the last moments of your administration with you, and around your council board. But let not this embarrass you. Consider my resignation as always before you, to be accepted any moment you please. I hope God, in His mercy, may preserve me; but His will be done!

"I have everything right about me, and the weather is glorious.

"I do not read the newspapers, but my wife sometimes reads to me the contents of some of them.

"I fear things do not look very well for our side.

"Yours, always truly,
"Dan'l Webster." †

Another trait in Mr. Webster's character which is clearly exhibited in these letters is his magnanimity towards those with whom he was brought into professional and political collision. Few public men ever more carefully abstained from the language of invective and vituperation; but when the collected edition of his

* Vol. II. p. 559. † Ibid., p. 560.

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Works was preparing for the press, he desired Mr. Everett to remove from his speeches, as far as practicable, every trace of such language. "My friend, I wish to perpetuate no feuds," he said. "I have lived a life of strenuous political warfare. I have sometimes, though rarely, and that in self-defence, been led to speak of others with severity; I beg you, where you can do it without wholly changing the character of the speech, and thus doing essential injustice to me, to obliterate every trace of personality of this kind. I should prefer not to leave a word that would give unnecessary pain to any honest man, however opposed to me." The same spirit may be seen in the following letter to Mr. Blatchford.

"Washington, January 22, 1849.

"My dear Sir,—You are acquainted with a little occurrence which took place here last year, between Mr. Ogden and myself. Mr. Ogden took offence at a remark which I felt it my duty to make to the court, and has not called to see me since, when I have been in New York, as used to be his friendly habit. I do not like that any coldness should exist between myself and a gentleman with whom I have been long on friendly terms, unless such be his pleasure. The occasion has passed by; I feel no unkindness towards Mr. Ogden. I have eaten bread and tasted wine at his hospitable table in times long since past. I have never lost, and shall not lose, a just appreciation of his character, professional and personal, and shall always be far more willing to show kindness than to do injury to him or his friends.

"You may show this to Mr. Hall, and if you and he think proper, he may suggest the contents of it to Mr. Ogden.

"My real motive in this is, that if Mr. Ogden feels any degree of unhappiness at what has occurred, he may dismiss it from his mind.

"Yours, truly always,
"Dan'l Webster." *

But Mr. Webster's magnanimity is nowhere shown to greater advantage than in the following letter to the Honorable Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York. The circumstances which led to their alienation may be briefly stated as follows. To a printed speech by Mr. Dickinson a note was appended containing an extract from the

* Vol. II. pp. 292, 293.

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disreputable attack upon Mr. Webster by Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll, a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania. The publication of this speech, and particularly of the note, was sharply commented upon by Mr. Webster, in his speech in vindication of the Treaty of Washington, delivered in the Senate in April, 1846; and a somewhat angry conversation took place between the two Senators. But the lapse of time healed the wounds then opened, and subsequently they were led to form a more candid estimate of each other. After Mr. Webster finally withdrew from the Senate, he wrote to Mr. Dickinson upon the subject.

"Washington, September 27, 1850.

"My dear Sir, — Our companionship in the Senate is dissolved. After this long and most important session, you are about to return to your home; and I shall try to find leisure to visit mine. I hope we may meet each other again two months hence, for the discharge of our duties, in our respective stations in the government. But life is uncertain; and I have not felt willing to take leave of you without placing in your hands a note, containing a few words which I wish to say to you.

"In the earlier part of our acquaintance, my dear Sir, occurrences took place which I remember with constantly increasing regret and pain; because the more I have known of you, the greater have been my esteem for your character and my respect for your talents. But it is your noble, able, manly, and patriotic conduct, in support of the great measure of this session, which has entirely won my heart, and secured my highest regard. I hope you may live long to serve your country; but I do not think you are ever likely to see a crisis in which you may be able to do so much, either for your own distinction or the public good. You have stood where others have fallen; you have advanced, with firm and manly step, where others have wavered, faltered, and fallen back; and for one I desire to thank you, and to commend your conduct, out of the fulness of an honest heart.

"This letter needs no reply; it is, I am aware, of very little value; but I have thought you might be willing to receive it, and, perhaps, to leave it where it would be seen by those who shall come after you. I pray you, when you reach your own threshold, to remember me most kindly to your wife and daughter. I remain, my dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your friend and obedient servant,

"Daniel Webster." *

* Vol. II. p. 392.

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Happy would it be for the country if all who sit in Congress would follow this noble example. Happy would it be if they would imitate the not less manly tone of Mr. Dickinson's reply.

"(PRIVATE.)

"Binghamton, October 5, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I perused and reperused the beautiful note which you placed in my hand as I was about leaving Washington, with deeper emotion than I have ever experienced, except under some domestic vicissitude. Since I learned the noble and generous qualities of your nature, the unfortunate occurrence in our early acquaintance to which you refer has caused me many moments of painful regret, and your confiding communication has furnished a powerful illustration of the truth, that 'to err is human, — to forgive is divine.' Numerous and valued are the testimonials of confidence and regard which a somewhat extended acquaintance and lengthened public service have gathered around me, but amongst them all there is none to which my heart clings so fondly as this. I have presented it to my family and friends as the proudest passage in the history of an eventful life, and shall transmit it to my posterity as a sacred and cherished memento of friendship. I thank Heaven that it has fallen to my lot to be associated with yourself and others in resisting the mad current of disunion which threatened to overwhelm us; and the recollection that my course upon a question so momentous has received the approbation of the most distinguished American statesman has more than satisfied my ambition. Believe me, my dear Sir, that, of all the patriots who came forward in the evil day of their country, there was no voice so potential as your own. Others could buffet the dark and angry waves, but it was your strong arm that could roll them back from the holy citadel.

"May that beneficent Being who holds the destiny of men and nations, long spare you to the public service, and may your vision never rest upon the disjointed fragments of a convulsed and ruined confederacy.

"I pray you to accept and to present to Mrs. Webster the kind remembrances of myself and family, and to believe me friendly yours,

"D. S. DICKINSON." *

In attempting to trace to its original source this spirit of frankness and generosity in Mr. Webster's relations with others, much must doubtless be attributed to the

* Vol. II. p. 393.

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self-sacrificing example of his father, and to his own early struggles. His autobiography and letters furnish many curious illustrations of the difficulties which he was forced to surmount before he had acquired a position of comparative independence. But perhaps the most striking instance of his youthful energy and perseverance is seen in the account of his introduction to the Honorable Christopher Gore.

"In the winter of 1804," he says in the autobiography, "it had become necessary for either my brother or myself to undertake something that should bring us a little money, for we were getting to be 'heinously unprovided.' To find some situation for one or the other of us, I set off in February, and found my way to Boston. My journey was fortunate. Dr. Perkins had been in the instruction of a school in Short Street;* he was about leaving it, and proposed that my brother should take it. I hastened home, and he had just then finished a short engagement in school-keeping, at Sanbornton, or was about finishing it, it being near the end of the winter vacation; and he readily seized the opportunity of employment in Boston. This broke in upon his college life, but he thought he could keep up with his class. A letter stating the necessity of the case, was sent to the authorities of the College, and he went immediately to Boston. His success was good, nay, great; so great, that he thought he could earn enough to defray, in addition to debts and other charges, the expense of my living in Boston for what remained of my term of study. Accordingly, I went to Boston, in July, to pass a few months in some office. I had not a single letter, and knew nobody, in the place to which I was going, except Dr. Perkins, then a very young man, and like myself struggling to get on. But I was sanguine, and light-hearted. He easily persuades himself that he shall gain, who has nothing to lose, and is not afraid of attempting to climb, when, if he fail in his first step, he is in no danger of a fall. Arrived in Boston, I looked out for an office, wherein to study. But then, as I knew none of the legal gentlemen, and had no letter, this was an affair of some difficulty. Some attempts to be received into a lawyer's office failed, properly enough, for these reasons; although the reminiscence has since sometimes caused me to smile.

"Mr. Gore had just then returned from England, and renewed the practice of the law. He had rooms in Scollay's Building, and as yet had no clerk. A young man, as little known to Mr. Gore as myself, undertook to introduce me to him! In logic

* "Now Kingston Street."

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this would have been bad. *Ignotum per ignotum.* Nevertheless it succeeded here. We ventured into Mr. Gore's rooms, and my name was pronounced. I was shockingly embarrassed, but Mr. Gore's habitual courtesy of manner gave me courage to speak. I had the grace to begin with an unaffected apology; told him my position was very awkward, my appearance there very like an intrusion, and that, if I expected anything but a civil dismission, it was only founded in his known kindness and generosity of character. I was from the country, I said; had studied law for two years, had come to Boston to study a year more; had some respectable acquaintances in New Hampshire, not unknown to him, but had no introduction; that I had heard he had no clerk, thought it possible he would receive one; that I came to Boston to work, and not to play; was most desirous, on all accounts, to be his pupil; and all I ventured to ask, at present, was that he would keep a place for me in his office, till I could write to New Hampshire for proper letters, showing me worthy of it. I delivered this speech *trippingly* on the tongue, though I suspect it was better composed, than spoken.

"Mr. Gore heard me with much encouraging good-nature. He evidently saw my embarrassment, spoke kind words, and asked me to sit down. My friend had already disappeared! Mr. Gore said, what I had suggested was very reasonable, and required little apology; he did not mean to fill his office with clerks, but was willing to receive one or two, and would consider what I had said. He inquired, and I told him, what gentlemen of his acquaintance knew me and my father, in New Hampshire. Among others, I remember, I mentioned Mr. Peabody, who was Mr. Gore's classmate. He talked to me pleasantly, for a quarter of an hour; and when I rose to depart, he said: 'My young friend, you look as though you might be trusted. You say you came to study, and not to waste time. I will take you at your word. You may as well hang up your hat, at once; go into the other room; take your book and sit down to reading it, and write at your convenience to New Hampshire for your letters.'" *

In mentioning this circumstance in a letter to Mr. Bingham, Mr. Webster adds, that, when he was introduced to Mr. Gore, that gentleman did not distinctly understand his name, and that he "had been in the office a week or so before Mr. Gore knew the name of his clerk!" † Mr. Webster was thus compelled to make his way in life without fortune, and almost without friends; but he availed himself to the utmost of all the advan-

* Vol. I. pp. 17 – 19.

† Ibid., p. 185.

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tages within his reach. Whilst in Mr. Gore's office he reported all the decisions of the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth, and of the Circuit Court of the United States, and familiarized himself with the forms and language of special pleading. He also read Vattel for the third time, parts of Lord Bacon, Gifford's Juvenal, Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, and other professional and miscellaneous works. In his early years he was a diligent reader, both in English literature and the Latin classics; but he never acquired a proficiency in Greek, and he somewhere expresses a regret that he could not read Demosthenes in the original. There are, however, few remarks upon books and purely literary topics in his correspondence. Perhaps the most noticeable letter upon a literary question is one to the Reverend Dr. Brazer, of Salem, upon rhetorical expression. But it is too long for our present purpose; and we copy instead of it an extract from a letter to Mr. Ticknor, dated Washington, April 8, 1833.

"I have read Tom Moore's first volume of Byron's Life. Whatever human imagination shall hereafter picture of a human being, I shall believe it all within the bounds of credibility. Byron's case shows that fact sometimes runs by all fancy, as a steamboat passes a scow at anchor. I have tried hard to find something in him to like, besides his genius and his wit; but there was no other likable quality about him. He was an incarnation of demonism. He is the only man in English history, for a hundred years, that has boasted of infidelity and of every practical vice, not included in what may be termed, what his biographer does term, meanness. Lord Bolingbroke, in his most extravagant youthful sallies, and the wicked Lord Littleton, were saints to him. All Moore can say is, that each of his vices had some virtue or some prudence near it, which in some sort checked it. Well, if that were not so in all, who could 'scape hanging? The biographer, indeed, says his moral conduct must not be judged of by the ordinary standard! And that is true, if a favorable decision is looked for. Many excellent reasons are given for his being a bad husband; the sum of which is, that he was a very bad man. I confess I was rejoiced then, and am rejoiced now, that he was driven out of England by public scorn; because his vices were not in his passions, but in his principles. He denied all religion and all virtue from the house-top. Dr. Johnson says, there is merit in maintaining good principles, though the preacher is seduced into violations of them. This is

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true. Good theory is something. But a theory of living, and of dying, too, made up of the elements of hatred to religion, contempt of morals, and defiance of the opinions of all the decent part of the public, when before has a man of letters avowed it? If Milton were alive to recast certain prominent characters in his great Epic, he could embellish them with new traits, without violating probability. Walter Scott's letter, toward the end of the book, is much too charitable.

"I find in one of Lord Byron's letters a suggestion, that part or the whole of Robinson Crusoe was written while in prison, by the first Lord Orford, (Robert Harley,) and by him given to Defoe. Is there any such suggestion anywhere else? I do not believe it. Defoe's (his true name was Foe) other works show he could write Robinson Crusoe. Harley has left no proof of his capacity for such a work. While on the subject of books, whither I have strayed, I know not how, allow me to say there is one I want to see. It is Johnson's Shakespeare. I covet a sight of that book, just as Sam. Johnson left it. His first edition was about 1765 or 1766. Did he publish a second? You are not only a man for books in general, but for Shakespeare in particular, and can tell me. If you have the book, I shall get a reading of it; if you have it not, I wish you would order it on my account, the next time you write Mr. Rich. I suppose the first edition was folio, but know not." *

Though Mr. Webster was quite reserved in the expression of critical opinions in his letters, there are numerous passages in his correspondence, and even entire letters, containing descriptions of scenery and remarks suggested by the various phenomena of nature. To this class of compositions belong the elaborate description of Niagara Falls in a letter to Mrs. George Blake, the well-known letter on the morning to Mrs. Paige, one on the sound of the sea to Mr. Blatchford, and indeed many of the familiar letters from Marshfield. His love of nature and the keenness and accuracy of his powers of observation, are abundantly attested in these letters. Those which were written on his occasional journeys, in particular, contain much matter of interest and value. From a letter to Mr. Ticknor, dated Lowther Castle, August 21, 1839, we copy a single extract, to show the impression produced upon his mind by the Lake scenery of England. The whole letter is interesting; but we need copy only a part of it.

* Vol. I. pp. 533, 534.

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"My dear Sir, — You will be glad to hear that we have found time to get a snatch at the scenery of the Lakes, with which you are so well acquainted, and which Mrs. Ticknor and yourself have so lately visited. We thought of you often, as we had 'Scarboro' Fell,' 'Helvellyn,' or 'Skiddaw' before us. We have not run the beauty of this scenery into the details, with the spirit of professed tourists, but have seen enough to convince us that there is much of beauty and something of sublimity in it. Mountain, dale, and lake, altogether, are interesting and striking in a very high degree. They are striking to us who have seen higher mountains and broader lakes. Mr. Wordsworth, in his description of the lakes, has said, with very great truth, I think, that sublimity, in these things, does not depend entirely either on form or size, but much, also, on the position and relation of objects, and their capability of being strongly influenced by the changes of light and shade. He might have added, I think, that a certain unexpected disproportion, a sudden starting up of these rough and bold mountains, hanging over the sweet and tranquil lakes below, in the forms and with the frowns of giants, produces a considerable part of the effect." *

In the spring of 1847, he made a journey through a portion of the Southern States, an account of which is preserved in a series of highly interesting letters. From one of these we take a long extract, embodying the results of his observations in the cotton-growing regions.

"Columbia, May 15, 1847,
Saturday morning, half past six.

"Dear Mrs. Paige, — The cotton culture was commenced in this State about the year 1795. Before that time, people lived by raising corn, tobacco, and indigo. These last articles are now scarcely raised. There is some tobacco and a little indigo down in the southeast corner of the State, but through all this region the crops are corn and cotton. Cotton is a tender plant in its early stages, and must be cultivated cleanly and carefully. When out of the ground two or three inches, the plants look very much like beans, as well in the shape as the color of their leaves. The seed is sown in rows or drills three feet apart, in common light lands, and four or four and a half in land of richer quality. On light lands it grows about two feet or two and a half high, on the bottoms four and a half or five. The yield is of course greater on the bottom lands, but the cotton itself not quite so white and valuable. It is said to be very beautiful when in blos-

* Vol. II. p. 63.

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som. Each petal or flower-leaf comes out white, then turns to scarlet, and then falls. The flowers come out not all at once, but in long succession, like those of buckwheat. But the owners think the cotton looks best in the autumn, when the pod or ball opens and the wool comes out full. They say the whole field looks as if it was covered with snow, and it looks too as if the planters might pay some of their debts. On common lands the crop of raw cotton may be seven hundred or eight hundred pounds to the acre, but more than half the weight is in the seed. Two hundred and fifty pounds or three hundred of clean cotton, is a fair crop on good common lands. When the plants come up in the rows, they are thinned by the hoe, and left to stand a foot apart. The land is kept clear of weeds by the plough, and repeated hoeings. In general, the proportion of labor to land is one hand to six or seven acres, and one mule to three hands. The hoeing, being light work, is mostly done by the women. Every morning the day's work is staked out into 'tasks,' and a task assigned to each hand. On the plantations I have seen, the people do not appear to be overworked. They usually get through their tasks by twelve or one o'clock, and have the rest of the day to themselves.

"The 'settlement' or 'negro quarter,' or huts in which the negroes live, are better or worse according to the ability or pleasure of the proprietor. Sometimes they are miserable straggling log hovels. On the larger and better conducted estates, they are tolerably decent boarded houses, standing along in a row. These are near the plantations, but not always near the mansion of the owner. Provisions are distributed by weight and measure to each family once a week. They consist, in this region, of bacon, corn-meal, and molasses. Most of the slaves have gardens, or little patches of land, in which they raise sweet potatoes and cabbages, &c., and they also keep poultry and catch fish. They usually assemble on Sundays, and have somebody to preach to them.

"The cotton lands, except the bottoms, are very much worn out and exhausted. Many planters having large numbers of slaves now buy new lands in the Southwest, and send some of their slaves there. Few cattle are kept on a cotton plantation, there being no grass. Green fields are merely poetical in this region. The lands get little manure, and that little is 'pine straw,' by which they mean pine and other leaves, scraped up in the woods, and put into the barnyard. The land is recruited, in general, merely by being allowed to rest every other year, or sometimes by being planted two years, and then resting two. The picking of the cotton is a long business, as the pods on the same plant ripen at different times. It occupies the hands from

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the 1st of November to Christmas. The slaves pick out the wool, put it into a little bag or basket, slung over the shoulder, and carry it to the place of collection. It is dried in the sun one day, and then ginned to get the seeds out, packed into bales, by means of screws, and then sent off to market. The profits of the year depend, of course, not only on the amount of the crop, but on the price of the article, which is liable to great variation. The raising of cotton, therefore, is an uncertain business. The wiser men begin to think of raising more corn and less cotton. The corn and cotton grow side by side, and sometimes the fields are immense. I think we saw on two adjacent plantations four thousand acres of corn and cotton, all under cultivation, and with nothing but a ditch or a bank separating the estates." *

Scattered through these letters there are of course frequent references to the public men with whom he was brought in contact, and the questions which were then agitated. These allusions are almost invariably marked by the candid and magnanimous tone to which we have already referred. Yet it should be observed, that Mr. Webster never hesitated, upon any proper occasion, to express his decided opinion of every measure which he deemed prejudicial to the public interests, of all factious combinations to promote a particular line of policy, of every public man whose wisdom or integrity he distrusted, and of every nomination which he thought "was not fit to be made." Many of these references are interesting and valuable, but perhaps the most attractive is an account of a visit to Mr. Jefferson, in December, 1824, a memorandum of which was subsequently prepared under Mr. Webster's dictation. The picture of the Virginia statesman is so graphic that we copy the whole.

"Mr. Jefferson is now between eighty-one and eighty-two, above six feet high, of an ample, long frame, rather thin and spare. His head, which is not peculiar in its shape, is set rather forward on his shoulders; and his neck being long, there is, when he is walking or conversing, an habitual protrusion of it. It is still well covered with hair, which having been once red, and now turning gray, is of an indistinct sandy color.

"His eyes are small, very light, and now neither brilliant nor striking. His chin is rather long, but not pointed. His nose

* Vol. II. pp. 252, 253.

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small, regular in its outline, and the nostrils a little elevated. His mouth is well formed, and still filled with teeth; it is strongly compressed, bearing an expression of contentment and benevolence. His complexion, formerly light and freckled, now bears the marks of age and cutaneous affection. His limbs are uncommonly long, his hands and feet very large, and his wrists of an extraordinary size. His walk is not precise and military, but easy and swinging. He stoops a little, not so much from age as from natural formation. When sitting, he appears short, partly from a rather lounging habit of sitting and partly from the disproportionate length of his limbs.

"His dress, when in the house, is a gray surtout coat, kerseymere stuff waistcoat, with an under one faced with some material of a dingy red. His pantaloons are very long and loose, and of the same color as his coat. His stockings are woollen either white or gray; and his shoes of the kind that bear his name. His whole dress is very much neglected, but not slovenly. He wears a common round hat. His dress when on horseback is a gray straight-bodied coat and a spencer of the same material, both fastened with large pearl buttons. When we first saw him, he was riding; and, in addition to the above articles of apparel, wore round his throat a knit white woollen tippet, in the place of a cravat, and black velvet gaiters under his pantaloons. His general appearance indicates an extraordinary degree of health, vivacity, and spirit. His sight is still good, for he needs glasses only in the evening. His hearing is generally good, but a number of voices in animated conversation confuses it.

"Mr. Jefferson rises in the morning as soon as he can see the hands of his clock, which is directly opposite his bed, and examines his thermometer immediately, as he keeps a regular meteorological diary. He employs himself chiefly in writing till breakfast, which is at nine. From that time till dinner, he is in his library, excepting that in fair weather he rides on horseback from seven to fourteen miles. Dines at four, returns to the drawing-room at six, when coffee is brought in, and passes the evening till nine in conversation. His habit of retiring at that hour is so strong, that it has become essential to his health and comfort. His diet is simple, but he seems restrained only by his taste. His breakfast is tea and coffee, bread always fresh from the oven, of which he does not seem afraid, with sometimes a slight accompaniment of cold meat. He enjoys his dinner well, taking with his meat a large proportion of vegetables. He has a strong preference for the wines of the Continent, of which he has many sorts of excellent quality, having been more than commonly successful in his mode of importing

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and preserving them. Among others we found the following, which are very rare in this country, and apparently not at all injured by transportation: L'Ednau, Muscat, Samian, and Blanchette de Limoux. Dinner is served in half Virginian, half French style, in good taste and abundance. No wine is put on the table till the cloth is removed.

"In conversation, Mr. Jefferson is easy and natural, and apparently not ambitious; it is not loud, as challenging general attention, but usually addressed to the person next him. The topics, when not selected to suit the character and feelings of his auditor, are those subjects with which his mind seems particularly occupied; and these, at present, may be said to be science and letters, and especially the University of Virginia, which is coming into existence almost entirely from his exertions, and will rise, it is to be hoped, to usefulness and credit under his continued care. When we were with him, his favorite subjects were Greek and Anglo-Saxon, historical recollections of the times and events of the Revolution, and of his residence in France from 1783–84 to 1789." *

No one, we think, can read these letters of Mr. Webster without noticing how seldom he refers to his own great efforts. Except in the case of the College Charter, which forms the subject of a long correspondence, the Greek question, and a few other instances, he seldom announces his intention to make a speech, or alludes to it afterwards. And unless our memory deceives us, there is not the slightest allusion in any of his letters to some of the ablest and most celebrated of his speeches and forensic arguments. Occasionally, however, we get a glimpse at the method of his preparation and the particular circumstances which roused him. Thus, in a friendly letter to Jeremiah Mason, he says:—

"Washington, February 27, 1830.

"Dear Sir,—The press has sent abroad all I said in the late debate, and you will have seen it. I have paid what attention I could to the reporter's notes; but in the midst of other pressing engagements I have not made either speech what it ought to be; but let them go. The whole matter was quite unexpected. I was busy with the court, and paying no attention to the debate which was going on sluggishly in the Senate, without exciting any interest. Happening to have nothing to do for the moment,

* Vol. I. pp. 364–366.

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in court, I went into the Senate, and Mr. Hayne, as it turned out, just then rose. When he sat down, my friends said he must be answered, and I thought so too, and being thus got in, thought I must go through. It is singular enough, though perhaps not unaccountable, that the feeling of this little public is all on our side. I may say to you that I never before spoke in the hearing of an audience so excited, so eager, and so sympathetic." *

Still Mr. Webster had a just estimate of the relative value of his own performances; and his short notes to Mr. Everett whilst the collected edition of his Works was passing through the press, show how severe and correct was his taste. In one note, he says: "I have some doubts about the title. It is too long; and besides 'forensic' is a hard word. 'Arguments' usually signify addresses made to the courts. What we say to a jury is commonly in England called a 'speech,' or an address. It is worth considering whether the title might better be 'The Speeches and Writings of D. W.'" † In another, he expresses the opinion that the reply to Hayne "must be regarded as No. 1, among my political efforts." ‡ In a third, he says: "My speech of the 7th of March, 1850, is probably the most important effort of my life, and as likely as any other to be often referred to. I think, therefore, it ought to have a short name for a running title, and for popular use. I should like to have 'Union' in it in some form, and would retain the date to distinguish it from other 'Union' speeches." §

The natural force of Mr. Webster's mind, and his entire control of its various operations, are abundantly shown in the facility with which he passed from one subject to another of a very different class, turning from the discussion of questions of great public moment to the management of his farms or to the composition of a friendly letter. His farming letters are models of clearness and directness; but, with two or three exceptions, they are not of much public interest. Perhaps the following is the best.

"Washington, March 13, 1852.

"JOHN TAYLOR,—I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that you are all well, and that your teams and tools are ready for spring's work, whenever the weather will allow you to

* Vol. I. p. 488.
† Vol. II. p. 416.
‡ Ibid., p. 415.
§ Ibid., pp. 473, 474.

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begin. I sometimes read books on farming, and I remember that a very sensible old author advises farmers 'to plough naked, and to sow naked.' By this, he means that there is no use in beginning spring's work till the weather is warm, that a farmer may throw aside his winter clothes, and roll up his sleeves. Yet he says we ought to begin as early in the year as possible. He wrote some very pretty verses on this subject, which, as far as I remember, run thus: —

'While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer;
And goad him till he smoke beneath his toil,
And the bright share is buried in the soil.' *

"John Taylor, when you read these lines, do you not see the snow melting, and the little streams beginning to run down the southern slopes of your Punch Brook pasture, and the new grass starting and growing in the trickling water, all green and bright and beautiful? And do you not see your Durham oxen, smoking from heat and perspiration, as they draw along your great breaking-up plough, cutting and turning over the tough sward in your meadow, in the great field?

"The name of this sensible author is Virgil, and he gives farmers much other advice, some of which you have been following all this winter, without even knowing that he had given it.

'But when cold weather, heavy snows, and rain
The laboring farmer in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work, with timely care,
Which else is huddled, when the skies are fair;
Then let him mark the sheep, and whet the shining share;
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store;
Or sharpen stakes, and mend each rack and fork;
So to be ready in good time to work,
Visit his crowded barns at early morn,
Look to his granary, and shell his corn;
Give a good breakfast to his numerous kine,
His shivering poultry, and his fattening swine.' *

"And Mr. Virgil says some other things, which you understand up at Franklin as well as ever he did.

'In chilling winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more;

* "Dryden's Virgil, Georg. I. 69."
† "Dryden's Virgil, Georg. I. 350. Considerably altered to fit it to the meridian of Franklin.

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> The farmer to full feasts invites his friends,
> And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends;
> Draws chairs around the fire, and tells once more
> Stories which often have been told before;
> Spreads a clean table, with things good to eat,
> And adds some moistening to his fruit and meat:
> They praise his hospitality, and feel
> They shall sleep better after such a meal.' *

"John Taylor, by the time you have got through this, you will have read enough.

"The sum of all is, be ready for your spring's work as soon as the weather becomes warm enough.

"And then put in the plough and look not back.

"DAN'L WEBSTER." †

This is very pleasant letter-writing, and shows how admirably Mr. Webster could adapt himself, in his familiar hours, to persons of the most various habits of mind.

Among the letters to Mr. Webster are several of much interest from Lord Ashburton, Mr. Madison, Lafayette, Jeremiah Mason, and especially from his brother, Ezekiel Webster, whose letters are always marked by clear and just views expressed in manly and dignified language. But there is not one which we have read with more interest than the following note from Chancellor Kent, in reference to a question long since decided, but which many persons have always thought was decided in an unfortunate way. ‡

"New York, January 21, 1830.

"DEAR SIR,—I ought to have replied earlier to your letter of the 15th instant; but I have been diverted by a number of perplexing avocations, each of them, singly, petty in its nature; but conjointly such things make up the sum of the life of ordinary minds. And now to the purpose. I beg leave to decline any opinion on the question you state. 1. I have not time to do it justice and render anything I could say worthy of you. 2. I am not going to undertake to instruct a senatorial Statesman, who

* "Dryden's Virgil, Georg. I. 404. The last six lines are in playful imitation of the original."

† Vol. II. pp. 513–515.

‡ In the Life of John Adams, Mr. C. F. Adams enters into an elaborate defence of the casting vote of his grandfather, by which the question was thus decided, and makes it one of many occasions to glorify his ancestor. Mr. Webster's opinion is well known. He declared over and over again, in his public speeches and his private correspondence, that he did not believe the President possessed the power, under the Constitution, to remove from office without the consent of the Senate.

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has thought upon the subject infinitely more than I have, for it comes officially before him.

"Hamilton, in The Federalist, No. 77, was of opinion that the President could not remove without the consent of the Senate. I heard the question debated in the summer of 1789, and Madison, Benson, Ames, Lawrence, &c. were in favor of the right of removal by the President, and such has been the opinion ever since, and the practice. I thought they were right, because I then thought this side uniformly right. Mr. White of Virginia was strenuously opposed to that construction. You will find the discussion in Fenno's United States Gazetteer for July or August or September, 1789. Madison reasoned technically like a lawyer. Now, when I come to think on the subject, with my confirmed, wary view of things, I pause and doubt of the construction, on account of the word 'advice.' That word is pregnant with meaning, and means something beyond consent to nominations, or it would not have been inserted. The consent, so it might be argued, applies to the individual named; the advice to the measure itself, which draws to it the whole ground of the interference. Again, it is a great and general principle, in all jurisprudence, that, when there is no positive provision in the case regulating the principle, the power that appoints is the power to determine the pleasure of the appointment and the limitation. It is the power to reappoint; and the power to appoint and reappoint, when all else is silent, is the power to remove. I begin to have a strong suspicion that Hamilton was right, as he always was on public questions.

"On the other hand, it is too late to call the President's power in question, after a declaratory act of Congress, and an acquiescence of half a century. We should hurt the reputation of our government with the world, and we are accused already of the republican tendency of reducing all executive power into the legislative, and making Congress a national convention. That the President grossly abuses the power of removal is manifest, but it is the evil genius of Democracy to be the sport of factions. Hamilton said in The Federalist, in his speeches, and a hundred times to me, that factions would ruin us, and our government had not sufficient balance and energy to resist the propensity to them, and to control their tyranny and their profligacy. All theories of government that suppose the mass of the people virtuous, and able and willing to act virtuously, are plainly Utopian, and will remain so until the return of the Saturnian age.

"Yours very sincerely,

"James Kent." *

* Vol. I. pp. 486, 487.

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From the opinion expressed in the last sentence of this letter many readers will dissent; and we could have wished for a more decided opinion in answer to Mr. Webster's question. But it is clear from the whole tenor of his letter that the Chancellor's early views had been greatly modified by subsequent study.

In these remarks, and in our selections from Mr. Webster's correspondence, we have endeavored to abstain, as far as it was practicable to do so, from any reference to the political questions in the discussion of which so large a part of his life was spent. The time has not yet come for an impartial review of his political career. For nearly forty years he occupied a conspicuous position before the country; and, as we observed at the beginning, his history is known to all men. It is part of the inheritance which will go down to the remotest generations. Already the angry and unprincipled partisanship by which he was so often assailed is giving place to juster and more candid views. Men who reviled him when he was living are eager now that he is dead to prop their arguments by the authority of his great name. He foresaw all this, and with the sure vision of a wise and thoughtful mind, conscious of right intentions and patriotic deeds, he left the vindication of his course to the calm judgment of posterity. "Now, gentlemen," he said in his last speech to the citizens of Boston, "from that time, — from the time I entered into the Congress of the United States, at the wish of the people of Boston, — my manner of political life is known to you all. I do not stand here to-night to apologize for it. Less do I stand here to demand any approbation. I leave it all to my country, to posterity, and the world to say whether it will, or will not, stand the test of time and truth." Noble words with which to close a long life dedicated to the service of the whole country! Who that heard them on that pleasant summer evening, with the light of the setting sun lingering on the orator's head, or who reads them now with the scene still fresh in his memory, can doubt for a moment that, however much men may have differed in regard to particular acts in his public life, it will stand the test to which he appealed, and that his name will continue to be held in increasing honor? Consider the long line of his public services, the splendid achieve-

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ments of his imperial intellect at the bar, in the deliberative assembly, as a member of the Cabinet, and before the people; consider, in a word, what he did and what he was; and who can fail to recognize the elements of an imperishable renown? Washington, Hamilton, Webster, — whatever other names on this Western continent may fade from the memory of men, these will shine for ever with an undiminished lustre. Framers or defenders of that matchless fabric of government under which we live, their fame is secure.

C. C. S.

Art. III. — REFLECTIONS.

Military splendor resembles the glittering veil of the prophet of Khorassan.

A pen which runs too long will lose its point.

A large part of some men's reputation (to borrow an image from heat) is latent, till death shows how much more they have been esteemed than talked of.

Peace of mind is not repose; it is maintained like the peace of society, by the constant repression of disturbing causes.

We learn our ignorance by attempting to apply our knowledge. Much of our wisdom consists in seeing how little the rest is.

A German proverb says, "A mother's love is new every day."

Although her eye may fail with age,
Although her feet may falter,
A mother's heart is always young,
Her love can never alter.

The mind is trained for high action by the discharge of humble duties.

True philosophy has depth without darkness, but much which passes for it has darkness without depth.

The "originality" of many writers in our day resembles that of a harlequin walking on his hands instead of

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his feet, perverting nature to make people stare, but accomplishing nothing valuable. Tricks of style cannot conceal poverty of thought.

> Learn when to stop and where to blot,
> And don't put out your piece while hot!
> You 'd better give it time to cool,
> Than find too late you 've been a fool.

It is not round sentences, but pointed ones, that stick in the memory.

> The scholar lingers in the past
> And lets the crowd go by;
> He turns from that which cannot last
> To that which cannot die.

> Departed minds abiding influence shed;
> The world is taught and governed by the dead.

Many a man does harm to win the reputation of doing good; thrusting forward something new, labelled with his name, to displace something old which was better.

> With each advance, the goal before us flies;
> Where can he rest who would for ever rise?

Men and women of the "upper classes" often resemble household furniture made too handsome for use. They should resemble the noble instruments of science, which combine the highest polish with the highest power.

The gratifications of ambition exclude those of sympathy.

Overweening ambition makes men despise most of the world, and dislike the rest.

Political power often resembles the poisoned shirt of Nessus, consuming the favorite on whom it is bestowed.

Particular truths may be sufficiently ascertained for practical purposes; but systems of philosophy are apt to resemble the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, which had feet partly of iron and partly of clay, and was broken to pieces by the first stone thrown against it.

In youth we suffer from inexperience, in manhood from care, in old age from infirmity. The circle in which a man moves enlarges as his strength increases, and con-

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tracts as it diminishes, till he reels like an exhausted top, and falls and lies still.

Wickedness unpunished lures the wicked to destruction.

The beautiful hues of fiction are common light which has passed through the prism of the imagination.

Any man can make himself interesting by making himself ridiculous.

Patience is power.

Men's interests require that they should understand each other; and Providence has made it almost impossible for us to keep our real characters long concealed.

He who scoffs at our prejudices makes us think ill of him, not of them.

To avoid great mistakes, we must profit by small ones.

In most cases, the noisy notoriety of a popular favorite resembles a shuttlecock kept up by incessant effort.

How hard the luxurious toil "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet," losing high gratifications while striving in vain to exalt low ones.

The superstitions of different countries and ages vary in kind much more than in amount.

> The bottom of an azure sea
> Is man's abode, but who can tell
> What beings in its bosom dwell?

> 'T is one of the triumphs of spirit and grace,
> To sharpen the point of a dull commonplace.

We experience but few of the evils to which we are exposed.

Great events often make small men famous.

A book with a quaint title resembles a face with a perpetual grin.

Parents pay for their children's experience.

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A man who marries a frivolous flirt "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

The modes of men's training differ more than the results; and their outward more than their inward condition. The changes which are continually going on in our outward condition tend in one respect to keep our inward condition unchanged, for they subject us continually to the trials which accompany inexperience.

If time weakens the evidence of miracles, it confirms the truths which were received on their authority.

The regard which a man pays to his words is the measure of the regard which they receive from others.

Disgust and despair follow the drunkard like his shadow.

Better be blamed for doing right, than praised for doing wrong.

Who's truly wise? The man who tries, with all his might, to do what's right.

Novelty and variety charm by exciting hope.

Ceremony is the shield of the wise and the screen of the weak.

A man engrossed by small duties is in danger of overlooking great ones.

Reforms will never produce the millennium, while they continue to be followed by new evils requiring new reforms.

If a man's first object be praise, the opinions of others must be his standard; but the leaders of mankind find their standard in themselves, and raise the thoughts of others to a correspondence with their own.

The high are praised for what the humble do unnoticed.

We cannot make others respectful or grateful by complaining that they are not so.

The young boast because they have not been tried; the old, because they do not expect to be.

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To know yourself as you are known,
Observe yourself in others shown!

Men lose much of the good that lies in their way, because they will not stoop to pick it up.

We find our way through this world by light from a higher one.

To instruct or amuse, a writer must be able to look at his subject from his readers' point of view.

Men should be "lured to brighter worlds," rather than driven there.

A dwarf is a more popular show than a giant; for the dwarf makes the spectators giants, while the giant makes the spectators dwarfs.

He who suffers little from outward evils, often suffers much from anxiety to avert them. An anxious man should struggle against depressing fears. If his bark cannot dance over the waters, he should still keep her head to the waves.

"Subjective" and "objective." The subject is the perceiver, the object is the thing perceived. Objective is what belongs to the object. To see a thing objectively is to see it as it is. To see a thing subjectively is to see it as affected by the character or state of the subject. Of course man can only approximate to objective truth. Every one's views are more or less partial and prejudiced. The words correspond nearly to *apparent* and *real*.

Men's pride demands that those who wish for their favor should show that they value it by making sacrifices to obtain it. Etiquette exacts trouble.

Trifling matters are often as complicated as grave ones. Men usually cut such knots because they have not leisure to untie them. But they often give much annoyance to those who have time to spare. The easier a man's circumstances, the more leisure he has to think of his troubles.

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The electric fluid, which may be drawn from our persons in shining flame, is an apt illustration of a spiritual body in the natural body.

In the present state, good and evil combine by natural affinity.

We have met somewhere with the following thought: "Though life's a troubled sea, yet every billow helps to bear us home."

The greatest rogues complain most of being slandered.

Milton's "outwatch the Bear," * was lately brought to my mind by the remark of a poor seamstress. "I have sometimes," said she, "kept on sewing till I blew out my light and sewed on by daylight."

An argument, like a cone, should have a broad foundation and terminate in a point; but many a one that we meet resembles a cone bottom up.

Vanity makes men furnish their minds as they do their houses, for show more than for use.

Much of the pompous philosophy and poetry of our time resembles a great fog rising from a little river.

A man who angles in his own mind for good thoughts gets more nibbles than bites.

A writer becomes tame by too much effort to be emphatic. Nothing is more flat than a dead level of extravagance.

The height of meanness is to exult in its success.

Who is not distanced in the race with duty?

We are too much inclined to look on others as machines for doing our work.

Bank-bills are make-believe money.

Applause for swerving from the right
May pass awhile for fame;
But time, which wears the gilding off,
Converts it into shame.

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* Sit up all night.

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Sophistry is made more apparent by leaving out connecting particles; for those propositions which cannot stand alone are more likely to show their weakness when left alone.

"Original thoughts" are often such as wise men have refrained from presenting.

> The warp of life 's the work of fate,
> The filling of it ours.

> Whether our lot be good or ill
> Depends so much upon the will
> Of others, that to give offence
> Without good cause shows want of sense.

A slight outline often presents a striking likeness of a face or figure. Accident may produce the same effect, and convert a bush or guide-post or garment into a spectre.

A great many improvements consist in putting *meum* in the room of *tuum*.

Successive improvements often bring men back to the point from which they started.

Learning strengthens a wise man, but only bolsters a pedant.

The "words that burn" are those in which the rays of thought are collected into a focus.

An eminent judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, many years deceased, being in company with a zealous Calvinist, a conversation took place between them on the subject of original sin, respecting which they entertained very different opinions. After the discussion had continued some time, the judge remarked: "I suppose you will admit that original sin is either divisible or indivisible." "Yes," replied the Calvinist, "I think I must admit that." "Then," said the judge, "if it is indivisible, Adam of course had the whole of it; and if it is divisible, each of his descendants at this time must have so small a fraction, that it seems to be no great matter after all."

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It ought to be a pleasant thought that very many men are greater and better than one's self; for the more numerous such men are, the more likely is the destiny of our race to be a high one.

The positive degree is best fitted to produce a permanent effect, and the superlative a temporary one.

In days when the writers among us were few,
And each was acquainted with all of the dozen,
A man who came out with a cutting review
Resembled a cannibal eating his cousin.

E. W.

Art. IV. — AN EXCURSUS ON THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE PHILIPPIANS, II. 5–8.*

5 Common Version. — "Let this mind be in you which was
6 also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought
7 it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was
8 made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

5 Revised Translation. — "For let the same disposition be
6 in you which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not an object to grasp at to be equal to God;
7 but made himself empty, taking the form of a servant, becoming like common men, and in mode of life being found as a
8 common man. He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, the death of the cross."

The scope of the passage is sufficiently clear. It teaches that, in conformity to the example of Christ

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* Commentators examined and referred to on the passage: — Calvinus, Beza, Crellius, Slichtingius, Grotius, Hammond, Le Clerc, Bengelius, Wetstenius, Heinrichs, Belsham, Neander (translated by Mrs. Conant), De Wette, Meyer, Wiesinger (translated by Rev. J. Fulton), Conybeare and Howson. Also, the following Works: — Melancthon, *Loci Praecipui Theologici*, p. 40, Basle, 1555. F. Socinus, *Opera*, Vol. II. pp. 381, 576, Amsterdam, 1656. Pearson *on the Creed*, Art. II. Burnet *on the Thirty-nine Articles*, Art. II. Sherlock, *Discourses (on Philippians* ii. 6–11), Vol. IV., London, 1764. Lardner, *Works*, Vol. IX. *4th Discourse on Philippians*, London, 1838.

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Jesus, we should exercise, not pride and self-indulgence, but humility and self-renunciation; that, in possession of whatever means of influence or honor, we should not aim at personal distinction, but disregard the consideration which mere station or power may give, performing kind deeds and lowly duties, and cultivating the feeling of brotherhood with the human race, — should pursue the path of obedience to God, though it lead through ignominy and suffering to death; that this is the sure way to be highly exalted in the end. But the exhortation of the Apostle has been used less for practical than for doctrinal purposes. Both the Greek and Latin interpreters, and the great majority of Protestant commentators and theologians, down to the present day, have found in it one of the principal supports of the doctrine of the Deity of Christ. The language of Calvin expresses the tenacity, though not, we believe, the temper, with which it is still held. "He who does not see that the eternal divinity of Christ is asserted in these words," he says, "is blind. I indeed confess that Paul does not make mention of the divine *essence* of Christ, but it does not therefore follow that the passage is insufficient for overthrowing the impiety of the Arians. Surely not all the devils may wrest it from me." Says Beza: "There is scarcely another passage more illustrious than this for refuting all the heresies against the person of Christ." And says Watson: "It is impossible to explain this passage in any way which does not imply our Lord's essential divinity. There is no alternative between orthodoxy and the most glaring critical absurdity." *

At some risk, we fear, of being tedious except to those interested in the history of doctrinal opinions, we seek to show that all the attempts to interpret this passage as asserting the pre-existence and Deity of Christ, are failures. Slowly but surely, especially within the last half-

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Dr. S. Clarke, *Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*, Part I., § 934, London, 1712. Belsham, *Calm Inquiry*, pp. 82–93, London, 1811. J. Pye Smith, *Scripture Testimony to the Messiah*, Vol. II. pp. 122–148, London, 1847. Robert Hall, *Works*, Vol. III. pp. 24–28, 340–353, New York, 1833. Stuart, *Letters to Channing*, pp. 88–92, Andover, 1819. Norton, *Statement of Reasons*, pp. 191–193, Boston, 1856. Woods, *Works*, Vol. I. Lect. XXIV. Dr. F. C. Baur, *Paulus, Sein Leben und Wirken, seine Briefe und seine Lehre*, pp. 458–464, Stuttgart, 1845.

A few others will be found named in the body of the Article.

* Institutes of Theology.

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century, has one "proof-text" after another been given up, and many more are yet to be abandoned. With the advancement and more general diffusion of Biblical science; with the spreading conviction that it is not through moral blindness or a spirit of unbelief that so many have been unable to find in the New Testament certain doctrines popularly called Evangelical; with a study of the Gospel more to learn and imbibe its spirit than to form a system, a better day for Christianity will at last arrive.

Ver. 5. — We follow, throughout, the Greek text of Griesbach, which differs from the Received Text only in interpunction, but agrees in this latter respect with that of Tischendorf, also with the Vulgate, Luther's and De Wette's translations. Lachmann's interpunction is that of the Received Text. Φρονεῖτε, instead of φρονείσθω, is in the oldest manuscript, is adopted by Lachmann, and is sustained by the use of the active voice of this verb in every other instance in Paul's Epistles. It is found in the Paris edition of Tischendorf, 1849, but the latter is adopted in the Leipsic edition of 1850. Tischendorf and Lachmann omit γάρ, nor is it in the three oldest manuscripts; but it has good authority, and is to be explained as introducing an example for illustration of what had just been said in verses third and fourth.

Ver. 6. — ὃς ἐν μορφῇ θεοῦ ὑπάρχων, *who being in the form of God.* According to Calvin,* Beza, Hammond, Bengel, Whitby, Dr. S. Clarke, Doddridge, Stuart, Bloomfield, J. Pye Smith, Meyer, Wiesinger, Conybeare and Howson, and others, the Logos *unincarnate*, "Christ Jesus in the pre-human condition," is the subject of this verse. According to Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, Grotius, Le Clerc, Wetstein, Heinrichs, Norton, Neander, De Wette, and some others, the Logos *incarnate* is the subject. All the former (Dr. S. Clarke excepted), and also Luther, Melancthon, Neander, and De Wette among the latter, regard it as directly teaching, or implying, the Deity of

* Both De Wette and Meyer class Calvin with the interpreters who regard ver. 6 as spoken of the Logos *incarnate*. But Calvin very explicitly says: "Christ, therefore, before the world was made, was in the form of God; because he was in possession of his glory with the Father from the beginning." Again: "The divine essence of Christ is rightly proved from the majesty of Christ which he had equally with the Father before he humbled himself." See Commentary on the passage.

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Christ. The reasons for considering the Logos incarnate, or the historic Christ, the subject, we think, are adequately stated by De Wette as follows: "(1.) The name Christ Jesus denotes this; (2.) the discourse in vs. 8–11 is clearly of Christ dwelling on earth and exalted to heaven; (3.) only the historic Christ can be adduced as Exemplar." On the other hand, Meyer insists on the propriety of the name Christ Jesus as designating "the subject, not of the pre-human glory *alone*, but at the same time also of the human abasement and the subsequent exaltation; that Paul connects with the relative pronoun 'who' the *whole summary* of the history of Jesus, with influence of his pre-human 'habitus'; that hence v. 8–11 cannot by itself enable us to determine the subject of discourse,; but the power of the *example*, which of course first in the historic Christ comes to manifestation, has its root historically and ethically just in that which in v. 6 is asserted of the condition *before* his human manifestation." We do not see that the reply is conclusive, the phraseology and argument of the Apostle being what they are. And certainly the answer to the third point fails signally just here, — that such an example could be followed only by a king descending to the condition of a subject; by a rich man relinquishing his riches and wedding himself to poverty; by such as should be in a higher state or condition of being, and should abandon it for a lower. We commence the interpretation, therefore, with what seems an antecedent demand to apply the various affirmations of the whole passage to the historic Christ. The examination of particulars will altogether vindicate and sustain this view.

The Christian Fathers took "form" in the sense of *nature*, *essence*, *state of being*, and they have been followed by many moderns, — by Hammond, Schleusner, Stuart, J. Pye Smith, Neander, Conybeare and Howson, and others. Robinson also (in Lexicon) thinks "it may have the sense of nature," though he does not here adopt it. The authorities referred to are three, as follows: — First, the Bacchæ of Euripides, l. 54, "I have changed my form into man's nature." But clearly this is the *bodily* nature of man, the outward, not the inward, essential form. Accordingly, in the opening sentence of the play, Bacchus says, "I have taken a mortal form in-

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stead of a god's." (2.) The Republic of Plato, 381. c.: "Each of them [the gods] being the most beautiful and excellent possible, evermore remains simply in his own form." Here the subject of discourse is not the *nature* of the gods, but the legends of their metamorphoses. For he proceeds to say, "Let none of the poets tell us how

> 'The gods, in the likeness of strangers from other lands,
> Resorting to every expedient, visit cities.'

Let none tell falsehoods about Proteus and Thetis, nor in tragedies or other poems introduce Hera changed into a priestess." (3.) Josephus, against Apion, II. 23: "He [God] is clearly seen in his works and favors, and is more manifest than every being whatsoever, but both in form and size [μορφήν τε καὶ μέγεθος, which Dr. Smith translates "nature and majesty," following the Latin version] is the most invisible to us. For every kind of material, though very costly, is worthless for an image of Him, and all art rude for the purpose of representing Him. Nothing resembling Him have we either seen, or can we think of, nor is it allowable to make a likeness of Him." Meyer concedes that in all these instances the word "is to be rigorously held in its literal significance," that "it is to be taken neither like *nature* or *essence*, nor *state*." Wiesinger agrees with him, and, comparing it with the Latin word "forma" by transposition of letters, remarks that "on its signification the more recent commentators are pretty much at one."

We next turn to its use in the Bible. It is found in v. 7 of this same passage in Philippians, "form of a servant," where it denotes resemblance to a servant; in what respect, and to what extent, will be considered in the proper place. Also, in Mark xvi. 12, "He appeared in another form unto two of them." Certainly this refers to the external appearance, in which Jesus seemed to them not to resemble his former self.

It occurs in various places in the Old Testament (Septuagint version) in the sense of likeness, visible shape, features, figure, aspect.

Derivatives from it are found in Galatians iv. 19, "until Christ be formed in you"; Romans ii. 20, "having the form of knowledge and truth in the law"; 2 Timothy iii. 5, "having a form of godliness." The first

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expresses the intense desire of the Apostle that the Galatians might be born anew in the image of Christ, so that Christ should, as it were, look, speak, act through them, and his spirit be the law of their life. In the second text, the meaning is that of model, standard, pattern. In the last, form is expressly distinguished from substance. The word also appears in a compound derivative, Matt. xvii. 2, Mark ix. 2, "was transfigured"; Romans xii. 2, "be ye transformed"; 2 Corinthians iii. 18, "are changed into the same image." In the first, it denotes change of visible outward appearance; in the second, change from worldly manners and habitudes into the Christian, effected by spiritual renewal. In the last, with its context, there is allusion to Moses, who in addressing the Jews wore a veil over his face, that shone too brightly for their gaze, but took it off when he went into the tabernacle to commune with God face to face; while Christian believers, more favored than the children of Israel, needed not that apostles who spake to them from the Lord should put a veil on, but along with them, like Moses himself, could face to face behold the glory of the Lord, the glorious image of God which shone in Christ as in a mirror, and from which the Spirit of the Lord proceeding changes the beholder into the same image from glory to glory. (Compare 2 Cor. iv. 4, 6; John xiv. 8, 9; Hebrews x. 19–22.)

Another compound derivative occurs Philippians iii. 10, 21; Romans viii. 29; in all three of which the signification is that of resemblance in a mode or form perceived by the senses or by the eye of the mind.

Guided, then, by the universal signification, both in classic and Scripture usage, what is it to be in the form of God but to resemble him in the form or forms in which he has manifested himself? Here, indeed, the great majority of interpreters substantially agree. But as to the nature and extent of the resemblance, and the time when, how diverse and discordant the opinions! Says Erasmus (in Beza): "the appearance and figure presented to us in the flesh, in which he incidentally threw out scintillations of God, referring these always to the Father." Luther (in De Wette): "the manifestation of himself by words and works as a Lord and God, besides having also the divine nature in the divine form

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which he bore." Calvin: "the majesty which indicates God, as royal state indicates a king." Beza: "that glory and majesty which belong to God alone, which he laid aside to assume humanity." Grotius (with whom agree Crellius, Slichting, Le Clerc, and others): "Form does not here signify anything internal and hidden, but that which meets the eyes, such as Christ's extraordinary power in healing all diseases, casting out demons, changing the natures of things; which is truly divine, so that Moses, who did not do so great things, was on that account called 'god to Pharaoh.'" Sherlock: "glories proper and peculiar to the presence of God." Wetstein: "The Son of God, after he had been beheld in human form, also appeared in the form of God in the transfiguration." Whitby, Dr. S. Clarke, Macknight, and Dr. A. Clarke: "the majesty in which God is represented in Scripture, and in which the Logos showed himself to Moses and the patriarchs." Storr (in De Wette): "the divine blessedness and glory." Newcome: "the outward appearance of God before his incarnation." J. G. Rosenmüller: "the august nature of Christ unincarnate; his divine authority and majesty illustrated by miracles." Heinrichs: "the whole divine majesty and authority which shone from Christ's countenance, teaching, and actions." Lardner, adding to Grotius's explanation: "the wonderful knowledge which the Lord Jesus showed, and the conveyance to his disciples of spiritual gifts." Professor Norton: "the image of God, or as God; he was like God, or he was equal with God (the latter words being correctly understood); because he was a minister in the hands of God, wholly under his direction; because his words were the words of God, his miracles the works of the Father who sent him, and his authority as a teacher and legislator that of the Almighty, not human, but divine." Robinson: "like God, as God, where the force of the antithesis refers most naturally to the divine majesty and glory." Stuart: "the condition and state of one who is truly divine." De Wette: "Image of God (in itself a *form*) consists, according to its *essence*, in the divine glory. Only it is questionable how Paul thought for himself of this glory according to its constituent elements. Certainly he reckoned as belonging to it the 'grace and truth' (John i. 14) and all the moral attri-

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butes of God (Colossians ii. 9); probably also, according to the doctrine of the Church standards, omnipotence, and, as its expression, the power of working miracles." Bengel: "Form denotes not deity, but something gleaming from it; not equality with God, but something prior to it; the figure of God; that is, form shining forth from the very glory of invisible Deity. The divine nature had an infinite beauty in itself, even without any creature beholding that beauty; as in a man of sound constitution and elegant symmetry of body a beauty shines, whether it has spectators or not. Nevertheless, he who existed in the form of God is God." Meyer: "Form characterizes Christ's pre-human form of existence, the Logos with God in the fellowship of the divine glory, according to which he was God's image (as such, also, organ and purpose of the world's creation), and to which he again returned by virtue of his ascension to heaven, having now by means of his glorified body this divine glory visibly (as possessor of which he had God's form invisibly before his incarnation), in order not to be again without it at his coming, but to appear in and with it. It is the shape of God (John v. 37), which the Son also essentially had in his pre-human glory (John xvii. 5)." Wiesinger: "Form of God describes the glory of that state of existence out of which he passed to enter into that of the form of servant."

All these interpretations may be classed under four heads: — (1.) Christ in the glory of very God before the world was, and before his appearance on earth; (2.) Christ as Son of God in a pre-existent state; (3.) Christ Jesus on earth as the God-Man; (4.) The man Christ Jesus as the Son of God. Now is there anything to determine, on just principles of interpretation, which, and which alone, of these must be the true one? First, having dismissed those interpretations which give to "form" the signification of *nature*, or state of being, we say that to regard the *historic* Christ as the subject obliges us to dismiss also all those which designate Christ unincarnate and pre-existent. Secondly, the use of a word denoting resemblance does not go to the extent of affirming sameness or equality; to say that it does, commits the fallacy of arguing from resemblance in some respects to resemblance in all, and is contrary

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to common observation. Thirdly, to argue from the words and works of Jesus that he was God, is to assign a cause which he repeatedly disavowed in ascribing his power and truth to the Father who sent him, and dwelt in him. Fourthly, to say, as De Wette does, that "form of God" probably indicates omnipotence, makes form denote essential characteristic, distinguishing property, substantive faculty, that is to say, *nature*, — which De Wette himself opposes and rejects. These general considerations seem to dispose of the first three classes of interpretations, and to leave only the fourth. But the full conviction that only the historic Christ is spoken of, with no reference to his Deity and pre-existence, we rest on what we have yet further to say in developing the meaning of the passage.

The "form of God," as explained by the various interpretations embraced in the fourth class is (1.) the glory of Christ displayed in the Transfiguration (Matthew xvii. compared with 2 Peter i.) This was like that of the theophanies of old, and Jesus may have had the power to bring it at any time into manifestation. Indeed, he who looks thoughtfully on Jesus seems to see, in his person among the wedding-guests at Cana, and in the fisherman's boat on the lake, and distributing food among hungry thousands, and at the home and tomb of Lazarus, nay, with basin and towel in hand, washing and wiping his disciples' feet, and amid all the circumstances of his arrest and trial and crucifixion, one "whose face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light."

The form of God was (2.) "the image of God" (compare 2 Corinthians iv. 4, Colossians i. 15); "the radiance of God's glory, the very stamp of his divine nature" (Hebrews i. 3). These appellations are connected with assertions of his dominion and power, and of his office as Head of the Church and Redeemer of the world. Now to man also is given the same appellation, "image and glory of God" (1 Cor. xi. 7), with probable reference to the account of the creation in the book of Genesis, "created man in his image." Christ therefore, the highest of the sons of God, might be set forth in a description of similar purport with *glorious image*, but expressive of a still more divine resemblance, namely, "the form of

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God." Thus also John, having narrated the miracle of turning water into wine, adds, "and manifested forth his glory" (ii. 11); and in that sublime declaration, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," he does no more and no less than to set him forth, by office and in person, as "in the form of God." So Jesus himself said, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9). So Paul, when he called him "the image of God," spake, in connection, of "the glorious gospel of Christ," of "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," — that face in which God, too bright for direct mortal gaze, may be seen reflected, as a bright object in a mirror (2 Cor. iii. 18; iv. 4, 6). In ideas of goodness and mercy, wisdom and truth, holiness and power, we have our best conceptions of Him, who, in the noble language of the Jewish historian, "is distinctly beheld in his works and favors, and is more evident than every being whatsoever, but who in form and size is the most invisible to us. All art is rude for the purpose of representing Him." But in the person and character of his Son, and in what He has done by him to make all things new, we are enabled more truly and adequately to conceive of the Invisible One, while we behold him face to face, in the interior temple of our spiritual life. If God is love, he who perceives the divine love in Christ sees God; and with purer aspirations than those of the Stagirite philosopher after virtue may he exclaim: "O fairest pursuit in life! For thy *form*, O virgin, even to die, or to undergo severe, unrelaxing toil, is an envied destiny!" In short, the words and acts, the spirit and life of Jesus, were the DIVINE FORM in which God, by the richest and most affecting of all his methods of manifestation, has presented himself to the children of men, "all the fulness of the Godhead dwelling in him bodily" (Colossians ii. 9).

To the interpretation which refers "form of God" to the glory which shone from our Saviour's teaching, acts, and example, De Wette objects, that "it misses the right stand-point, since this appearing of the divine majesty found place in the whole life of Christ; but his being in 'the form of God' must precede, if not indeed his earth-

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ly life, at least his historical career, because verses 7, 8 refer to the latter." But surely, if we take that stand-point where De Wette places it, at the baptism by John, we behold Jesus in the form of God all the way through, to the completion of his ministry. Or should any still insist, with De Wette, that "to regard 'being in the form of God' as identical with the glory shining forth during Christ's life (John i. 14, ii. 11), does not permit the stand-point to be taken before the historical close of that life," surely that very close furnishes the best place for a stand-point. Standing there, we can see how, from his first request of John, "Suffer it to be so now," to the last cry, "It is finished," he was in the form of God and shone the glory of God.

The word ὑπάρχων, *being*, occurs in the same participial form and grammatical construction in Luke xvi. 23, "being in torments"; also in a passage in Eusebius, V. 2, hereafter to be noticed, "being in so great repute." The sentiment may be either *although*, or *at the very time*, he was in the form of God. Meyer insists on the latter, Wiesinger on the former; but the difference is unimportant. There is no usage to sustain Bretschneider's interpretation (in Lexicon), "being *now*," that is, while Paul wrote, "in divine glory"; or Storr's (in Smith), "when he might have been in the divine glory he now possesses." Nor is there to be found any support for the notion of Beza, Bishop Pearson, Watson, and some others, that "ὑπάρχων denotes permanent pre-existence, subsisting."

οὐχ ἁρπαγμὸν ἡγήσατο, *thought it not an object to grasp at.* The word ἁρπάγμος, *an object to be grasped*, or *an object of seizure*, translated in the English version "robbery," occurs nowhere else in the Bible. The word from which it is derived is, however, of frequent occurrence, Matthew xi. 12, xiii. 19, John vi. 15, Acts viii. 39, and means *to catch up, or away, suddenly;* hence, *to seize upon what was previously not one's own.* Another derivative noun occurs, Matthew xxiii. 25, Luke xi. 39, Hebrews x. 34, in the sense of spoil, plunder, "spoiling." The word in the text occurs in the active signification of *robbery*, or *rape*, in Plutarch, and this is maintained to be the sense here in Philippians by Calvin, Hammond, Meyer, and other distinguished critics. Unquestionably this is the

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primary signification of the word, as indicated by the termination μος. But to this active sense there is the objection urged by Le Clerc and others, that it would require a different construction, as follows: 'who, being in the form of God, and *deeming* it not robbery, &c., made himself empty.' The active sense, moreover, does not suit the context; for "is it not strange," we may ask with Wiesinger, "that the Apostle should urge the Philippians to self-denying love, by telling them that Christ did not consider his being equal to God as the seizure of a possession belonging to another?" There is also the objection, urged by Erasmus and Wetstein: "What great thing did Paul attribute to Christ, if, when he was God [either] by nature [or in glory], he regarded it not as robbery, — that is, knew himself?" Calvin seeks refuge from "the cavils" of Erasmus by giving to the indicative aorist the force of the subjunctive, and asserts that Paul meant to say, "might without wrong, might justly and properly, have appeared equal to God"; in support of which he refers to Rom. ix. 3; 1 Cor. ii. 8. But the first is simply the imperfect *I was wishing*, and to the second is prefixed the particle of *condition*, which is wanting in the phrase in Philippians. Beza, not accepting Calvin's expedient to get rid of the difficulty, urges that "the greatest mystery is contained in these words." And even Meyer is driven at last to the same stand-point; for he asks, in the language of Chrysostom, "If Christ was God, how had he to seize it? and how incomprehensible is not this? For who would say that a certain person, being a man, did not seize on being a man? For how could one seize on being what he is?" Sufficiently perplexing questions to those who thus interpret! Sufficiently difficult also to see how such a declaration affirms our Lord's *dignity*, as these critics maintain!

It would seem necessary, therefore, to depart from the primary, active signification, if usage permits. Now words ending in μος often have the signification of words ending in μα; that is, they have the *passive* signification. Bloomfield, who opposes this, is obliged to confess that, of some hundred which he examined, he found about *one fifth* used *passively*. Accordingly, many take the word in the sense, not of robbery, seizing an object, but of

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plunder, the thing seized. If, however, "to be equal to God" must denote something which Christ previously possessed, then it makes no difference whether the word is used actively or passively. For, as Hammond says, "it is all one that he counted it no prey, prize, acquisition, or robbery, that he was equal with God." Socinus and Slichting explain, "thought it not a prey because it was a *gift*"; and Belsham says, "not his own, but given." Just the opposite, Chrysostom (in De Wette), that "Christ thought it not a prey, because he had it by *nature*." Neither of these explanations is worth anything.

A remote signification is adopted by many, borrowed from the consideration that robbers and conquerors *exult in*, or *hold fast*, *retain*, their spoil. The former is presented by Rosenmüller, Wetstein, Grotius, and others; the latter, by Schleusner (who also gives, "did not always make conspicuous, sometimes abstained from it"), Norton, Stuart, and others. Belsham and Neander render, "did not eagerly, peremptorily claim." Wiesinger, "did not say that to use the divine condition must be eagerly seized by him"; that is, "decided to give up the possession of it." An insuperable objection to all these interpretations is, that no usage supports them.

Others interpret the phrase as conveying the idea that Jesus "was not inclined to snatch to himself equality with God," but *waited* for it until after his ascension. So Bretschneider and De Wette. So also Athanasius, who says (in Wetstein), "David, having been anointed to be king, did not instantly seize the kingdom, but refrained a long time, being Saul's servant; and our Saviour, who was born king before the ages, refrained, nor deemed it an object to snatch at to be equal with God." A like thought (not the noun, but the *verb*, is used) is found in Florus, a Latin historian of the second century (in Wetstein): "The kingdom of his ancestors, which was held by Servius, he [Tarquin] chose to seize rather than wait for." We defer final decision upon this interpretation until we come to the phrase "to be equal to God."

The same signification, without the added notion of waiting, is adopted substantially by many, who render it *an object of solicitous desire*, *an object to be caught at*.

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So Whitby, Stuart, Smith, and many others. This we regard as the true meaning, and it appears in our translation at the beginning of this Article, *did not consider it an object to grasp at.* Certainly it has philological authority, as we have seen, in the occasional passive sense of Greek words with the active termination. Nor is it destitute of support in usage. Cyril of Alexandria, of the fifth century (in Wetstein), speaking of Lot as not yielding to the excuse of the angels (Genesis xix. 1–3), says, "He did not from a weak and fickle disposition make the excuse something to grasp at" (ἁρπαγμόν); that is, he did not lay hold of the excuse in order to exempt himself from the duty of hospitality.* In this manner certainly was it understood by the writer of the Letter from the Churches of Lyons and Vienne to those of Proconsular Asia and Phrygia, A. D. 177 (in Eusebius, V. 2, Lardner, VII. p. 167): "To such an extent," says he, "were those confessors the followers of Christ, — who, being in the form of God, thought it not an object to grasp at to be equal to God, — that, though they were in so great repute, and had often borne public testimony, and been snatched away from the wild beasts, and had brandings and wales and wounds all over their bodies, they would not permit us to address them by the title of martyrs, but, if we did so, severely rebuked us, and with tears entreated our prayers that they might become perfect." Heliodorus (in Wetstein and Whitby), a writer of the fourth century, speaking of Cybele's attempt to allure Theaganes to Arsace, says that, "finding him in the temple, she made the opportunity a seizure" (ἁρπάγμα); that is, seized the opportunity. Her proposal being rejected, she exclaims, "A young man does not consider the affair an object to grasp at (ἁρπάγμα), nor a piece of good luck!" The corresponding Latin word *praeda* is often thus used. Says Cicero against Verres, V. 15: "It never occurred to your mind that the symbols of office, and so great executive power, and so great decorations, were not bestowed on you in order that by the force and authority of these you should break through all the

* How Meyer finds in this quotation from Cyril authority for using the word in the sense of *robbery*, is beyond our discernment. He merely says, "So is Cyril (in Wetstein) to be explained," and then quotes the passage in Greek.

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restraints of justice, modesty, duty, and think the possessions of everybody your prey." Says Justin, a Latin historian of the second or third century, II. 5, 9 (in Wetstein): "All, forgetful of wives and children, and of a campaign far from home, were already regarding the gold and wealth of the whole East as their prey." And again, XIII. 1, 8: "The officers were regarding kingdoms and empires, the common soldiers vast heaps of gold, as an unexpected prey; the former meditating on succession to a kingdom; the latter, on an inheritance of estates and wealth." In noticing the instances quoted from Heliodorus, Cicero, and Justin, it is objected by Meyer, that "they do not fall under the same methods of representation, inasmuch as they represent the circumstance as booty *obtained*, not *booty-making*." But it is the very point in question, whether usage does not allow this? Irrefragably it does. And Meyer is guilty of the same fault of downright arbitrary interpretation, which he so often charges others with, when he says, that "the usage of speech, together with the correlation of the clause to verses 3, 4, completely excludes the meaning that ἁρπάγμος either by itself or by metonymy signifies *praeda*."

τὸ εἶναι ἴσα θεῷ, *to be equal to God.* Most interpreters, including Belsham, Wakefield, Stuart, Norton, and Meyer, regard this as synonymous with "being in the form of God." Meyer makes the distinction that "'form' marks the divine *habitus* of Christ according to his form of appearance, and 'to be equal with God' marks it according to his essence"; but he insists that "both are *really* the same." Against this, the objection by De Wette seems valid, that, if the two clauses had been intended to be synonymous, Paul would have expressed himself more briefly by the word *this;* namely, being in the form of God, he did not deem this an object to be seized. Nor does Meyer relieve the difficulty by arbitrarily putting an emphasis on the word *robbery.*

The great body of commentators also take the phrase in a sense which implies that the equality or likeness or parity was *rightfully* our Saviour's, or was *to be* his, or would have been his if he had chosen to claim it. Sherlock and Whitby render it, "to appear as God, clothed with equal glories." Dr. S. Clarke: "to be honored as God." Macknight: "to be, like God, an ob-

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ject of worship to angels and men." Crelle: "equality in respect to miraculous power, virtue, and worship." Wetstein: "the opportunity of reigning, presented on the mount of transfiguration." Heinrichs: "his heavenly gifts, divinity itself shining from his face and every action." Enjedin (in Smith): "the assumption of regal dignity and power over the Jews, to which he had an unquestioned right by royal descent and divine appointment." Schleusner: "equality in nature and majesty." Stuart and Neander: "the equality he possessed with God." Norton, Belsham, Wakefield: "his equality or likeness, this divine likeness." Robinson: "equality in nature and condition." Dr. Smith: "to be on a parity with God; an object that lay before Christ, his own by right, which he might justly have claimed, and had both the authority and power to have taken." Bretschneider: "who, being now in divine glory, did not think this condition to be seized by violence and craft, but studied to show himself worthy of it." De Wette: "Christ, as he entered on his Messianic career, had the divine glory *potentially* in himself, and could have devoted himself to bringing it to manifestation in his life; but as it lay not in the aim of the redemptive work that he should receive divine honor at the beginning, so, if he had taken it to himself, it would have been a robbery, an assumption." Conybeare and Howson: "he did not think fit to claim equality with God until he had accomplished his mission."

To these, with the exception of the three last, there is the objection that the Greek word rendered "an object to grasp at" implies something seized which was not at the time rightfully one's own. No clear instance of different usage exists. For in the quotation from Florus, the full and explicit antithesis, *did not wait for*, but seized, indicates indubitably that Tarquin had no right to take it when he did. And the same usage is apparent in the quotation from Athanasius. Nay, the usage in respect to the word seems fairly to imply something seized which was not rightly to *become* one's own, and thus carries the objection to those three which we just excepted. For in Florus the *verb* "to seize" is used, which is more general in its signification than the noun derived from it. And in Athanasius, it is pressed out of its legitimate signification by force of theology, and

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arbitrarily made to stand in an antithesis which does not exist in the clause penned by the Apostle.

But there is a more decisive consideration. The expression "to be equal to God," in the various forms in which it occurs, is always used *in a bad sense*. It occurs first in Genesis iii. 5: "Ye shall be like God" (Septuagint, ὡς; Chrysostom translates it ἰσοθείαν). Isaiah xiv. 14: "I will be like the Most High" (Septuagint, ὅμοιος). Daniel xi. 36: "He shall exalt himself above every God." 2 Maccabees ix. 12: "One who is mortal should not proudly meditate to be like God" (Septuagint, ἰσόθεα). 2 Thessalonians ii. 4: "who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the temple of God showing himself that he is God."* In the same bad sense did the Jews use it when they preferred the charge against Jesus that he "made himself equal to God" (ἴσον τῷ θεῷ), John v. 18. And so again, "Thou being man makest thyself God," John x. 33. Similar instances are quoted by Wetstein from the classics, from which we select a single one: "Let no one of speech-endowed creatures ever seek to be also a god." (Anthologiæ, II. 48. 2.) We take a final instance from Philo's Allegories of the Sacred Laws, I. § 15 (Mangey's ed., Vol. I. p. 148; Yonge's Translation, Bohn's ed., Vol. I. p. 64), which we have seen referred to only in Gill's Commentary: "Why, since it is pious to imitate the works of God, is it forbidden me to plant a grove near the altar, yet God plants Paradise? . . . . . It is proper for God to plant and build up the virtues of the soul. But selfish and godless is the mind *thinking to be equal to God*, and, seeming to act, is put to the proof in suffering. Since it is God who sows and plants excellent things in the soul, the mind which says, I plant, acts impiously." The phrase used by Philo is ἴσος εἶναι θεῷ, almost identically that of Paul, who was his younger contemporary. Clearly it was a strong mode of expression, used to denote extreme presumption and impiety, inordinate ambition, spiritual despotism, selfish cupidity, affectation of independence, boasting "*I* plant." Now all this, the Apostle declares, was absent from the mind of Christ. To the declara-

* Griesbach and Tischendorf exclude "as God" from the text.

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tion of such a sentiment the context naturally leads. "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory, but in lowly-mindedness deem one another superior to yourselves. Do not seek your own selfish interests, but each one the other's. For let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, though he was in the form of God, deemed it not an object to grasp at to be equal to God." In the expression of his thought the Apostle used language which was current in the Jewish writers of that age and in the classics of the Gentiles, as well as in the Scriptures, and which would therefore be easily intelligible both to his Jewish and Gentile readers, in the sense we have explained.

At the point of view here gained, it seems clear as the day, that the prevailing interpretation, which makes this sixth verse declare the doctrine of the pre-existence and Deity of Christ, is erroneous. And the interpretation by Athanasius (followed by De Wette, Bretschneider, and Conybeare and Howson), which gives to ἁρπαγμόν the sense of *object to be seized*, with the added notion of *waiting* for it, even though it should be thought to have in this respect the support of usage, yet being destitute of it and against it in the clause "to be equal to God," is therefore likewise erroneous.*

It has doubtless contributed to this error, that the example of *humility* has been supposed to be taught by the verse, and not that of *self-renunciation*. Thus Bishop Burnet, who acknowledges that "some authorities are found in eloquent Greek authors where the words are used figuratively for earnestness of desire or pursuit," adds, "If this is allowed, it puts a strange sense on the humility of Christ, that he did not seem guilty of diabolical pride." "So," continues he, "we are exhorted to be humble from the example of Christ, who did not snatch at divine adorations; who was not guilty of the sin of Lucifer, that extravagant piece of pride!" In similar strains Robert Hall, Wardlaw, Cappe, and Dr. Woods. Now put *unselfish*, *unostentatious* spirit instead

* Τὸ εἶναι may denote either present or future condition, according to the context. See Romans ii. 19, Philippians i. 23. Entirely arbitrary is Meyer's assertion, that the article stands before εἶναι, with allusion to "being in the form of God," to denote *the said godlikeness*. See Kühner's Grammar, § 308. R. 3, Andover ed. Also Winer, Grammatik, § 44. 3. c., Leipzig, 1855.

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of "humility," and surely it yields no "strange sense." Put *unpresumptuous*, *unambitious*, in place of "*humble*," and surely the example of Christ is pertinent. Too many instances are furnished by the history of the Church, and by our own observation, to show that we very much need to place before us such an example.

To the reader of the Gospels many incidents in the life of Jesus will here readily occur, which may have been present to the mind of the Apostle when he wrote, especially his resistance of temptation to worldly dominion and greatness; his instant refutation of the charge that he made himself God, or equal to God. He declared that his kingdom was not of this world; that his Father was greater than he; that not himself spake, but the Father who dwelt in him; not himself wrought the miracles, but the Father whose instrument he was. Certainly all this should make one greatly hesitate to speak of Jesus as deeming it not robbery to be equal with God. Could anything be more unlike Jesus of Nazareth? The glory of the name of martyrs, which the confessors of Lyons and Vienne rejected with remonstrances and tears, their fellow-Christians at last succeeded in attaching to them. The glory of Godhead have the disciples of Jesus attached to the name of their Master, notwithstanding his repeated renunciation of it, and the acts and spirit of his whole life, which were contrary to it, and the protestations of apostles in his name.

The interpretation we have given of the verse is sustained by the following authorities, viz.: — Melancthon: "Jesus, when sent to obey God in suffering on the cross, did not use his power against his duty." Grotius: "Christ did not glory in his miraculous power in order to be regarded as though he were God." Le Clerc: "Equality with God was not a thing he believed he could seize, so as to obey nobody, and do nothing, but what he might think proper." Yates: "did not grasp at divine honors."* Allen: "Paul contrasts the impious ambition of the pretended heroes of the Greeks and Romans with the simple majesty of Jesus, who, godlike as he was, never aspired to that sort of worship

* Reply to Wardlaw, p. 260.

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from his followers." * Professor Norton, while he erroneously affirms an equality to which Jesus had a right, presents the leading thought in giving the scope as follows: "Notwithstanding he bore the high character of God's messenger and representative to men, with all the power connected with it, he was not eager to display that character or exercise those powers for the sake of any personal advantage, or of assuming any rank or splendor corresponding to his pre-eminence over all other men." De Wette and Bretschneider's interpretations sustain it so far as they maintain that it would have been an assumption, a robbery, for Jesus to take the divine honor during his earthly life. Lardner's is substantially the same with it: "Christ did not covet divine honor from men, did not act as if he were independent, did not choose his own will." Lastly, it is sustained by an authority more ancient than any hitherto quoted, Clement of Rome; who, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, apparently giving a paraphrase of the verse under consideration, says: "The sceptre of the majesty of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, came not in the din of boasting and pride, though powerful, but in lowliness."

Ver. 7. — ἀλλ' ἑαυτὸν ἐκένωσε, *but made himself empty.* It is the opinion of many of the best critics, that the structure of the sentence, which necessarily makes this clause the second in dependence on the first part of ver. 6, forbids the rendering of ἀλλά in the sense of "nevertheless," which the translation "robbery" would require. Hammond also concedes, that the use of "but" renders "probable" the interpretation that Christ "did not assume so much greatness as to appear like God, or to be looked on as God," and that "this consists very well with the context."

The verb which we have translated *made himself empty*, is found in four other places in the New Testament, — Rom. iv. 14, "faith is made void"; 1 Cor. i. 17, "the cross is made of none effect"; 1 Cor. ix. 15, "make my glorying void"; 2 Cor. ix. 3, "lest our boasting of you be in vain." In each of these instances, the primary signification, to make empty, to be rendered an empty thing, can be distinctly seen. Of what, then, or in what respect, did

* Discourses on Orthodoxy, p. 78.

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Jesus make himself empty? Of the form of God? So insist Meyer, Wiesinger, and many others. "The context," say they, "makes this free from doubt."* But "made himself empty" is antithetic, not to "being in the form of God," but to "thought it not something to grasp at to be equal to God." Paul says, that, being in the form of God, Jesus did not grasp at dominion, did not do *that*, but he did *this*, namely, *abnegated* himself of all such dominion, and all attempts to obtain it. The antithesis is also put here by Bengel. So in the Epistle of Six Bishops to Paul of Samosata (quoted in Smith from Dr. Routh): "who emptied himself from being equal to God." So De Wette: "stripped himself of equality with God, so far as it may have stood in the power of Jesus [to be equal], not so far as he actually possessed it." Regarded, then, as antithetic to the clause immediately preceding, it means that Jesus, when it was before him to make himself full, rich, and to reign as king (compare 1 Cor. iv. 8), *renounced* all this, and made himself empty by taking the position of a servant, the obscure lot of common men, the guise, style, and habits of a common man. His condition was empty, like that described by the prophet (Nehemiah v. 13), "Every man shall be shaken out of his own house and become empty," i. e. *destitute;* empty agreeably to his own description of his condition,—"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He emptied himself of all desire of display, all personal advantage, all love of fame,

"That last infirmity of noble minds,"

all *self*, the hardest of all things for a man to empty himself of. There can be no objection to this view on the ground of the sinlessness of Jesus, except that which empties his *temptation* of all meaning, and his life of all force as an example. His self-emptying has therefore no reference to "form of God," except as it implies and affirms that he still had that form under all these lowly circumstances, and never was divested of it, never laid

* Meyer, having made "robbery" the emphatic word in the preceding clause, in this puts the stress on "himself," explaining, that "instead of robbing others, he robbed himself"; an antithesis, as Wiesinger justly remarks, not to be found in the context.

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it aside. Being in the form of God, he took not instead, exchanged not for it, the form of a servant; but this latter was only an outer vestment, beneath which, though the world failed to perceive his glory, and to so great an extent still fails to perceive it, the spiritual eye discerns it, beaming all the more lustrously from the midst of his lowest humiliation. He "was in the form of God and in the form of a servant at the same time." *

It is in favor of this interpretation of "made himself empty," that in every other instance in the New Testament it is always the emptying of that which was the constituent element of the thing spoken of. Thus, "faith is made void," that is, is rendered an empty thing, is no longer faith. Christ made himself wholly empty of everything implied in grasping at parity with God. Every application of the word to "the form of God," obliges the interpreter to resort to a use of it of which there is not a clear instance. He cannot render it with exactness, and often in the attempt falls into self-contradiction. Conybeare and Howson, who translate, "emptied himself of his glory," and Dr. Arnold (Letter CCLXXII.), who speaks of the "emptying of the Divinity," hold that Christ brought with him much of his glory into the flesh. Cappe,† who says that "Jesus could not have laid down, suspended, or declined the form of God," yet admits in another place that "he occasionally divested himself so far as to perform the humble office of a servant." Belsham, who affirms that Jesus "emptied himself of everything intended by similitude to God," says, two pages farther on, "he conducted himself *as though* he were totally destitute of supernatural gifts." Barnes, who, in objecting to the Unitarian view, urges that Christ never laid aside his miraculous power and moral qualities,"—which is very true, — nevertheless says: "Of this [the divine nature, which he ascribes to "form of God"] Christ cannot literally have divested himself, but he did of the *symbols* of it; or a divine being may *intermit* the exercise of his almighty power"; — which is only adopting the same principle of interpretation that he has objected to in his opponents. Mr. Barnes thinks, like Chrysostom and Beza before him, that "there is much in

* Lardner. † Critical Remarks, Vol. II. pp. 228 - 313.

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regard to this which is obscure." And obscure indeed it is, on the hypothesis which they and he maintain.

For the sake of completeness, we subjoin several renderings of this clause. Calvin: "not by diminishing, but by suppressing his glory, he laid it aside." Socinus: "laid aside this apparent equality." Hammond: "diminished, lessened himself." Grotius: "willingly led a needy life." Chrysostom, Rosenmüller, Robinson: "synonymous with *humbled himself*." Newcome: "made himself of no account." Beausobre: "reduced himself to the state of extreme suffering and affliction." Wesley: "appeared *as if* he had been empty, *in some sense* renounced the glory he had before the world." Whitby: "divested himself of his former glory." De Wette: "divested [entblösste, *denuded*] himself." Norton: "divested himself as it were of his powers." Neander: "concealed and disowned [the form of God] in human debasement and in the forms of human dependence." Stuart: "veiled, laid aside, his glory." Davidson: "left the glories of the heavenly state." None of these meet the exigency of the passage; and most of them are faulty through being made antithetic to the phrase, "form of God."

μορφὴν δούλου λαβών, *taking a servant's form.* This is the first of three participal clauses (including the clause which stands first in v. 8 of the common version), which are all grammatically and logically connected, and describe the circumstances and mode in which Jesus made himself empty. The interpretations of it are very diverse. Melancthon: "putting on mortality with a human form." Calvin and Watson: "put on our nature so that in it he might be a servant of the Father and of men." Le Clerc: "being a submissive subject of the Roman empire." Burnet: "under authority to Rome, the Sanhedrim, and to parents." Sherlock: "the common mark and character of all the creatures of God." Grotius, Hammond, and Wetstein: "a slave who possessed nothing as his own." Beausobre: "alluding to the punishment of the cross inflicted chiefly on slaves." De Sacy: "form and nature of a servant." De Wette: "antithetic to divine authority expressed in the phrase 'being equal to God,' the condition of one serving." Meyer: "a servant of God." Wiesinger: "only his re-

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lation to God is expressed; the form of a servant takes the place of form of God.*

An incident related by John in his Gospel may explain the clause. At the close of the paschal supper, Jesus, rising, laid aside his outer garments, and, girt with towel, and basin of water in hand, washed his disciples' feet. He took the office, the very form and posture, of a slave. And it is remarkable that the Evangelist associates the act with a declaration equivalent to the Apostle's assertion that Jesus was "in the form of God." His language is, "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God, rises from supper, and lays aside his garments, and, taking a towel, girt himself" (John xiii. 3, 4). So remarkable an incident must often have occurred to their remembrance. With the same scene of the Last Supper, Luke connects our Lord's remarkable words, "I am in the midst of you as your attendant" (ὁ διακονῶν). "The kings of the nations domineer over them; not so do you; but let the one greater among you be as the younger, and the leader as one that waits" [on you] (xxii. 25). Matthew, reporting these words as uttered on the last journey to Jerusalem, adds as follows: "even as the Son of Man came not to receive attendance, but to attend [on others], and to give his life a ransom for many" (xx. 26, 27). Here seems to be the source whence Paul drew his materials for correcting the like ambitious temper among the Philippian disciples. Not that he confined himself in thought to this, but it was the particular instance which illustrated

* Meyer and Wiesinger both correctly interpret, that "this additional clause tells us that he has emptied himself in that he has taken upon him the form of a servant." This construction is also sustained by Winer, pp. 311, 315, 316. But Meyer and Wiesinger limit this to the *first* participial clause; Meyer making the second and third "not *co-ordinate*, but *subordinate*, to the first, by way of closer definition of it"; and Wiesinger only the *second* subordinate, while he connects the third with the verb following, as in v. 8 of the Common Version and Received Text. That is, Meyer means as follows: that Christ emptied himself by taking the form of a servant, took the form of a servant by becoming like men, and became like men by being found in fashion as a man. Certainly this is arbitrary. Meyer defends it by the absence of the conjunction between the first and second participial clauses. But if, as he and De Wette agree, the three are in close connection, then the absence of the conjunction only shows that they are all *co-ordinate;* that is, each and all describe *the mode of the self-emptying.* But see farther on, in remarks on Bishop Pearson's argument.

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and brought home to his heart the general attitude of the Lord among men. It was one out of many, of which his life was full. Of course Jesus was not in nature, or in person, or condition, a servant. But in the state and person of Master, he did a servant's work.

ἐν ὁμοιώματι ἀνθρώπων γενόμενος, literally, *becoming in the likeness of men*, that is, of *common* men. If this phrase is subordinate and explanatory of the former, it is only so far as it asserts that Jesus was not in the form of a servant in the honorable sense in which it is often used by Paul, as servant of God; but that Jesus served as a *common* man; not a *slave*, indeed, but as a common man enlisting himself as servant. It is also co-ordinate, and advances a step in illustrating the methods in which our Lord showed his self-abnegation. He was like one of the common people, undistinguished in general appearance among them, and undistinguishable except in endowments of soul. Grotius understands it as "alluding to our first parents, and indicating sinlessness." Sherlock: "having the same nature, distinguished by the same specific differences." Calvin, and Wesley, and Bengel say: "a real man, like other men." De Wette: "so appeared as other men, not as a divine ruler, — a clause more definite than the one immediately preceding, since that might be spoken of an angel; but this says that Christ shared the condition of men." Not the *humanity* of Christ, not his human nature, as Meyer and Wiesinger affirm, is taught, but his form and attitude and lot, as of common men.

καὶ σχήματι εὑρεθεὶς ὡς ἄνθρωπος, *and in mode of life being found as a common man.* This third participial clause completes the sentence and the verse. Not only was Jesus in general like the mass of common men, but in his habits (Latin *habitus*, corresponding with the Greek noun used in the text), in style of living, external state, the whole "fashion" of his ways as he went about, he was as a common man, was treated as such by those who chanced to meet him. He exhibited no show and parade, as though one of the magnates of the land. Correctly Meyer: "there was found no difference between his own and a human appearance." *

* In the 6th and 7th verses, Baur has found reasons for denying that the Epistle is Paul's, — against the judgment of De Wette, that its genuineness is

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Ver. 8. — ἐταπείνωσεν, κ. τ. λ. This verse, commencing with "he humbled himself," follows as an emphatic declaration of his still deeper humiliation; and the mode of the self-abasement is expressed in the single participial clause following, like those in the preceding verse. So far from grasping to be as God, he reduced himself lower still, by submitting, in obedient spirit, to the shameful and terrible death of the cross. The word "obedient" looks back to "servant," and is expressive of his obedience to God in the work of serving and saving man.

Against interpreting the passage of the historical Christ, Wiesinger suggests a great many difficulties, in the form of questions,— difficulties which, he says, do not belong to the peculiar view of this or that interpreter,—

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put beyond all question; and the school of criticism of which he is the head, "affirming that the Church doctrines are taught in the New Testament, press upon Unitarians the alternative, either to accept the teachings of these men, if they admit their inspiration, or to place the writings which contain them in a later age." (See Chris. Ex. for Jan. 1856, p. 45.) Baur's ground is, that "the Epistle moves in a circle of Gnostic ideas and expressions, unites itself to them, and, with the needful modification, appropriates them to itself." "It is," says he, "a well-known Gnostic conception, that in the Æon Sophia there arose the passionate longing to penetrate into the essence of the primal Father, in order to become one with Him, the Absolute. That Æon would thus with violence snatch to itself what according to its nature could not come to it, to which, therefore, it had no right, — only this whole act is something purely spiritual. The Gnostic Æons are the categories and ideas in which the Absolute becomes the object of the subjective consciousness, and they are thus themselves the spiritual subjects in which the Absolute makes itself subjective and individualizes itself, or [are] the subjective side on which the Absolute is not barely the Absolute in itself, but also the absolute self-consciousness. But as they are only in plurality what the Absolute is in unity, so there arises in the descending series of the Æons an ever greater incongruity between the consciousness, whose object is the Absolute, and the Absolute itself as the object of the consciousness..... The deeper they stand [in their series], so much the less able are they to embrace and apprehend it with their consciousness. So now also that Æon, with the whole energy of his spiritual activity, directs himself to the Absolute; he will lay hold of, apprehend it, become like it, one with it; but he undertakes thereby only something impossible in itself, something through which he overleaps the limits of his spiritual nature, and will commit, as it were, an unnatural robbery on the Absolute. Therefore, according to the nature of the case, it cannot succeed; he will become, while from this impulse of his spiritual nature he allows himself to hurry onwards, only conscious of the negativeness of his being, which the Gnostics represent by his being permitted to fall out of the Pleroma into the Renoma" (from the fulness into the emptiness or void). Now Baur affirms that "the author of the Epistle to the Philippians moves in the sphere of the same conceptions, and makes them the foundation of his representation, — only there exists this difference, that what with the Gnostics had a purely spiritual meaning, he applies morally. Hence, while with

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and on such grounds he thinks that "it will come to be regarded as a fixed result of interpretation, that this classical passage treats of Christ's becoming man, and not of what was done by him as man." But Wiesinger's questions all revolve on his application of "emptied himself" to "form of God"; they all centre in the question, "How could Christ have emptied himself of his glory, when that glory irradiated his whole career?" But such difficulties all vanish with the simple explanation, that Christ did not empty himself of the glory which he had, whether actually or potentially. He possessed the glory of the form of God all the way through, in the empty, worldly *condition* he assumed.

The interpretation which excludes the Deity and preexistence of Christ has been particularly assailed, from

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the Gnostics the attempt at seizure actually happened, but was self-ruinous as an unnatural attempt, and had only something negative for its result, it could here, by virtue of a moral self-determination, not come at all to such a seizure, and the negative, which also thus takes place not as the result of an act that has miscarried, but of one that did not happen at all, is now the voluntary renunciation and self-emptying through an act of the will, a self-emptying instead of being in emptiness."

Now, there lies at the foundation of Baur's argument the assumptions, — (1.) that "form" is to be taken as "that which constitutes the distinguishing character of a higher spiritual essence, that which adequately is idea for essence"; (2.) that "to be 'in the form of God,' is of similar signification and identical with 'to be equal to God'"; (3.) that the divine honor implied in being equal to God, which it would have been robbery to snatch to himself on earth, is supposed to await him as the result of his moral probation. If our interpretation of verse 6 is correct, then are these assumptions all erroneous, and the argument built on them, however ingenious, is inconclusive. In respect to the phrase, "made himself empty," why travel so far from the context to get the *Gnostic* use of the word, when it occurs four times in epistles whose Pauline origin Baur admits, in the sense which is the intelligible and adequate one here in Philippians?

In the last two clauses of verse 7, Baur finds Docetism. "'In the likeness of men,' — so was he not truly and actually a man." Romans viii. 3, he insists, "is not parallel, because there it is the likeness of *sinful* flesh; but in Philippians the likeness extends to *humanity*, — which," he adds, "is just the difference between the docetic and orthodox view." But in Romans the epithet "sinful" is used, because sin is the subject of discourse. In Philippians, in this connection, it would carry the impression of resemblance in sinfulness, and therefore the Apostle does not use it. Once more, Baur says that "σχῆμα conveys the idea of an external habit, that which is soon to pass away." But why go to Docetism to understand this, when in 1 Cor. vii. 31, which Baur receives as Pauline, and to which he here alludes, the word is found in the same general signification which exactly suits here, — "the fashion (style, mode, habitus) of the world passes away." The demand to give up the authorship of the Epistle to the Philippians to a later age than Paul's, as the only alternative of not accepting the orthodox standards of doctrine, is not a very cogent one.

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the point of view in vs. 7, 8, by the splendid rhetoric and fervid argument of Robert Hall. "To decline a possible distinction and lay aside one already possessed are," he says, "things very distinct, and it is not easy to conjecture why, if the former was intended, the latter was expressed." They are indeed distinct. But the supposition that the latter is expressed proceeds from the erroneous view of self-emptying as antithetic to "form of God." Mr. Hall, however, himself extricates us from the difficulty, by presenting, as necessary to the idea of humiliation, "the powerful opposition or contrast between the station to which we bring ourselves and what we might have assumed, or previously possessed." This constituent part of the idea is that which Paul actually gives, and it is both the vindication and support of the interpretation we have given. The same contrast seems to be expressed in 2 Corinthians viii. 9, —"being rich, for our sakes he became poor,"—which De Wette thus adequately interprets: "The participial clause (being rich) denotes the power dwelling in him to take to himself worldly riches and dominion, but which he nevertheless renounced, and subjected himself to poverty, as to every renunciation and self-denial. But his denial of earthly riches had the aim to impart spiritual riches to his disciples." How could De Wette miss the exact correspondence in thought between this and the expression, "thought it not something to grasp at to be equal to God, but made himself empty"?

Mr. Hall also finds "a failure at the very outset, from the total absence of that bold and striking contrast which the first member of v. 6 leads us to expect." Where can there be found a greater contrast than between Jesus walking on the sea, stilling the winds, and in the posture of a servant washing his disciples' feet? between his transfigured person on the mount, and that meek form under the insults of Jews and Roman soldiers in the chief-priest's palace and in the governor's judgment-hall? What more amazing than his condescension, not from, but in, all his moral grandeur and stupendous power, to life's lowly duties and sufferings! What dignity in humble state! An example how much more needed by rich and poor, mighty and ignoble, than of descent from Godhead to humanity!

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Mr. Hall finally objects, that "Jesus, instead of affording an unparalleled instance of condescending benevolence, is thus the greatest example of eminent virtue conducting to illustrious honor the world ever witnessed." This is indeed one of the lessons of the exhortation, coming out in full emphasis in verse eleventh. His glorious image of God may at first seem hid amid his poverty and meanness, and extinguished in ignominy on the cross; but at last it appears, itself irradiating these, and shows a bright path heavenward, for all who follow his footsteps.

From the same verses Bishop Pearson derives an argument, which he presents in the form of three propositions:—"(1.) Christ was in the form of a servant as soon as he was made man; (2.) He was in the form of God before he was in the form of a servant; (3.) He therefore did as truly and really subsist in the divine nature as in the form of a servant, or nature of a man." The first proposition the Bishop proves thus. "Our translation," says he, "is inexact and disadvantageous for expressing the truth that he took on him the form of a servant of God in that he was thus made man. If any doubt how Christ thus emptied himself, the text will satisfy him that it was by taking the form of a servant." Very true, thus far. But the argument proceeds: "If any question how he took the form of a servant, the Apostle's solution is, by being made in the likeness of men." This solution is the Bishop's, not the Apostle's; and still later, as we have already remarked in a preceding note, it is the solution of Meyer and of Wiesinger. But such a rendering would make necessary both a change in the grammatical construction, and an interpolation of another clause. It must in that case read, "He made himself empty by taking the form of a servant; he took the form of a servant by being made in the likeness of men,"—which is certainly a very different reading from the text itself. "By the likeness," proceeds the Bishop, "is infallibly meant the real *nature* of man." From such premises the inference is not a very conclusive one, that "as surely as Christ was essentially man, so certainly he was really and essentially God. Therefore it necessarily followeth that Christ had a real existence

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before he was begotten of the Virgin, and was truly, really, and properly God." *

Bishop Sherlock, to whom Dr. Woods expresses himself "specially indebted for" his "own remarks on the passage," has also three propositions:—"(1.) If Christ was not better than a servant *before* he was a servant, his being a servant was his lot, not his choice. He was no more humble in being born a servant, than others born to the same state. (2.) He was in possession of whatever belonged to his state of dignity *before* he underwent anything belonging to his humiliation. For his descending is the very act and ground of his humility. (3.) His exaltation, being the effect of his humility, could not be antecedent to it. Consequently his natural state of dignity and acquired state of exaltation are two perfectly distinct states. Whence it follows, his being in the form of God, the dignity he was possessed of before his humiliation, does not belong to him in virtue of anything he did and suffered, nor is part of the glory to which he was exalted." Against the Bishop's first proposition we put the "contrast," which, Mr. Hall concedes, satisfies our feeling of what is "necessary to the idea of humiliation," namely, "the station to which we bring ourselves and what we might have assumed." Jesus brought himself to the condition of a common man, performed the lowly duties of a servant: he might have assumed the state of a king! To the second proposition, in which Smith, Hall, and many others, as well as Woods, follow Sherlock, we reply, that, distinguishing between Christ's state of moral dignity, or his office of Son and Ambassador of God, on the one hand, and his external low estate on the other, which these writers confound, the renunciation by him of a worldly state and position corresponding to his moral pre-eminence only proves that he was in the form of God all the time he was in the likeness of men. Or, taking our point of view at the beginning of his public career, and regarding

* Mr. Watson, whose name we have mentioned in the commencement of this article, says, in reference to the above solution, "as Bishop Pearson irresistibly argues." Mr. Watson's power to discern a "critical absurdity" is displayed in comparing Philippians ii. 6 with Hebrews i. 3,—in respect to which he asks, "How could Christ *expressly* resemble God, if he were not himself almighty and omniscient?"

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him as then in the form of God, as he truly was, we say that "he was in the possession of whatever belonged to his state of dignity *before* he underwent anything belonging to his humiliation." But the descent to an external state of humiliation subsequently to his baptism is no proof that, before the world was created, he was in that state of dignity, — that is, in the form of God. To the third proposition we entirely assent, — unless we add, for the sake of freedom from ambiguity, that, although our Saviour's antecedent glory is not a part of that to which he was exalted, it is not to be considered *apart from* it, but both together constitute that which he enjoys in his state of exaltation.

To recapitulate and sum up our interpretation: Let Christians cherish the same disposition with their Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was in the form in which God has manifested himself to men, and was God's own purest manifestation in grace, truth, and power, yet aspired to no deification, sought no worldly rank and wealth, was inflated by no spiritual pride, aimed at no selfish pre-eminence, indulged in no rivalries, but renounced all this, made himself empty of it, empty also of earthly comforts and satisfactions, empty in contrast with those who seek to be full, and rich, and to reign as kings; and did all this by choosing and entering upon an earthly state in which he performed the work of a servant of those whose Lord and Master he was, undistinguished outwardly from the mass of men of whom he was immeasurably the superior, and in every respect as to mode of life was as a common man. He reduced himself lower still by submitting obediently, in the service and for the redemption of mankind, to an ignominious and torturing death, — the death of the malefactor and slave inflicted on Him who knew no sin and was Lord of all! Wardlaw and Woods with one accord affirm that "the unnatural and vapid tameness of" what they have thought fit to denominate "the Socinian interpretation, is sufficient to condemn it, and paralyzes the whole strength of the passage." From their point of view it may seem so, but certainly far otherwise does it appear to ourselves. One thing assuredly will at last be clearly seen, and being seen will draw the beholder into its likeness, — the divine form of Jesus, neither con-

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cealed, nor capable of being concealed, amid all the obscuration of his earthly lot, and all the intricacies of theological dispute, and all the perplexities of criticism in which the record of his life and teachings, and the writings of his apostles, have been involved. The purity of heart, which shall grow by communion with him, shall also enable us more and more clearly to see both him, and God who sent him. His spirit, diffused with his truth, — his lowly, self-denying, unworldly, sympathizing, obedient spirit, — will best reveal his true glory, and, revealing it, awaken the hope that we shall share it in that world to which he ascended from the cross. Every fresh contemplation of the scenes and events of his self-renouncing life, to the last agony of the cross, while the same disposition is cherished in us and manifested, shall call forth still heartier response to those sublime words with which the Apostle concludes the passage we have sought to unfold: "Wherefore also God hath highly exalted him, and bestowed on him a name which is above every name, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of creatures in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

N. S. F.

Art. V. — M. REMUSAT ON UNITARIANS AND UNITARIANISM.*

It is interesting to compare the various judgments given by French authorities upon the Unitarian faith and system. To one this faith is a source of amusement, to another an object of pity, to another a convenient solution of the existence of evil and the diffusion of error. One praises it for deeds which it has not done, another denounces it for sins of which it is utterly unconscious. That saintly courtier, amiable zealot, and tedious reasoner, Count Agenor de Gasparin, the Evelyn

* *Revue des Deux Mondes.* 15me Septembre, 1 Octobre, 1856. *Des Controverses Religieuses en Angleterre.* Par M. Charles de Remusat.

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of French Calvinism, is pleased to discover in Unitarianism the origin and the nourishment of modern necromancy. The table-tippers in France, as he states the matter, are naturally "the Ultramontane party," the hard-shell Romanists, whom he as a sound Reformer has favored with a "special refutation"; while in America, they are "the Unitarians who demand of the spirits the promulgation of a philosophical religion, a Christianity without Christ; adversaries of the faith, they *abandon themselves, as might have been expected,* to a prodigious credulity, and launch out on the ocean of the supernatural."

On the other hand, that moderate colleague of M. Coquerel in the Paris Consistoire, M. Grandpierre, whose honest dimness of vision and whose venerable prejudices might be concisely expressed by a slight modification of his name, can see in Unitarianism only barrenness and stagnation; a dull, uninteresting formalism, which holds to proprieties and abjures all movement, excitement, and propagandism; a negation which is in America, as in Europe, utterly unfruitful. He admits that it holds a respectable social position, that its preachers are cultivated men, and that it has a fair part in the literary history of the New World; but as a form of religion, he is pained to think that it must be considered a failure. We have not learned that M. Coquerel has consented to modify his views from the hints of his "Pasteur-suffragant," or has relinquished his sympathies with a heresy so "unfruitful."

The opinion of M. Grandpierre is evidently not shared by the learned and sagacious M. Isambert, whose information on American affairs is, for a Frenchman, remarkably accurate. In his sketch of the life of Channing, in the new "Biographie Universelle," he sets forth the services of the Unitarian "reformer" in such a light that there can be no doubt of his own religious preference. There is no word of reproach or of criticism for the attacks of this bold "Socinian," but rather, in presenting a summary of Channing's view, the writer makes an argument for the Unitarian faith. He calls the work of Channing a "*religious*" work, and mentions with apparent pleasure, that France is sufficiently civilized for Unitarians as Christians to profess

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their faith without being persecuted. He gives no intimation that the faith which Channing inaugurated is either prone to marvels or waning to inevitable death.

Passing by such critics as M. Jules Janin, such sketchers as M. Philarite Chasles, and such theologians as M. Léon Pilatte, we find the latest instance of French judgment of Unitarianism in two finished and elaborate articles of the leading review of Paris. The good sense, the candor, the moderation, and the scholarship are such as we might expect from the author of the great work on Anselm of Canterbury, and the greater work on Abelard and his influence. M. Charles de Remusat is one of the ablest of those remarkable men who continue to the French Academy its pre-eminent fame among the societies of the world, whose genius is not burdened by their vast erudition, and whose graceful writing makes even dry metaphysics clear and attractive. A lover of philosophy, he is as ready to deal with facts, and to appreciate the claim and position of all the sects. Catholic in his own faith, he believes in sincere inquiry, has no rebuke for the idea of progress, and rejoices to recognize the worth of liberal thought and independent thinkers. The same acute enthusiasm which makes his biography of Abelard at once a criticism and a panegyric, gives worth and warmth to what he says of Lardner and Arnold and Channing. He is wholly free from that mean bigotry which would neglect a great religious movement because it has not gained the force of numbers, or would despise the labors or writings of noble men because they bear a hated name. He will not treat the works of Unitarians, according to the fashion of many, as if they were the "productions of some successor of Martial or Petronius." The men who have advocated the Unitarian faith make it respectable in his view, even if it had no other support. "Since the voice of Channing has made itself heard from the other side of the Atlantic, disdain of a doctrine which inspires such defenders is simply ridiculous. A preacher like Channing, and a writer like Emerson, commend all that their genius has touched."

The general remarks upon the essence of religion and the nature of infallibility, with which M. Remusat

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prefaces his essay, are quite different from those of the Romanist Balmes or the Calvinist Gaussen. He holds neither the infallibility of a man nor of a creed, nor, in its strict sense, of the collective Church. The Church is the best teacher of truth that exists, containing as it does the most of wisdom, faith, and supernatural aid, but at no time is it able to teach the whole of truth, the perfect truth. Even the best religion must be touched with human infirmity and affected by the error of natural reason. The logical conclusion that infallibility, so far as it exists, resides in the Pope, he does not quite admit, observing shrewdly, that "consistency is not the constant sign of truth." The student of the logical sophisms of the Schoolmen and the Sorbonne has read too much to believe that the sorcery of syllogisms is the sure voice of inspiration.

It is refreshing, too, to find a writer who is so ready in the service of the Church willing to admit that external unity is not the best mark of living truth; to allow that there may be good, pious, and Christian hearts even where there is wide departure from the standards of faith. M. Remusat does not regard the divisions of Protestantism as the proof of its weakness and error, or hold up, like the Bishop of Meaux, the varying creeds of dissent in evidence against the sects which have forsaken the Lord's house. These are to him rather the signs of spiritual activity, and he does not seem afraid even of a tendency to rationalism. The proper empire of Christianity is spiritual, not formal. Spiritual things are the synonymous term for religious things and Christian things. The effort of all schools of Christianity is to create in us the spiritual man. M. Remusat is not willing to judge sects by their tendencies, to approve those that would approach Catholicism or condemn those that approach simple philosophy. All seekers after religious truth, all lovers of religious truth, are in the way of faith, entitled to respect, and, so far as they claim the name, entitled to the Christian name. The sects shade off from the extreme orthodoxy of the Roman Church so gently, that it is impossible to separate them. Even in Catholic unity there are wide divergencies. A French priest does not believe all that a Spanish priest believes. M. Frayssinous (to

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whose able manual of dogmas we hope hereafter to call attention) has not signed all that St. Thomas Aquinas has written. Father Gratry does not subscribe to all that Massillon preached. "Our churches," says M. Remusat, "are full of schismatic members." "Christianity and Orthodoxy are two very different ideas." "It is impossible not to regard Clarke and Channing as Christians."

Such principles and admissions in the beginning of the essay on Unitarianism prepare us for the enlightened views of the historical sketch which follows. The dogma of the Deity of Christ, according to this writer, has been from the very first a disputed doctrine. "It must be admitted," says he, "that, without the tradition and decisions of the Church, the text of the New Testament would not establish by incontestible proof the fundamental dogma of the Trinity." It may be politic in a Catholic to make this admission, sustaining, as it seems to sustain, the favorite development theory of modern Catholic philosophy; but it is made by one who deals with the progress of the doctrine in subsequent ages with severe impartiality. He allows to the Unitarians all that they claim, — that their doctrine has always been held in secret, that it has had learning, talent, virtue, and devotion on its side, has numbered great scholars as well as genuine martyrs, and has had more or less of influence and sympathy even where it has not been openly professed. He has preferred to trust for his information to Unitarian authorities, rather than to the misrepresentations of their enemies.

On the epoch of toleration which followed the downfall of the Stuarts, the remarks of M. Remusat are sagacious. The natural consequence of freedom of thought is a free interpretation of written creeds. Emancipated intelligence may easily explain the *persons* of the Trinity into divine *attributes*, and avoid by vagueness of language the logical difficulty of the holy mysteries. The chief objection to the Unitarians in that age was their tendency to schism. They were esteemed and upheld so long as they made no attempt to establish a sect. Their sin was that they would make a religion of their own. An Arian might hold the see of Canterbury or Salisbury, but could not es-

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tablish unmolested a dissenting chapel at Cheltenham. External conformity could secure the largest intellectual liberty. Burnet lost no caste by his heretical notions. Tillotson was not the less an ornament to the Establishment that he was more than suspected of holding what the ancient councils condemned. Newton's "expressive silence" on the subject of the Trinity did not weaken his renown. The Unitarians were attacked, confuted, sometimes denounced with bitter vituperation, but their influence was scarcely diminished. Controversy did not injure them until they became separatists. And "always," remarks M. Remusat, "even in these latter days, Unitarianism, as a special and established religion, has met with far more obstacles and aroused far more opposition than Unitarianism as a philosophic opinion, or as an individual method of understanding religion in general. To be almost master of all our thoughts, we have only to show no wish of separation. *Every church prefers the unbelievers who remain within its pale even to the believers who abandon it.*"

In his views of the nature and spirit of the English Church, M. Remusat is singularly in accordance with Mr. Emerson. The superior value set upon conformity and profession, the need of respecting what society respects, and what belongs to the traditions of national glory, the identification of patriotism with piety in this convenient institution, the fact that the religion of the English Church is the religion of a gentleman, seem to him at once to guarantee the permanent existence of that church, while they nullify its pretension to uniformity or soundness of faith. If it had not been for the sects of dissenters who became the champions of more rigid orthodoxy, Unitarianism as an organized sect might never have existed in England. It was the protest against the bigotry of dissent, more than the errors of the Establishment. It was the assertion of honest confession against insincere or indifferent conformity on one hand, and against the corruptions of the Gospel on the other. It was, in the eighteenth century, an attempt to organize a religion of reason, as distinguished from a religion of manners and a religion of unquestioning faith in the creeds. The Unitarian movement

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of that age is, in the opinion of M. Remusat, by no means to be confounded with the deism or scepticism which were then so ably defended. Lardner and Clarke are not to be classed with Voltaire and Hume, more than Locke is to be classed with Bolingbroke. "To describe what England thought in the last century, in the matter of religion, we must carefully distinguish three things; — the positive forms of faith, more or less strict, which characterized either the Established Church or the principal recognized sects, as it were so many different orthodoxies, if we may join these two words; Christian philosophy, which everywhere, even in the Church, begets individual doctrine, or, so to speak, lawful heresies, which are not always openly declared, but are allowed to make themselves manifest; and lastly, bare philosophy, isolated from all revelation, sometimes, like that of Hume, hostile to Christianity, sometimes, like that of Reid, respectful to faith and sincerely determined not to separate itself from this."

The effects of the Methodist movement of Whitefield and Wesley, and of the controversies excited by the French Revolution, upon the growth and development of the Unitarian body; the influence of Price and Priestley and William Smith; the changes in legislation, by which persecution became softened into recognition, and the Unitarians were allowed to take their proper place as religious reformers; the spirit of the recent Tractarian revival in the Church, with its counterpart of an awakened rationalism; the new schools of religious and philosophic science, — pass by like a series of dissolving views in M. Remusat's rapid and brilliant sketch. Perhaps the description of the English Church has borrowed rather too implicitly the fanciful classification of Mr. Conybeare, in his article on the High, Low, and Broad Churches in the Edinburgh Review, and we may think that the influence of Priestley is not brought into sufficiently bold relief; but on the whole, the account is correct and satisfactory. The English laws against blasphemy, which in the last century pressed so heavily upon liberal Christians, this writer characterizes as "*Draconian.*" "What I have called Arianism," says he, "presents to us in England the freest expression of a liberty of thought still Christian." He attributes to

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the proud contempt which Edmund Burke fastened upon the pretensions and the ideas of the Unitarians, the unjust disregard into which they seemed to fall. Unitarianism, he thinks, has a title to attention not only by its history, not only by its actual numbers as a sect, — three hundred congregations in the United Kingdom alone, — not only by the names of the great men who have avowed it, — men eminent in every walk of literature and science, among whom he is not afraid to include John Milton, — but also "as a symptom, a manifestation, of an interior state of mind, and of an intellectual work which goes on with more or less intensity in the bosom of most Protestant communions." This intellectual excitement may not always take the form of sectarian dissent, or the style of literal heresy. But it makes the standard of saving orthodoxy very uncertain, and breaks up continually that comfortable conservatism which would rest in the opinions of famous doctors, and offer these as the substance of truth, as a Catholic rests in the decisions of the Councils, and has the views of St. Bernard and St. Thomas for his justification.

To illustrate this point is the object of M. Remusat's second essay, in which he takes up the interior dogmatic history of the English Church, dwelling especially upon the influence of Coleridge and Arnold. Here he does not hesitate to follow as trustworthy the work of Mr. John James Tayler, and though he does not spare reproach for the Unitarians at their willingness to join the names of Strauss and Feuerbach and Auguste Comte to the names of Milton and Clarke in the catalogue of their authors, he shows how wide is the range of faith, no faith, and false faith which the broad ægis of the Church of England covers, — "in the matter of systems, a genuine contraband of war." If it does not protect all religious theories, it at least tolerates all, even to the discussion of the very being of God. Atheism has its propaganda with which the State Church does not venture to deal severely. In London, a minister and a secularist (which is only another name for atheist) hold a public debate, "whether there is any sufficient proof that there is a God distinct from Nature." The arguments are calm, acute, and are printed to be read by thousands where only hundreds could hear them. The

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same kind of debate is repeated at Glasgow in the presence of three thousand persons, in the City Hall, with the Provost of the city as president of the sessions.

The studies of M. Remusat have well fitted him to judge the position and influence of Coleridge upon the thought and philosophy of the English Church. It is somewhat curious, however, to find the name of Whately mentioned as one of the chiefs of the mystical orthodoxy which makes the essence of the new teaching of Coleridge. The view is correct, if Coleridge be taken as the advocate of the free application of reason to the understanding of dogmas and the interpretation of Scripture. By no contrivance can the mystical Trinity of the philosopher of Highgate be made to fit into the moulds of the Athanasian or Nicene Creeds. "If the Church and the Scriptures have the truth, it is because their dogmas answer to the needs and to the light of the speculative reason." The Coleridgian idea of the atonement and the mediation of Christ is certainly not that which any great assembly of the Church, Roman or English, have pronounced to be sound and revealed. It is not the doctrine of Augustine or of Calvin, or of the Thirty-nine Articles. While Coleridge avows his sympathy with the idea of the God made man, and airs his vocabulary of abuse of the liberal opinions which once he preached, — while he is bitter against all rationalists in religion from Grotius downward, and very respectful to the settled faith of the English Church, — he teaches and argues what, judged by itself, is a new view of religion, both in its form and its substance.

The most distinguished of Coleridge's successors among the champions of Christian freedom within the Established Church is that remarkable thinker and teacher whom M. Remusat almost *introduces* to French readers, so little is his name known beyond his own country. Into his sketch of the life and spirit of Dr. Arnold he has put all the warmth of thorough sympathy and admiration. His praise of this "sincere Christian" knows no bound. He could not have written more enthusiastically about a saint or a sage, about

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Basil or Borromeo, than he has about this genuine believer, "whose religion was at once the rule and the soul of his life." It is delightful to see the honor which a Catholic pays, not only to one who, in the language of Archdeacon Hare, was an "*idoloclast*," but even because he was an idoloclast, *because* he hated useless forms, idols and shams of every kind, — the honor which the cautious philosophic scholar pays to the best type of the Christian reformer. The natural abilities of Arnold are not exaggerated; there is no pretence that he was very great in intellect, or very learned, and it is admitted that he left no literary work equal to his fame; yet the Frenchman declares that it will be difficult to "find his equal in Christendom" for earnestness of faith, and for a broad and generous conception of the scope and purpose of Christ's Church. Arnold's idea, he says, was, that creeds have value, but not the highest value; that theology does not make men Christians; that *Christian society*, and not special corporations which take Christ's name, is the true Church of Christ. Preaching, teaching, and the sacraments are all good in their way, but an exclusive priesthood, an aristocracy of religion, has neither divine nor apostolic sanction. Christianity is not a dead science, not an archæology, but is a progressive system, which adapts itself to the needs of every age, and ought continually to follow the course of God's providence in the world.

We regret that we can do no more in this short notice than give the closing passages of M. Remusat's sketch of Dr. Arnold. These, however, are enough to show fairly the style and the soul of the writer.

"It has been rightly said, that Arnold resembled a man of antiquity converted to Christianity. Greek and Roman history had penetrated his spirit; he loved not only their noble writings, but their fine examples. He contrasted gladly the grand virtue in the ancient societies with all that seemed vile in this modern time; yet, however strange such a sentiment may seem to prejudiced Calvinists, he was none the less a Protestant full of fervor. Doubtless he preferred piety to orthodoxy. The words of the creeds were not to him sacred as truth, of which they were but an imperfect expression. The rights of the moral conscience, the spirit of Christ's teaching, ought,

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according to him, to prevail against the letter of the text or the traditional commentary. He held pious fraud to be sacrilege, and regarded absolute sincerity to be duty. Happy he to whom life's experience has left unshaken this perfect faith in truth alone!"

"It is in his six volumes of sermons that we learn best how Arnold united this liberty of soul, which comes from entire sincerity, with this spiritual fervor which supports itself on the energy of moral feeling. We cannot share all his convictions, yet it is difficult not to be touched by them, since there is between these convictions and ourselves no barrier of a servile attachment to the formulas of an official tradition, to the commands of a corporation which calls itself sacred. Arnold finds in Scripture the witnesses of the life of Christ, and learns from these to know him and to love him. Thanks to the historical sense with which he was gifted, he discovers in some sort the person of Christ in the monuments left by his disciples, and by those who were hearers of these, and makes himself, so to speak, present with them, so that he seems to be living beneath the eye of the Divine Master. To flee from evil and to fight with it, to love good and to do good, this is to love God, to please God, and to come near to him continually, in spite of the infinite distance which separates man from God. We can understand how this burning, moral, practical faith has nothing incompatible with the free use of reason in the interpretation of the Scriptures. It sanctifies this liberty with all the rest, and it is all the stronger against the attacks of the unbelieving spirit, that it asks no sacrifice of the sentiment of human dignity. *I dare to say*, if *there have appeared in our time writings useful to the cause of Christianity, they are the writings of Arnold.*"

These are bold words for a Catholic to utter, but they are the words of a lover of truth, and we are confident that they will be ably and fearlessly illustrated in the future essays in which M. Remusat proposes to present more at length the *three* classes of liberal Christians;—those who, whether in the Episcopal or the Dissenting churches, are Unitarians in fact without adopting the name; those who are not afraid to bear this name, and yet are sincere Christians in their feeling; and those

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who are free thinkers without attachment to the Gospel, yet holding to the form of religion from an unwillingness to seem out of the pale of the Church. "In the number of these," he says, "there will be offered more than one portrait to draw, more than one remarkable work to make known; and although this triple school has not perhaps been as fruitful in England as in America, it will be seen that the Clarkes and the Lardners, the Prices and the Priestleys, have not been left without successors."

The excellent maxim which M. Remusat adopts as the rule of his judgments is, "Let us not fear to treat as Christians all those who sincerely wish to be so." Can there be any better rule?

C. H. B.

Art. VI. — QUEVEDO'S ROME, IN RUINS.

A ROMA, SEPULTADA EN SUS RUINAS.

Por Don Francisco de Quevedo.

Buscas en Roma á Roma, O peregrino!
Y en Roma misma á Roma no la hallas:
Cadaver son, las que ostentó murallas,
Y tumba de si propio el Aventino.

Yace donde reynaba el Palatino,
Y limadas del tiempo las medallas,
Mas se muestran destrozo á las batallas
De las edades, que blazon latino.

Solo el Tibre quedó, cuya corriente
Si ciudad la regó, ya sepultura
La llora, con funesto son doliente.

O Roma! en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura
Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente
Lo fugitivo permanece y dura.

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TO ROME, BURIED IN HER RUINS.

STRANGER! thou vainly seek'st for Rome in Rome;
But Rome, in Rome herself, thou wilt not find:
Her walls are dust, the sport of every wind;
The Aventine is buried in its tomb.

Where rose the Palatine, she lies in gloom;
Her medals, with time's traces overlined,
Tell more of strife of ages left behind,
Than blazonry triumphant in its bloom.

The Tiber but remains; whose ancient wave,
Where once it washed a city, weeps a grave,
And mourns the glories no one now can trace.

O Rome! of thy vast greatness and thy grace,
All that was *firm* has fled; and only now
Endures, the fleeting, passing river-flow.

ART. VII. — BUCHANAN AND HITCHCOCK ON RELIGION AND SCIENCE.*

ONE need not be a prophet or the son of a prophet to predict that the quarrel between Religion and Science will eventually be pronounced a very idle one. As in other cases, so in this, we shall be amazed to find how few words of explanation will set all right, and how strangely we have been confounding all along essentials with non-essentials, truths with the forms of truths, and the grand conclusions of faith with the means of illus-

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* 1. *Modern Atheism under its Forms of Pantheism, Materialism, Secularism, Development, and Natural Laws.* By JAMES BUCHANAN, D. D., LL. D., Divinity Professor in the New College, Edinburgh, etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 423.

2. *Religious Truth, illustrated from Science, in Addresses and Sermons on Special Occasions.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., Late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1857. 12mo. pp. 422.

3. *The Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D. Eleventh Thousand. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1856. 12mo. pp. 511.

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tration and defence that human zeal, always honest, but not always well instructed, has multiplied about them. It requires no great insight to see that all the revelations of God must be in harmony, and that all discrepancies between the various witnesses for the Eternal One must be superficial, not radical. Does any one in his senses, any man of healthy mind, suppose for a moment that Religion is to be given up, — that the world is to believe and pray no longer? Does any man of average intelligence deliberately hold that Science is to be given up, — that its unmistakable results are to be treated as nullities? Will not the heart of man for ever cry out for God, even the living God, who heareth and answereth prayer? Can we fail to discern the image of the Father in the Son? Will not the primal duties for ever "shine aloft like stars"? Must we hold these treasures of Religion in defiance of the claims of Science, refusing to admit its plainest lessons, insisting, if need be, that two and two do not make four, or resorting to a form of special pleading the honesty of which can scarcely be defended? Every man in his best and most rational hours will at once reply to these questions, that Religion and Science must both be sustained and pursued with all earnestness, that we ought to look for progress in both these grand departments of human life, and that the subject of their mutual relation should be discussed with the utmost confidence. Nothing can be said in the way of a statement of difficulties, provided only that the words come from a well-meaning person, which one need fear to hear or seek to repress. On the contrary, the freest discussion and the fullest recognition of every perplexity must in the end bring to light marvellous harmonies and correspondences between the things which occupy the mind and the senses, and the deeper mysteries of the conscience and the heart.

Now all this is easy to write, but where, it is asked, is your proof, and where are your facts? Are they not wanting, or good for quite opposite conclusions? What is this but sheer assertion? How can any one hazard so much in the face of the dread which religionists express of Science, the positive hatred which many of them appear to feel towards it, or in view of the sneers, or quiet contempt, or more respectful scepticism, of not a few scientific

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men when they are brought into contact with religion? We reply, that what we have asserted is but the utterance of simple common sense, what one might go before the world with, sure of gaining at least assent, and of incurring no charge save that of venting commonplaces. Men must believe, and men must think. They must have a religion, and just in proportion as they think about other subjects they must think about this. They will be without hope when they are without God and Christ, but nevertheless they will study Geology, Chemistry, Physics, and Metaphysics, and not fear that they shall turn up anything in the earth, or trace out anything in the laboratory, that telescope or microscope will bring on to the stage either nebula or animalcule, which shall have power to take away the ground of their confidence. We say this is but common sense. It does not profess to amount to an expression of faith. We could not disclaim arrogant assumption were we to assert that Religion must turn Science out of doors, or that Science must sooner or later put upon Religion the brand of superstition. This would be dogmatism, bigotry of the most offensive sort, no matter from which side it should come, whether from a narrow and over-literal church on the one hand, or from the halls of a flippant and conceited intellectualism on the other.

Now if the case is so plain, save to the bigoted pietist or the equally bigoted naturalist, of what use are the books the titles of which we have given? We answer, that there are times when the commonest truths are under a cloud, when even those who are firmly persuaded of them do not clearly see how they are to be made out, when the old and customary defences and illustrations have ceased to be available, when we must give some added diligence to draw a fresh line between essentials and non-essentials. Besides, plain things are liable to be lost sight of, and they must be placed anew before human eyes. We may mistake the widest road. Moreover, the time may never come when bigotry will not need to be set right, or a shallow scepticism fail to require enlargement. And yet again there is nothing in which the deficiency of the general culture is more apparent, than in the failure to distinguish between truths and the vehicles in which they are providentially con-

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veyed to the mind; in other words, between the spirit and the letter, or yet again between the revelation and the record of it. In this respect the Church has indeed made some progress since the days of Galileo, but even tolerably well-instructed Christians have still much to learn in this way, and the only marvel is that the record meets so well the extravagant claims which, in their earnest and just regard for the revelation itself, they have been led to set up for it. Such persons impose a very hard task upon the religious men of science, and they have taken it up manfully and wrought wonders in the way of exegesis, and have played advocate less than could have been expected in the circumstances. Moreover, the works of these mediators between knowledge and faith, besides serving their direct and intended purpose, have often supplied admirable illustrations of religious lessons, and made important additions to the stock of popular science. For the reasons that have been suggested, as well as for the permanent interest in physical and metaphysical investigations, the books which have been named above, and many others of the same stamp, have secured and will secure many readers; and although these readers may not all be satisfied with the results reached or the methods by which they have been reached, they will find a reward for all the time and attention that may have been exacted by the perusal.

We believe that we shall be rendering a good service to our readers by bringing distinctly to their notice some of the writers at home and abroad who have made it their special business to carry science into religion and religion into science, and this too in the light of this present life, and amidst the perplexities and questionings of the world we are laboring in to-day; not battling with old dead giants, galvanized into a sort of resurrection for the strife, but grappling with foes who but lately have been born into the world, and whom no man has yet conquered.

First comes the successor of Dr. Chalmers in Edinburgh New College, the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, discussing Modern Atheism, with its theories of development, cosmical (represented by "The Vestiges"), physiological, social, and ecclesiastical, its pantheism, material and ideal, its materialism, its theory of government by natu-

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ral laws, of chance and fate, of religious liberalism, of certitude and scepticism, its questionings of the efficacy of prayer, and its plea for worldliness under the name of secularism. Dr. Buchanan marches bravely up to his subject, and grapples with it in all good faith. His business is really with the atheism of our times, which indeed is only the atheism of all times, the same dreary doubts or denials reproduced in new phraseology; and he is very successful in showing the weakness both of the physics and of the metaphysics of the unbeliever. The spirit of the book is kindly and candid, the argument honest, the conclusions sound. It fills an important place, and will be of great service to many perplexed minds. Thus much we can honestly write, but we are constrained to add that the book as a whole does not quite satisfy us. It does not answer the expectation which the announcement of it had awakened. Perhaps the larger work, of which this is only a part, would fill up what is behind. Perhaps it is impossible that any argument upon religion should be wholly satisfactory. Logic avails more to break the force of denials and objections brought against the theist, than to establish positive conclusions on the side of faith; and so when we are done with it, we are rather glad and relieved that we have not been defeated, than exultant in the utter discomfiture of the enemy and the triumphant establishment of our own side. In this matter logic is rather critical than constructive. We think that few preachers of any experience ever devote sermons to proving the existence of God. Suppose they should be unhappy in their statement of the various arguments, suppose the proof as put by them should be defective, should we not feel that the congregation would be guilty of a practical *non sequitur*, worse than any false logic of the preacher, were they to go away and say, "There is no God any more"? How many believe in God as they believe that they themselves live, and yet could give you no good arguments for their faith. They did not arrive at their belief by any process of reasoning. The logic of the theist is better than the logic of the atheist, and the weapons upon which the unbeliever relies may be profitably turned against him; but when the noise of the battle is over, the contending parties are found where

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they were when the strife began, the one it may be a little crestfallen and less vociferous than before, yet still dissatisfied and muttering. We cannot escape the impression, that, although this book by Dr. Buchanan is far beyond the average of such productions, it would have been very much better if the author had realized more fully than he seems to have done the difficulties of the search after God, and, abandoning not so much the purpose as the tone of antagonism, had endeavored to learn what the atheists, real or seeming, fail to find in the positions of the believer, — why it is that any man as honest and as sensible as the average ever takes up with atheism, or pantheism, or materialism, as the best attainable solution of the riddle of life. The surest way to kill any error is to admit the truth which it contains. So doing, we take the life out of it, and make it powerless from that day forward. For example, we can do nothing with the pantheist unless we are willing to confess that God is in the world, that in him we all live, move, and have our being, that he is the life of all that lives, that he creates all things out of his own fulness and worketh hitherto in the least and in the greatest; all this may and must be confessed, and yet it is none the less true that God exists in perfection apart from his world, and is a true Creator and real Father. So again Holyoake, the secularist, with all his crudities and perversities, is not utterly at fault; perhaps he is no more to blame than those who, by their formal, superficial, and dogmatic treatment of religion, have encouraged the fancy that godliness has no concern with this life. His movement is a clumsy protest against a postponement of the kingdom of God to the next world. So earnest a man must come right, it would seem, in the long run. Dr. Buchanan has not, we think, dealt with error so much after this fashion as he might have done, and for this reason he will have the fewer converts amongst those whom he would really wish to influence, — those who need to be converted. They will feel that he does not always appreciate them. We by no means affirm that the whole book is open to this criticism, but the objection will be found to hold to a considerable extent.

But if the author of "Modern Atheism" has been somewhat unsuccessful in the direction which has just

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been indicated, he has been very happy in his attempt to show that some of the positions of modern science which have been regarded by the friends of religion with the most dread, are really matters of indifference; and though they should be made good, as they have not yet been, would not threaten either the foundations or the superstructure of the household of faith. Take, for example, the following passage with reference to the theory of development by natural laws: —

"Now, as this method is followed in the work of Providence, which may be, and often has been, described as a *continuous creation*, and yet has no tendency to destroy, or even to diminish, the evidence of a presiding Intelligence in Nature, so no good reason can be assigned why it *might* not also have been adopted in the production of planets and astral systems, if so it had seemed good to Supreme Wisdom. If this method was adopted for the propagation of plants and animals, no reason can be given why it might not also have been adopted for the production of planets and moons; nor would it in the latter case, any more than in the former, impair the evidence of God's creative wisdom and power. For suppose it be possible that, by a marvellous process of self-evolution, the material elements of Nature might assume new forms, so as to originate a succession of new worlds and new planetary systems, without the *immediate* or *direct* interposition of a Supernatural Will; suppose that the earth, and the other bodies now belonging to our own system, were generated out of a prior condition of matter, existing in a gasiform state and diffused through space as a Fire-Mist, subject to the ordinary action of heat and gravitation; suppose, in short, that there were LAWS FOR THE GENERATION OF WORLDS in the larger cycles of time, just as there ARE LAWS FOR THE GENERATION OF ANIMALS in the short ages of terrestrial life; — would a provision for such a succession of marvellous developments necessarily destroy, or even impair, the evidence for the being and perfections of God? Does the generation of the animated tribes diminish the evidence of design in the actual constitution of the world? And why should a similar provision, if any such were found to exist, for the generation of stars and systems, be regarded in any other light than as an exhibition, on a still larger scale, of 'the manifold wisdom of God'?

"Let it ever be remembered that the Theistic argument depends, not on *the mode of production*, but on *the character of the resulting product*. The world may have been produced mediately or immediately, with or without the operation of natural laws; but if it exhibit such an arrangement of parts,

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such an adaptation of means to ends, or such a combination of collocations and adjustments, as enables us at once to discern the distinctive marks of intelligent design, the evidence cannot be diminished, it may even be possibly enhanced, by the method of production. Provision is made, doubtless, for the growth and development of the eye, the ear, and the hand, in the human fœtus, and the process by which they are gradually formed is regulated by natural laws. But the resulting products are so exquisitely constructed, so admirably adapted to the elements of nature, and so evidently designed for the uses of life, that they irresistibly suggest the idea of wise and benevolent contrivances; and this idea is as strong and clear as it could have been had they been produced instantaneously by the *direct* act of creative power. And so of the planets and astral systems: they may have been generated, that is, produced, in a way of natural development; yet the resulting products are such as to evince the supreme wisdom and beneficence which presided over their formation. But even this is not all. Let us suppose, further, that Philosophy may yet reach its extreme, and, as we humbly conceive, unattainable limit; let us suppose that it may succeed in decomposing all the chemical elements now known, by resolving them into ONE primary basis; let us even suppose that it may succeed in reducing all the subordinate laws of Nature into ONE supreme and universal law; still the development of such a system as we see around us out of such materials, and by such means, would not be necessarily exclusive of the idea of God, but might afford evidence of a Supreme Mind, creating, combining, and controlling all things for the manifestation of His adorable perfections." — pp. 57 – 59.

It should be added, as Dr. Buchanan is careful to state, that the author of "The Vestiges" disclaims all atheistic conclusions which may possibly be deduced from his theories.

Professor Hitchcock, as our readers well know, has devoted himself to natural science, especially to geology, and the direction of his studies appears in both of the books the titles of which we have given. The more recent of the two is a collection of lectures, sermons, and addresses delivered on different occasions within a very few of the years which, whether as President or Professor, the author has filled full of useful work. Three of them hardly fall within the general title of the book, but they are well worth preserving anywhere, and it is certainly very honorable to a gentleman so fully occupied

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with his own immediate duties, and withal in such delicate health, that he could find or make time and strength to labor in so many quarters as a preacher and teacher. Let this book silently witness for his diligence and zeal. The writer's own account of the growth of his work is characteristic, and worth quoting: —

"The quarryman, who has made excavations in the rocks for architectural materials, sometimes looks over the fragments which have been thrown aside, and finds blocks that seem to him worth preserving. Thus have I been doing with the literary *débris*, which has been quarried and wrought on special occasions, and afterwards thrown aside. With some new dressing, I have ventured to hope that a part of them are worth preserving, and this volume is the result." — p. 3.

The opening paper is the author's Inaugural Address upon the occasion of entering upon the Presidency of Amherst College. Somewhat stiff and over-homiletic in style, it is full of sound and interesting material, and is marked throughout by the utmost candor and an excellent moderation. Take, for example, this sensible treatment of two vexed matters: —

"There are two recent offsets from physiology, which have been supposed fraught with influences unfavorable to religion. I refer to phrenology and mesmerism. The first has been thought to favor materialism, and to lessen human responsibility; and the latter, to bring miracles into disrepute, and to direct us, for the cure of the body and the soul, to a class of dreaming pretenders, whose responses are about as much to be relied on as those of the oracle of Delphos, the god of Ekron, or the witch of Endor, and whom it is about as impious to consult. The merits of these new branches of science, this is not the proper occasion to discuss; nor is it easy as yet to ascertain definitely what principles in them are settled. But admitting their pretensions, the first seems to leave the question of materialism just where it found it; since it is as easy to see how an immaterial soul should act through a hundred organs as through one. Nor does it seem to me more difficult, on natural principles, to see how the mind may act at a distance, through the undulations of a mesmeric medium, than to see how light and heat are transmitted by the waves of a luminiferous ether. On the other hand, if physiology and phrenology tend to materialism, certainly mesmerism tends even more decidedly to immaterialism; as the conversion of several distinguished materialists will testify. It does, also, open to the Christian (admitting its state-

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ments to be true) most interesting glimpses of the mode in which the mind may act when freed from flesh and blood, and clothed with a spiritual body. Indeed, I doubt not that, in regard both to phrenology and mesmerism, the general principle will prove true, that, the more ominous of evil any branch of knowledge seems to be in its incipient state, the more prolific it will ultimately become in illustrations favorable both to morality and religion." — pp. 39, 40.

Or read this important testimony with reference to another subject of great interest: —

"The existence of animals too minute to be seen by the naked eye has, indeed, long been known; but it was not till the researches of Ehrenberg that any just conceptions of their infinite number and indefinite minuteness were entertained. We now know that nine millions of some of these animalcula may live in a space not larger than a mustard-seed, and that their numbers are many million times greater than that of all other animals on the globe. Indeed, the microscope has laid open a field into the infinitesimal forms of organic and inorganic nature quite as boundless, both in number and extent, as the telescope discloses in infinite space. Nor can we find any limits in the one direction more than the other; and thus does the microscope, in the same manner as the telescope, prodigiously enlarge our conceptions of the perfections of the infinite Author of the universe.

"These researches have cast not a little light upon a certain hypothesis, that has been, in one form or another, often thrown before the world since the days of Democritus and Epicurus, usually for the purpose of sustaining a system of atheism. It supposes an inherent power in nature, capable of producing plants and animals without parentage, by an imagined vital force, essential to some forms of matter. The ancient philosophers imputed these effects to a 'fortuitous concourse of atoms.' In modern times this general statement has been made more definite by Lamarck, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Bory St. Vincent, and others, who suppose that Nature — in their vocabulary sometimes dignified by the title of Deity, but still unintelligent, and merely instrumental — gives origin only to 'monads,' or 'rough draughts' of organic beings; and that these, by 'an inherent tendency to improvement,' and 'the force of external circumstances,' become animals of higher and higher organization; until at last the orang-outang abandoned his quadrupedal condition, and stood erect as man, with all his lofty powers of intellect. Before the invention of the microscope, a multitude of insects and worms were thought to have this equivocal origin, and to pass through these transmutations, — an example of which

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every Latin scholar will recollect in the directions of Virgil for the production of a swarm of bees out of the carcass of an animal. But as optical instruments have been improved, and observations have become more acute, the origin of nearly every animal visible to the naked eye has been found to be by ordinary generation. The advocates of the spontaneous production of organic beings, however, still clung to the animalcula and the entozoa. But it is now clearly demonstrated that all the former class have been derived from parents; and that more abundant means are provided for their reproduction than for any of the higher tribes of animals. The same is true of the entozoa, — a single individual of which is capable of producing more than sixty millions of progeny; and it would be very strange for nature to take such extraordinary pains for their propagation if it might have been accomplished spontaneously." — pp. 40 – 42.

Or yet again follow the writer through these brave words, taken from the Lecture on the Relations between the Philosopher and the Theologian: —

"Finally, it ought to be a position admitted by the philosopher and the theologian, that the facts and principles of science, brought before an unsophisticated mind, are favorable to piety. A contrary impression prevails extensively; just because not a few scientific men, in spite of science, and not through its influence, have been sceptics. Their hearts were wrong when they began the study; and then, according to a general law of human nature, the purest truth became only a means of increasing their perversity. But had their hearts been right at first, that same truth would have nourished and strengthened their faith and love. Why should it not be so? For what is true science but an exhibition of God's plans and operations? And will any one maintain that a survey of what God has planned and is executing should have an unfavorable moral effect upon an unperverted and unprejudiced mind? If it does, it must be through the influence of extraneous causes, such as pride, prejudice, bad education, or bad habits, for which science is not accountable. O no! the temple of Nature is a holy place for a holy heart. Pure fire is always burning upon its altar, and its harmonies are ever hymning the praises of its great Architect, inviting all who enter to join the chorus. It needs a perverse and hardened heart to resist the good influences that emanate from its shrines." — pp. 71, 72.

Copious as our extracts have already been, we must add to them the following creed of the theologian and philosopher, taken from the same Lecture: —

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"They should start with the principle that theology is entitled to higher respect, as a standard of appeal, than any branch of knowledge not strictly demonstrative.

"It should also be admitted, that, as a means of moral reformation and a regulator of human affairs, philosophy has little comparative power.

"They can agree, also, in the position, that entire harmony will be the final result of all researches in philosophy and religion.

"To the scientific man should be granted the freest and the fullest liberty of investigation.

"The language of science and of Scripture, as well as of popular religious literature, requires different, or at least modified, principles of interpretation.

"Revelation has not anticipated scientific discovery.

"It is required that those who pronounce judgment on points of connection between science and revelation, should be well acquainted with both subjects.

"The facts and principles of science, to an unprejudiced, unsophisticated mind, are favorable to piety.

"They form a vast storehouse for the use of natural theology.

"They cast light upon and illustrate revelation.

"The harmony of science and revelation is mutually beneficial.

"The cultivation of science, without the restraints of religion, often proves very disastrous.

"The general diffusion of science through a community is impossible without religion.

"The precise language of science may be useful in stating the principles of theology.

"History shows impressively the danger of exalting philosophy above revelation.

"And the evils of substituting a denunciatory spirit for knowledge and argument.

"It shows us also the evils of mutual jealousy and hard speeches between theologians and philosophers.

"And the folly and weakness of predicting injury to revelation from scientific discoveries.

"The more threatening to religion the developments of any science at first, the more abundant will be its defence and illustration of religion ultimately.

"Finally, it is unwise hastily to denounce any new discovery as unfriendly to religion, and much safer to wait till its nature and bearing are well understood." — pp. 93, 94.

The paper entitled "The Wonders of Science compared with the Wonders of Romance" has interested us

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beyond the rest. It would be worth more to the pupils of our high schools than hundreds of dreary pages devoted to what is called Natural Philosophy. It is hard to select where all is so good, but perhaps the following passage is a fair specimen of the illustrations, which are so abundantly furnished in the Lecture, at once of the mystery and of the wisdom of Providence: —

"The vast variety which nature produces by the union of a few elements is one of the most wonderful results of chemical affinity. It is true chemists describe a little over sixty of these elements; but sixteen of these constitute almost the entire mass of the globe, and scarcely more than four are essential to form the vast variety of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is amazing, also, to see how very great a difference between two compounds is often produced by a slight variation in the proportion of their ingredients. Oxygen and nitrogen, for instance, mixed in the proportion of one of the former to four of the latter, constitute the atmosphere, the very *pabulum* of life to animals and plants. But combine them in the proportion of fourteen parts nitrogen and eight parts oxygen, and you form the exhilarating gas, little better adapted to respiration than the vapor of alcohol or ether. Add eight parts more of oxygen, and a gas results, which, taken into the lungs, would be almost certainly fatal. Add successively eight, sixteen, and twenty-four parts more of oxygen, and three distinct acids would be formed, eminently hostile to life. What perfect wisdom and perfect benevolence must have arranged the chemical constitution and agencies of this world, to adapt them to the delicate organization of animals and plants! And how very slightly the elements of life differ from the elements of death! The most delicious fruits of the vegetable kingdom, for instance, are composed of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, and sometimes nitrogen; and the most fatal vegetable poisons have the same composition, differing only in the proportion of the ingredients." — p. 157.

"The Religion of Geology" is familiar to us in one of the earlier "thousands." It is an exceedingly interesting, and, on the whole, very fair book. In common, however, with many publications of the class, it bears a needlessly heavy burden. "We ought only to expect," says Dr. Hitchcock, "that the facts of science, rightly understood, should not contradict the statements of revelation, correctly interpreted." * Now, we submit that

* Religion of Geology, p. 4.

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this is more than we ought to expect. The inspiration of the writers of the Bible was that of the preacher and prophet, not that of the man of science. When they speak of the creation of the world, or of the order of the universe, it is to enforce the doctrines of one divine Creator and of his constant providence, and to this end popular language is the best, even though it expresses scientific error. So far as natural science is concerned, they occupy the common level; only as seers and proclaimers of spiritual and moral truths are they lifted above us. This is true of them, whether they are reproducing ancient documents or publishing new oracles. The science is a secondary matter. In some cases they seem hardly to have thought about it at all, and by their own course plainly indicate that with them, for their special purpose, it was a thing of indifference. Why should we attempt to harmonize with science a writer who in respect to science has taken no pains to be at one with himself? Let any one, for example, turn to the sublime stories of creation in the first two chapters of Genesis. We say stories, for they seem to be two, and distinct, and, to say the least, not easily to be reconciled. According to the first account, lower animals were made before man; according to the second, after; according to one, fowls were produced from the water; according to the other, from the ground. In the first, the human sexes are described as created at once, whilst the second brings them on the stage successively. Which of these accounts shall we endeavor to reconcile with science? We answer, either or neither, it matters not. It was the religion in them that commended the stories to Moses, and makes them valuable to us. If we insist upon anything more, we misuse what is admirably fitted for practical instruction, by compelling it to furnish matter for contention between Scriptural and anti-Scriptural geologists, and impose upon the Christian apologist a special pleading, a narrowing of this statement and a widening of that, which is more ingenious than satisfactory, and leaves us when we have done with it only not defeated.

To take another instance, the story of the deluge presents considerable difficulty to one who demands of the Bible nothing at variance with absolute scientific accu-

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racy. A curious difference of opinion as to the teachings of science in this matter has prevailed amongst scholars of equal pretensions, to say the least. On the one hand, some treat the flood in the days of Noah as universal, and attribute to that deluge changes in the surface of the earth which clearly point to the action of water; others, on the contrary, and Dr. Hitchcock is of the number, incline to limit the deluge, and refer the indications of the wear and waste of a flood to the last of the long eras marked by geology before the earth was inhabited by man. The former of these positions is seriously embarrassed by the fact, that, in the masses of fossil remains deposited during those commotions, not a single clear trace of human relics has as yet been detected, — animals in profusion, but no man, — clearly pointing, it would seem, to some crisis before what we call creation, that is, the arrangement of the earth in its present state as the habitation of man. Moreover, whilst in former days, when the animal creation was but little known, it was not difficult by an ingenious calculation to show that the ark might contain a large number of creatures besides the needful food, it is not so easy in these days to dispose of the myriads which science has brought into the light, the numberless varieties imbedded in ground and rocks that cannot upon any supposition be assigned to any later period than that of the deluge. Yet again, if it be true, as the best naturalists maintain, that the animal creation does not all ray out from a single centre, but is distributed in groups and families over the earth, with a proper head and centre for each group, the difficulty will be much increased; at all events, it is evident, that, in the present condition of things, the transmigration of the various tribes from their various proper localities would be impossible in accordance with any natural laws; the animals whose home is the tropics could not pass through the temperate to the cold regions of the earth, nor could the polar animals migrate the other way, without loss of life. On the whole, there is much that strongly induces one to limit the language in which the deluge is described. We can do this if we regard the spiritual and moral element as alone essential, if, having recognized the religious and ethical lesson as that which interested the writer of Genesis in the story, we

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make no stand for his literal accuracy, whether in scientific or historic matters. How otherwise shall we dispose of the admission that a flood which would cover Ararat must necessarily submerge the whole earth? Professor Hitchcock attempts to avoid this difficulty by the suggestion, — made, as he asserts, before geology had put any hard questions, — that by the mountains of Ararat we are to understand some lower peak of the range. But this seems to us wholly irreconcilable with the narrative in its present state. "The ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat." (Genesis viii. 4.) Not until the first day of the tenth month, or two months and a half after, "were the *tops* of the mountains *seen*." Now, if Ararat was not under water, it must have been seen all the while, even before the ark grounded. We are satisfied that Professor Hitchcock must go a little further than he does, even to satisfy his own articles of faith, scientific and religious.

And yet we ought rather to be thankful than to criticise. This able scholar and zealous Christian has done much to interpret the elder Scripture, to unfold the meaning of that book of God, to make the dullest feel that we live amidst miracles of divine power and goodness, and can only be profited by exploring, in all courage and trust, every field which science has opened, admitting, without any timid regard to the consequences, every well-established fact which the study of matter or of mind shall add to the scholar's material. It shall still stand fast, that by the word of God the heavens and the earth were made, that by the same word the prophets prophesy and the soul is redeemed, and that between the writings upon the stones and upon the parchments there can be no fatal discrepancy.

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NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Aurora Leigh. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 365, 366.

THE Germans speak of what they call the "Storm and Pressure" period of their literary history. English poetry is now passing through what may be styled its Strain and Stress period, of which Mr. Alexander Smith and Mrs. Browning are among the most remarkable representatives. "Aurora Leigh" has more wealth of phrase and fancy than any preceding work of its author. It contains some admirable descriptions. There are passages in it of great power and real charm. But the book, on the whole, with just as many full pages of blank verse as there are days in a year, we cannot but regard as a vehement extravagance. The style is "all a-shake" with passionate movements, not without a dash every now and then of the coarse and unseemly. The characters are such as could not exist, and the incidents such as could not take place.

The heroine, born in Florence of an English father of noble connections and an Italian mother who died when her child was but four years old, goes to England, after his death, to live with an ungracious aunt, who could not be reconciled to her foreign blood. She is poet, philosopher, scholar; proud of her family descent, and conscious of her acquisitions, high spirit, and strength of mind. She is capable of being sharp with her tongue, if we may judge from many samples; among others, her boasting of having always refused to "ink her lips" by drawing through them any friendly expressions towards a certain lady, whom she upbraids with "that poisonous porridge called her soul." An imperious and not very gentle or feminine person. She thinks of "speaking her poems"

> "in mysterious tune
> With man and nature; — *with the lava-lymph*
> *That trickles from successive galaxies*
> *Still drop by drop adown the finger of God.*"

She is deeply, though half unconsciously, in love with her cousin, Romney Leigh, whose hand she yet scornfully refuses, and whom she does not fail to tutor and snub till we come towards the end of the volume. Romney deserved, indeed, her refusal of him, by wounding her pride in his manner of addressing her. He is an aristocratic radical, a flaming philanthropist and socialist, a most unaccountable, yet represented as a most

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admirable man. The rejected suitor, after a time, partly from affection and partly from his Quixotic fancies, proposes to take for his wife Marian Erle, a more wonderful person than himself, whose life he had helped to preserve. Born and brought up in the midst of the most filthy poverty and the most shocking crimes, and compelled at last to run away from her brutal parents, she is a paragon of purity and all excellence. Fleur de Marie was an every-day character by the side of her. Leigh is betrothed to her, and the marriage-day is appointed; the high-born gentleman preferring meanwhile to keep his bride in the disgusting and dangerous neighborhood where she had her abode. The church is now open for the nuptials. It is crowded on one side with lords and titled ladies, and on the other with swarms of loathsome and scarcely human creatures from St. Giles's and the worst sinks of London depravity: —

> "'T was as if you had stirred up hell
> To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost
> In fiery swirls of slime."

All these wretches are there by invitation, in deference to the principles of human equality, and are to have a great feast, after the ceremony is over, on Hampstead Heath.

But the mixed multitude have come together for nothing. The bride does not appear. The meeting breaks up in a storm of disorder, and the hero escapes narrowly with his life from the hands of the furious rabble, who believe that the plebeian maiden has suffered some foul wrong from her pretended bridegroom. It seems that the beautiful Lady Waldemar had persuaded her that she could never make so glorious a creature as Romney happy, and confessed that she was in love with him herself. In brief, she has prevailed upon Marian, the very day before the wedding, to steal away, with no companion but a strange woman, who turns out to be a very monster of wickedness, and to fly off to unknown parts of the earth. Now this is really too much. Such a sublime simpleton as that was never heard of before; and such a scene as that was never enacted on any stage.

In the course of time, the poor girl is found by Aurora in one of the flower-markets of Paris, with a child in her arms of an unknown father, but she herself the same spotless and peerless creature as before. Her story is told, if it may be said to be told, in a great abundance of words, and with the usual intensity and shadow. The two ladies seem to be the only companions for each other; and they set out together to live in her native Italian city. And here comes the winding up in a most remarkable last scene. Aurora is sitting in her house near Florence, under the full persuasion that Romney

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Leigh is on the point of being married, if he be not married already, to that detestable Lady Waldemar, when he himself appears before her. He is stone-blind, owing to an accident, or something worse, that befell him at the burning of his house, Leigh Hall, which had been set on fire by the mob. He is cured of his socialism, but for his eyesight there is no recovery. He gives her various hints of this calamity; sometimes very tropically, as in the line,

"The sun is silent, but Aurora speaks,"

and sometimes in broken words; but she remains wholly unsuspicious of it, till he plainly tells her that such is the fact, at the end of a very long dialogue. It comes out that, so far from having any matrimonial engagement with Lady Waldemar, he has come from England to wed Marian Erle, to adopt her boy, and to introduce them both to his grand acquaintances. But Marian, who enters at the moment, peremptorily refuses her consent to a union that would be felt to degrade him. Thereupon Aurora astonishes Leigh with the most passionate protestations of the affection which she acknowledges she had always felt for him. As he had thought to redeem society by phalansteries and outward contrivance, and found himself miserably deluded; so she, who had thought to redeem it by poetry and æsthetics, confessed that her experiment in that opposite direction had met with an equal failure. The whole ardor of her nature runs towards her early and only love. He meets her, after a little conscientious coyness, with corresponding emotions, and their "two large *explosive* hearts" join together in one of the most wondrous embraces ever described. So ends the romance.

The language in which it is set forth is of a piece with the unnatural story. Sharpness and force are its presiding powers. Its verse is often but foamy prose; its phrases are often such as misbecome the pen of a lady. Notwithstanding our ready admission that it is sometimes condensed into admirable vigor, sometimes rises to something like sublimity, and sometimes flows into figures of ingenious beauty, we are compelled to pronounce it in general to be turgid, pedantic, affected, obscure (though not to such depths of darkness as we have to complain of in Mr. Robert Browning), and on some other accounts, not suggested by either of these adjectives, eminently disagreeable. If the reader wishes to know what is meant by the Strain and Stress poetry, here is an example or two, merely for the sake of illustration. The first shall be so mild that it strangely tempts one to admire it:

"My loose hair began to burn and creep,
Alive to the very ends, about my knees:

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I swept it backward as the wind sweeps flame,
With the passion of my hands."

Another specimen will so tempt but few persons:

"They burnt Leigh Hall; but if consummated
To devils, heightened above Lucifers,
They had burnt instead a star or two, of those
We saw above there just a moment back,
Before the morn abolished them, — destroyed
And riddled them in ashes through a sieve
On the head of the foundering universe, — what then?"

Surely, "Mad Nat Lee" never said anything madder. There would be no end to such quotations. Here is the last:

"I *flung* closer to his breast,
As sword, that, after battle, flings to sheath"; —

a figure of speech which is certainly more trenchant than lucid, and a sort of English that defies criticism. We need not wonder, after this, to hear the enamored Aurora say:

"And in that hurtle of united souls,
we felt the old earth spin,
And all the starry turbulence of worlds
Swing round us in their *audient* circles, till
If that same golden moon were overhead
Or if beneath our feet, we did not know."

The celebrated kiss, that was so laughed at a long time ago for shaking the woods in which it took place, was a slight performance compared with this, which brought down the Seven Stars and Arcturus to its audience.

In our opinion, "Aurora Leigh" is not only obnoxious to a critical judgment and a sensitive taste, but often offends one's sense of propriety and feelings of reverence. It deals largely in what is repulsive and loathsome; while it uses the Holy Name with a looseness and prodigality that make us shrink. We hazard the surmise, and take no great risk therein, that the word God, used of the Supreme Being, does not occur more frequently in the whole twelve books of the Paradise Lost than it does in this boisterous love-tale.

Mrs. Browning's idea of a poet is of one who says,

"With his voice like a thunder. . . This is soul,
This is life, this word *is being said* in heaven,
Here 's God down on us! what are you about?"

The scholar teaches her

"how God laughs in heaven, when any man
Says, 'Here I 'm learned; this I understand.'"

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That daring flight of Scripture imagery, which is made endurable, even in the Psalmist, only by the wrath and disdain that gave wing to it, makes a mean show, when imped and aped in this free-and-easy fashion. As Mrs. Browning is versed in many things, she gives us a lesson in theology also. For example, she assures us that

> "*God's self* would never have come down *to die*,
> Could man have thanked him for it";

and again she exclaims, —

> "Alas, long-suffering and most patient God,
> . . . . aspire, aspire
> From henceforth for me! (!) thou who hast, thyself,
> Endured this *fleshhood*."

Enough of an unwelcome task. We have felt it a duty to bear this testimony against the present clamor of applause, from which we most earnestly dissent, and which we do not believe to agree with the silent judgment of our own or any other literary community. Some writers, in their admiration of this book, are ready to claim for it the dignity of an epic. And truly, its verbal dimensions are on the epic scale; it is written in the verse which Milton not only employed, but almost prescribed, for that species of composition; and one might almost affirm that neither the celestial machinery of the Tale of Troy, nor the infernal machinery of the Jerusalem Delivered, is farther removed from credibility and the world of fact, than the events that are here supposed to pass in our modern cities.

With submission, we cannot commend this poem any the more for the fact that none but an author of genius could have written it. Its vices are those of a new and pretending school, that seem to challenge notice and deference. Its distempers are catching; such as will be likely to communicate themselves to many who only fancy that they are clever or inspired. Bad examples are the most mischievous in the highest places.

A Journey through Texas, or a Saddle-trip on the Southwestern Frontier, with a Statistical Appendix. By F. L. Olmstead. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 516.

This is the third publication of a very graphic, impartial, story-telling traveller, who understands the art of making a large book readable, and of arousing his reader by his perfectly

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calm narrative of what is offensive and monstrous in Southern slavery. Estimating his general fidelity by his picture of what we have ourselves seen in Western travel, bating the imperfection of limited knowledge, inaccurate information, and a careless style, we accept this bulky book as the most thorough picture thus far drawn of Texas, especially in regard to the workings of slavery upon its virgin soil.

In countless conversations with negroes, Indians, Mexicans, Creoles, Germans, and Americans, the New England farmer intends that we shall form impressions for ourselves; as if we were seeking health in a free canter over these unoccupied prairies at the Southwest. Once only he declares outright, that, "from a thorough examination of Southern agriculture, we have been convinced that slave labor is everywhere uneconomical and cruel, and to a man of Northern habits to the last degree annoying." And certainly his means of knowing were abundant, as he passed over the principal emigrant and mail routes at the rate of fourteen miles a day, stopping of course at about every fifteenth house upon his track.

His first evidence is given as to the contented yet amazing ignorance of the people. "In our whole journey through Eastern Texas, we did not see one of the inhabitants look into a newspaper or book, although we spent several days in houses where men were lounging about the fire without occupation." Among the German emigrants, many of them of high character like the Governor of Comorn, he found an entirely different state of things, — in fact, a reproduction under obvious drawbacks of the tastes manifested at home. But, with this striking exception, Mr. Olmstead encountered everywhere the same absence of literature, the same distaste for reading, the same disregard of the means of intellectual improvement. That he should be travelling for information seemed to them perfectly unaccountable; and he found it advisable at every place to explain his purposes as fully as if questioned by an Austrian police at a frontier post.

A second incidental evidence against the system of slaveholding in a new country is its besetting sin of laziness. Potatoes were selling at six dollars a bushel for seed; corn, at a dollar and a half; maize was wholly an importation; oats were nowhere threshed. On one farm of fifty cows no milk or butter was in use. The negroes were too lazy, and the master too indifferent, to churn or milk. Very commonly the windows were without glass, the doors could hardly be shut, the stars could be seen from one's bed through the roof. In the midst of game, nothing better than pork was the ordinary fare.

As a result, many parts of this new territory were going

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backwards, with all the advantage of "being the finest and most attractive field" for the experiment of an Emigrant Society in the United States. "Accessible as it is with the greatest ease and the least expense from the crowded centres of the world, and having every natural quality that can attract population in greater measure than any Northern rival," there are already signs of decay, and in the Eastern central portion, considerable districts have already been exhausted, and a decrease of population taken place. Along the Sabine were many abandoned farms. In Liberty County graziers were taking the place of planters, the country retrograding, the French Creoles sinking into poverty and selling slave after slave in order to live. Galveston merchants were sometimes seen to leave Liberty with a dozen negroes taken for debt from their French owners.

One pleasant change is noted in Texas. With the increase of American occupation, the rivers grow deeper simply through the growth of the forests; the soil becomes more moist, and its capacity of production is augmented, as well as its facility of culture.

With one of the best bear stories that we remember, the space which this book can claim will be exhausted. A German hunter had wounded a bear, which had disappeared among the rocks. He determined, with a companion's aid, to capture him. But the deep hole into which the creature had dropped was too small to be entered in the usual way. So, the hunter was held by the heels, while with his hands he succeeded in fastening a rope around his dying trophy, which proved to be of the largest size. But while half smothered in the cave, he heard an indistinct growl; so, arming himself with a freshly capped revolver, and a bowie-knife in his teeth, he crept in once more, and heard close before him the steady breathing of a bear. Aiming at the sound, he fired two barrels, and retreated as quick as possible. Going back to their hut they procured some pine torches, and repaired to the spot, attended by their neighbors, to find, upon entering, that a second bear lay dead within the hole. After this body was duly dragged into daylight, the hunter tried to explore the cleft farther, and came upon another bear, which had probably been smothered by the smoke of the shot which killed his companion. Removing him again, the hunter advanced head foremost once more, and was met by a savage roar and the glare of fiery eyes directly in advance. He attempted to retreat, but a neighbor had followed him so closely as to block up the way. There was nothing to do but to fire where he saw the eyes; but when he could look again, those eyes seemed glaring upon him still in another direction; so that he was obliged to fire once

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more at these furious eyeballs. When he could see again, they had vanished; and creeping forward cautiously, he found two warm carcasses, each shot between the eyes; making a whole Bruin family which had perished by this one man's intrepidity. A famous story, even if immensely exaggerated.

Life in Israel, or Portraitures of Hebrew Character. By Maria T. Richards. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 389.

This book is one of the best of its class. But its class we cannot commend. It is rather singular that the sects which are most zealous for "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," should furnish romancers who find it necessary to make Scripture clear by embellishments of fancy, by stories of *love*, and by the addition of new characters and personages. In this book, we cannot see that the genius of Mrs. Richards has added anything to the historical narrative, or has made the scenes of the desert wandering, the kingdom of Solomon, and the captivity in Babylon any more distinct and attractive. Her stories are only a dilution of Scripture, with higher coloring, it may be, but with far less body and reality, than the accounts of Exodus, of the Kings, and of the Book of Daniel. We cannot advise any one to go to her book in preference to the Bible itself, either for amusement or for instruction. It costs more, while it tells less.

We have three special exceptions to take to the book. The first is to the character of its quotations, in which passages are used according to their sound rather than their sense, are put into the mouths of those who could not have uttered them, and are attributed to writers who never wrote them. In several instances, words are quoted from "David" which neither are called his in the Scripture, nor are supposed to be his by the best critics; as, for instance, the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm, which was probably composed long after the death of David, and was certainly not extant in his time.

A second exception is to the representation of the Messianic hope among the Jews. There is no evidence in the Scripture that this hope was either in quality or quantity what Mrs. Richards describes it to be. There is no evidence that the prophecy of Balaam or the prophecies of Isaiah were understood in the ages which come into her view, as she tells us that they were. That vision of Moses on Pisgah, as recorded on p. 130, is not

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according to the record in Deuteronomy, nor is it according to good sense. We must answer an emphatic "No!" to Mrs. Richards's earnest questions. And we commend her cautious remark: "But the glorious vision of Pisgah was past; and if these things appeared not thence unto Moses, how soon were they unfolded him when he worshipped on the mount of God above, and walked in the light of Paradise."

A third exception is to the style in which Mrs. Richards chooses to give us the dialogues of her characters. Why should the ancient Jews always be made in novels to talk in the English of King James's day? The language of that age is no more fit for Jews than it is for Greeks and Romans. There is no reason why invented personages should adopt obsolete English colloquial speech as the best imitation of Hebrew. Mrs. Richards has fallen into the very common error of confounding the race of Abraham with the Puritans; as if the modern imitation were in all respects the best type of the original.

With these exceptions, adding to them perhaps the too frequent use of such phrases as "ever and anon," we can praise the execution of the work. Its spirit is excellent, and its literary merit is considerable.

The Blemmertons, or Dottings by the Wayside. By the Reverend Joseph J. Nicholson. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 12mo pp. 423.

The emblem of Messrs. Dana & Co. is a dial-plate, and their motto is, "Redeeming the Time." They discharge that laudable duty by issuing constant instalments of Church gossip, the satirical labors of sound Church clergymen. As yet, we have discovered among their clerical coadjutors no rival of Swift, Sterne, or Sydney Smith. Mr. Nicholson is the most brilliant specimen that we have met with, among the time-redeemers. If not a great wit or a great satirist, he is certainly a spirited and entertaining writer. We agree with his own account of himself, that he may "sometimes be sentimental, but never profound." His book conclusively shows that he is "but little versed in *anthroposophy*." Its inconsistencies, though numerous, are pardonable, in consideration of its sprightliness, and its egotism has the merit of excessive frankness. He is at once, in his own view, very thoughtful and very impulsive, very orthodox and very tolerant. He quotes Scripture very oddly, taking care to give his authorities, chapter and

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verse. He does not seem to believe in philanthropists or in factories, and says that *he has seen* "*scores of white men*" *dropping dead at their posts* from heat. That vision implies a visit to the regions below, since no such case is recorded in any iron-works of this country or England. Indeed, Mr. Nicholson's assertions are often of the free-and-easy sort. We doubt the fact, that in our American mills and workshops "infidelity rules and reigns," as much as we doubt the fact that the Church of England provides for all classes of her children so much better than we do.

Mr. Nicholson is strong on the subject of "*sects*," upon "the Apostolic succession" and the "Sacraments," upon the "sin of schism," upon the use of consecrated churchyards for the unhallowed burials of sectarians, upon the "*awful* doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement," upon that radical spirit which "would tear the diadem from the brow of Jesus Christ, reeking afresh with gore," upon the condescending care of the clergy in the South for "the colored population," upon the exceeding danger of *sincerity* in sectarianism, &c., &c., with double, treble, and quadruple panegyries on the Church. The brief remarks upon "gossiping" will strike a reader as very edifying, especially in the historic contrast by which they are illustrated. Mr. Nicholson is impressed with this "portentous evil." It is "pragmatical, officious, intermeddling, inimical to the Gospel," and Mr. Nicholson mildly hints that it will end in eternal woe. *Boyle* was "no gossiper," while Bacon, in the ingenious phrase of Mr. Nicholson, was "tinctured with a pragmatical disposition."

We are favored, in the course of the volume, with several sermons, which those who would redeem the time by a refreshing laugh will do well to read. One is on the subject of *foxes*. The treatment is evangelical and Scriptural. St. Augustine, St. Paul, Ezekiel, Herod, and the Canticles are all referred to. The discourse on "Jacob and Esau" gives some "affecting pictures," and opens some high flights of imagination. Some of the pictures which Mr. Nicholson draws remind us forcibly of Punch in Naples, and there is a frequent resemblance in his style to the lectures of panoramic directors. The way in which James Fastidous and his company of boys go marching off from the Rev. Dr. Riproarer's Sunday school, back to the true Church, is a caution to all lax and schismatical fathers and mothers. Are we to receive the sketch of Professor Jeremy Kiteflyer's thorough Church School as a fair instance of seminaries of this kind? The spectacle of that excellent woman, the Rev. Mrs. Lovegood, hurling a goose out of the window at Mr. Friendly's head, is decidedly novel.

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But it would require too many pages to cull and exhibit the beauties of this remarkable satirical novel. Even a catalogue of the strange names would tax our capacity too far. Allright, Singman, Hardworker, Nochurch, Fussy, Slopill, Skyrocket, Cobblecanting, McMeddlesome, Highflyer, Riproarer, — these will give an idea of the picturesque variety. Shall we descend to verbal criticism, and object to the frequent use of such words as *opine?* We offer only a gem from the casket, as Mr. Nicholson would say, in the following perspicuous sentence. "The young imbibe these lessons with ease; it is in harmony with their nature, which loves to look upon the beautiful; and, if aptly trained, the lessons so imbibed will be developed in that glowing piety, which in every bursting bud and opening flower seeth the hand divine which lavisheth beauty on all things here below."

Rockford Parish, or the Fortunes of Mr. Mason's Successors. By JOHN N. NORTON, A. M. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 216.

As we briefly introduced our readers to the martyr who made in Kentucky "full proof of the ministry," it is but just that we should see how his successors have fared. The same high-toned observation, the same large charity, the same modesty and humility, which were noted in Mr. Norton's previous volume, are patent in this. A few extracts will show the quality of this pious and timely production.

On p. 19 we learn how ministers bear the cross: "Although it *is* sometimes awkward for one to enter a house, and to introduce himself, still, he should be willing to bear this light cross for the sake of the holy cause in which he is engaged."

On p. 44 it is said that "every faithful pastor should see that the *fences* of the fold are kept up, because the sheep can be prevented from wandering abroad in no other way." We may remark, in general, that writers of Mr. Norton's tribe have a great affection for pastoral metaphor, and love to talk about "folds" and "fences," as if the whole duty of the Church were to keep its members shut up in pens, in daytime as well as night-time.

On the next page, the practice of bowing at the name of Christ in the creed is justified by the practice of the "venerable Bishop Mead" and the "very admirable remarks" of that high and orthodox authority, "Charlotte Elizabeth." Farther on, we are told that "the case of St. Philip proves the *validity* of baptism by a *Deacon*"; a specimen of exegesis equally happy and

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sagacious, for this great question was in the dispute one of the "knotty points."

On page 66, Mr. Norton speaks pleasantly of a missionary preaching "in a kitchen," becoming "a lion," and calling out "a good congregation." On page 84, the attacks of Dr. Sampson Slashgill, the revival preacher, are mentioned as "furnishing many persons with weapons with which to inflict wounds and bruises upon the 'Body' of our blessed Lord," — that "Body of the Lord" being a little handful of Episcopalians in the town of Bedfordville. And here we may add, that Mr. Norton continues by significant names to mark and demolish every variety of schism, heresy, and error. It is the Rev. Capt. Buncombe who preaches a "crack sermon" from the text, "Nine and twenty knives." On page 102 occurs this crushing argument, with which the gifted Mr. Howard silences a "Popish emissary." "If it had been God's will that the services of his Church should be in Latin, the miracle on the day of Pentecost would have been confined to the single gift of the Latin tongue." Of course, to that argument no reply could be made. It is natural, after this, that Protestants should be rebuked (p. 112) for selling old churches to Catholics, thus "furnishing a shelter for the enemy."

Rev. Albert Barnes is a special subject of our author's dislike. His Commentaries are said to contain "false doctrine," and surprise is expressed because Episcopalians, "both clergy and laity, will encourage the circulation of his books among families and Sunday schools." All this, because Mr. Barnes does not believe that the Scriptures contain any account of "Christmas," or "Easter," or "confirmation." If any one would see how the genuineness of "Christmas" can be "established beyond a doubt," let him read the masterly *two-page* discussion in Chapter 21 of this volume. The question is *settled*, and Jesus was born on the 25th day of December, beyond mistake. In a remark on page 138 we are happy to agree, extending it, however, to agents for the sale of clerical books such as this. "We should be far more particular than we are in demanding suitable credentials from those who are so constantly travelling about, as clergymen, or candidates for holy orders, or agents for Church institutions." On page 150, Mr. Howard's evasive excuse for not inviting his Hardshell Baptist brother to sit with him in the pulpit, is commended. To tell the truth would have aroused "prejudice." In Chapter 29 are given Mr. Norton's views on the subject of *prayer*. Not to pray for *rain* exhibits a "want of faith." It is better, he thinks, to solicit the Lord than to aid Professor Espy. The sermon on prayer for rain is edifying in the extreme; and it seems that the Lord heeded the

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prayers of Rockford, and on that Sunday afternoon repeated for the fainting region the miracle vouchsafed to Elijah. Down came the rain, when the sermon was done. On page 191 we have the cheering statement that "the worship of the redeemed in glory will be something akin to the liturgic strains to which we have been accustomed in the Church on earth." Dr. Tyng and the Epistle to the Colossians are the authorities for this statement. It must be refreshing to hear in heaven the prayer for rain and the Nicene Creed. Of course the Church is called "the Ark of God," "Zion," and all the appropriate names, which are usual in sacred description. There is a degree of charming simplicity in the remark on page 21, "that the walls of Zion would not totter, though you and I should both be driven from the fold by a cause as trifling as that which has just been described." This cause was "an ill-bred stripling, in squeaking boots," who went out of meeting during service.

Forty chapters the author promised. He has faithfully given them, allowing an average of *five* pages to each. He delicately hints at the close, that more may be forthcoming, if the public express a wish. The Church cannot be so ungrateful as to refuse the hint.

The Sisters Abroad, or an Italian Journey. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1857. 16mo. pp. 267.

We have our suspicions as to the authorship of this pleasant child's book, but dare not express them. It is evidently written by one who knows and idolizes Mrs. Browning, who has stayed some time at the Baths of Lucca, who has made a sea-voyage between Italy and Boston, and who had a great interest in Margaret Fuller. It was written for her sister's children. They will certainly want another of the same sort, which shall tell what is here left out; something about Milan and Verona and Padua, and something more about Venice and Rome. We hope for a series of Italian *Story*-Books, which shall go with the Rollo and Parley series.

Two Years Ago. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Amyas Leigh," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 540.

As the reader might infer from its title, and from the character of his previous works, Mr. Kingsley's new novel is designed

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to illustrate some of the recent phases of life and thought in England. For no man is more thoroughly alive to the actual condition of things, or more deeply interested in the questions of the day, than is Mr. Kingsley. However far back he may go for the epoch of any of his stories, or however skilfully he may array his personages in the dress of other days, it is almost always with a reference to the present that he writes. Indeed, we can hardly conceive of his writing a book into which this element should not very largely enter. In his new story he has not only dealt with recent topics, but he has laid his scene in recent times, and has drawn his incidents from familiar occurrences. Its style is in general equal to that of his best works. He notes the beauties of nature with the eye of a scientific observer, and paints them with the hand of an artist. There are frequent passages which will be read again and again for the marvellous felicity with which the scene is painted. Mr. Kingsley excels in description much more than in dialogue or in narrative; yet there are passages of trenchant sarcasm and cogent argument which stand out from his page and cannot fail to arrest the most cursory reader. The principal characters have the vitality and self-consistency of real personages, and we follow their fortunes and the development of their inner life with much of the interest which springs from a personal acquaintance. The minor characters are more feebly conceived and drawn. Their introduction, it must be admitted, is a real blemish in the book. The plot is simple enough in its outline, but it is encumbered by needless accessories; and the book would be improved by being cut down to a more moderate length. The story of Stangrave and Marie is a mere episode, which weakens the interest of the principal story by distracting the reader's attention.

Like all the writers of the school of which he is so conspicuous an ornament, Mr. Kingsley addresses the public too often, and at too great length, for the maintenance of his reputation. No man, even with his splendid powers and zeal in the work in which he is engaged, can bear such a constant draft without repeating himself or diluting his productions. It is not many years since he first became known to the public, and he is already the author of twelve or fifteen books, besides numerous contributions to periodical literature. Both Amyas Leigh and Two Years Ago are of a length which in itself must be considered a fault. In truth, it is to the rapidity with which he composes, and his unwillingness to cancel anything that he has written, that we must ascribe the defects of plan and execution in the work under notice. We have already intimated that it is too long. At least one third could be spared, and the book would assume a more artistic

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form by the omission. Its other defects are evidently those of haste, and need not be enlarged on here; for its healthful tone would reconcile us to much graver defects than any which are apparent in either of Mr. Kingsley's latest works. Still, their existence in the works of an author so deservedly popular is to be regretted. Nothing short of the highest excellence can satisfy us in his case. We ought to add, however, that we have read this work with the same pleasure which we experienced in reading his previous books, and have discovered no evidence in it of failing powers.

The English Bible. History of the Translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English Tongue. With Specimens of the old English Versions. By MRS. H. C. CONANT. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 466.

A GREAT deal of valuable information will be found in Mrs. Conant's excellent volume, and a careful perusal of it by those who are not versed in the scholarship of its subject will largely help to relieve them from the influence of much superstition about the Bible, and will enlighten them on the question of the desirableness of a revision of our common version. The authoress has made a judicious selection from the masses of material for illustrating her subject. She is accurate in the statement of facts. The tendency of such works, when thus fairly written, with manifest reverence and sincerity of purpose, is to strengthen faith in the truths of the Bible, and to prove that its intelligent use is safe and edifying.

An Analytical Concordance to the Holy Scriptures; or, The Bible presented under Distinct and Classified Heads or Topics. Edited by JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 8vo. pp. lxiv. and 776.

THIS work was suggested by, but is an improvement upon, Matthew Talbot's "Analysis of the Holy Bible." The design of it is most excellent; and considering the well-nigh insuperable difficulties attending any attempt to carry it out, the execution may be pronounced quite successful. The general subjects which compose the substance of Scripture are distinguished un-

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der the titles significant of their respective materials; and each of these, being followed out into subdivisions, sometimes very minute and specific, is made a caption for all the texts of the Bible where reference is made to it. The volume of course differs greatly from a Concordance, which deals with words rather than with subjects. One of the best uses of the work will be found in its comprehensive arrangement of passages scattered through the whole Bible under leading topics, thus enabling the reader to peruse the sacred volume under one of the conditions best suited for making it its own expositor. The purchaser of the book does in fact buy a copy of the same Bible which he may have in the common form, with this improvement or help introduced, that its contents are classified and arranged under topics.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have published the first four volumes of their edition of the Waverley Novels, containing Waverley and Guy Mannering; and two volumes more, containing the Antiquary, will be ready early in May. From these volumes we are able to form an opinion of the merits of this edition; and we need not hesitate to say, that it more than fulfils the promise of the publishers' prospectus. In compactness of form, beauty of typography and illustration, and in cheapness of price, nothing better need be desired. We need scarcely add that the publication of so beautiful an edition of these celebrated works is a gratifying proof that the reading public demand and will encourage the production of books of a higher moral and intellectual tone than satisfied their wants ten or fifteen years since.

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INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. have published "Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land, from the earliest Date to the last Expeditions in Search of Sir John Franklin." This most interesting and valuable volume comes opportunely to the service of thousands whom the pages of Dr. Kane's work have made to thirst for just such information as they will find here. It is prepared by the skilful pen of Mr. Epes Sargent, and therefore with good taste and excellent judgment. It is also well furnished with maps and illustrations. (12mo. pp. 480.)

Messrs. Whittemore, Niles, and Hall have published a neat volume (12mo, pp. 408) containing brief biographies of Addison, Atterbury, Bacon, Butler, Howard, Bunyan, Horace, Robert Hall, Sir John Franklin, Homer, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Gassendi, Crichton, Dr. Johnson, Davy, and Hume, from the pens of Macaulay, Henry Rogers, T. Martin, H. Dixon, W. Spalding, Sir John Richardson, and others. The last issued volume, the twelfth, of the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica has furnished some of the freshest and the best of these memoirs.

The same firm have issued, in a beautiful miniature volume (32mo, pp. 304), Poems by Charles Swain.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have accompanied their two miniature volumes, containing Longfellow's Poems, with two in similar style containing his Prose Works (32mo, pp. 455, 475).

The same firm propose to publish a reprint of an English volume of Sermons by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. Our attention was drawn to these Sermons by some high encomiums pronounced upon them in the best foreign critical journals. We have read them with profound interest, and have been carried along by their earnestness of tone, their liberality of sentiment, their novelty of illustration, and their devout spirit. We assure such of our readers as enjoy this class of literary productions, that they will find in the promised volume the highest qualities of the modern style of good preaching. There is something in the writer's tone, method, and utterance which wins to him our love and confidence as one of the choice and noble spirits who renew one's faith in preaching, in the fertility of appeal yet unexhausted in high truths, and in the capabilities of the Christian ministry. Three of the sermons, viz. those on the Grecian, the Roman, and the Barbarian, show some of the choicest gifts of mind and spirit.

The American Unitarian Association have published, as the fourth volume of their Devotional Library, a volume entitled "The Harp and the Cross." It contains a collection of sacred poetry, compiled by Rev. S. G. Bulfinch. A pure taste and a catholic spirit have presided over the undertaking. The task has often been performed for a selection of religious poems, and always finds a large circle of appreciating read-

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ers. The pieces are upon Gospel themes; from writers of various fellowships; drawn from English and American sources; some of them stamped with the approval of time and trial, some of them new.

Messrs. Gould and Lincoln, who have shown such zeal in the speedy publication of the popular writings of Hugh Miller, have issued, contemporaneously with the foreign publishers, that author's last work, which he had just completed at the time of his melancholy death. Its title is, "The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on the two Theologies, Natural and Revealed" (12mo, pp. 502). A memorial of the death and character of Mr. Miller introduces the work, which is profusely illustrated by the graver's art. We have not had time to do more than merely announce the appearance of the volume. A profound interest has anticipated it, and we with many others are looking for light and wisdom from it. Our only misgiving is lest the author may have attempted too much.

The third volume of Mr. Barry's excellent History of Massachusetts has appeared, embracing the period of the Revolution, and coming down to the revision of the Constitution. The work, we think, will be the favorite History of the Commonwealth in New England households, to engage the interest of all the members of a family.

Mr. John Bartlett, of Cambridge, has published an excellent Manual of "Introductory Lessons on Morals, and Christian Evidences," by Archbishop Whately, under the editorial oversight of Professor Huntington.

Also, "A Text-Book of Analytic Geometry, on the Basis of Professor Peirce's Treatise," by his son, Tutor James Mills Peirce.

Charles Scribner, of New York, has published (2 vols. 8vo, pp. 479, 492) "The New England History, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Declaration of Independence," by Charles W. Elliott. From the cursory examination which we have made of the volumes, we feel justified in commending them. We approve of the method of the author, in relating the whole of a story and in treating a distinct topic in a continuous chapter, even when he has to pick out and connect its incidents and details over a course of years. The reader thus has complete instead of fragmentary narratives, given by themselves instead of spread over the whole work. He writes with spirit, and he loves humor. He will not greatly please the idolaters of the Puritans, for he occasionally makes fun of them, or rather finds fun in them and in their doings. But in the main he is just, accurate, and interesting.

The same publisher contributes to the religious instruction of the great public the four volumes whose titles follow: —

The Doctrine of Baptisms. Scriptural Examination of the Questions respecting, 1. The Translation of Baptizo, 2. The Mode of Baptism, 3. The Subjects of Baptism. By George D. Armstrong, D. D. (12mo. pp. 322.)

A Book of Public Prayer, compiled from the authorized Formularies of Worship of the Presbyterian Church, as prepared by the Reformers Calvin, Knox, Butler, and others. With Supplementary Forms. (12mo. pp. 360.)

The Bible in the Workshop; or, Christianity the Friend of Labor. By Rev. John W. Mears. (12mo. pp. 344.)

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The Sceptical Era in Modern History; or, The Infidelity of the Eighteenth Century, the Product of Spiritual Despotism. By T. M. Post. (12mo. pp. 264.)

The same publisher has issued the first volume of a proposed series of small works, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of "Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" (16mo, pp. 349). It contains memorials of great and good men and women.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Co. have issued a reprint of the London edition of Sir Benjamin Brodie's excellent and comprehensive essay on "Mind and Matter; or, Physiological Inquiries intended to illustrate the Mutual Relations of the Physical Organization and the Mental Faculties." (12mo. pp. 279.)

The same firm have published an admirable story of Puritan life and manners by J. G. Holland, the faithful historian of Western Massachusetts. He has wrought up history and fiction with marked fidelity to truth and with fine imagination in this story; which is entitled "The Bay-Path: a Tale of New England Colonial Life." (12mo. pp. 418.)

The busy press of Mr. Redfield, which must be presided over by one skilled in selecting wisely for a good literary taste, has recently furnished the following works: —

A reprint in two volumes (12mo, pp. 354, 366) of the London edition of Dr. Doran's gossipy and charming work, bearing the quaint and most expressive title of "Monarchs retired from Business," — the exiled, the deposed, the abdicating sovereigns of all times and all lands.

The Fraserian Papers of the late William Maginn, LL. D., annotated, with a Life of the Author, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. (12mo. pp. 358.)

Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, by Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D. (12mo, pp. 137.) We cannot say much in praise of these five discourses on some points of the Scripture doctrine of Christ. They do not manifest the power and talent of the author shown in some of his other works. There is in them a straining after something not within his reach, and an exaggeration or perversion of truth.

Messrs. Dix, Edwards, & Co., of New York, have published a piquant volume, entitled "Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day." It is professedly a translation from the French of "Edmond About." (16mo. pp. 360.)

Also, "Life of Tai-ping-wang, Chief of the Chinese Insurrection," by J. Milton Mackie (16mo, pp. 371). The volume bears the marks of authenticity, and is written in a very lively and engaging manner.

Also, "The Confidence Man: his Masquerade." By Herman Melville. (12mo, pp. 394.) The well-proved genius and brilliant powers of Mr. Melville dispose us to expect pleasure when we have time to peruse the volume.

Also, from the same firm, we have "Brittany and La Vendée. Tales and Sketches. With a Notice of the Life and Literary Character of Emile Souvestre." (16mo, pp. 301.) Souvestre is a writer of pure taste and morals, and is a favorite with readers of various ages.

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From the press of the Messrs. Harper we have the four following volumes: —

"Villas and Cottages. A Series of Designs prepared for Execution in the United States, by Calvert Vaux, Architect. Illustrated by three hundred Engravings." (8vo, pp. 318.) A book filled with charming views of rural residences, with specifications of their construction and cost.

A new volume of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, in continuation (Vol. VI.) of the series of the Lives of Scottish Queens and English Princesses, by Agnes Strickland. (12mo. pp. 365.)

"The Days of My Life. An Autobiography," by the Author of "Margaret Maitland." (12mo, pp. 428.) A reprint of a fresh English work of much beauty and interest.

Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry, together with the Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and an Article on Inverse Trigonometrical Functions," by G. B. Docharty, LL. D. (12mo. pp. 189.)

A very happily chosen theme, very happily treated, may be found in a volume (square 12mo, pp. 345) published by Wiley and Halsted, New York, entitled "The Story of a Pocket Bible," with illustrations.

A work, which we have not had time to examine, on an interesting theme, published by T. N. Stanford, New York, bears the title, "The Connections of the Universe, as seen in the Light of God's created and written Revelations." (12mo. pp. 315.)

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, have published "Morals for the Young; or, Good Principles instilling Wisdom. Illustrated with Engravings and Moral Stories." By Emma Willard. (12mo. pp. 217.)

The work which now holds greedy readers in anxious expectation is the promised publication, by the Appletons, of Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Miss Bronté, author of Jane Eyre. The extracts which have appeared in the newspapers, and the highly estimated abilities of Mrs. Gaskell, warrant us in looking for a work of great power and interest.

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